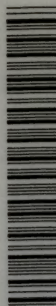


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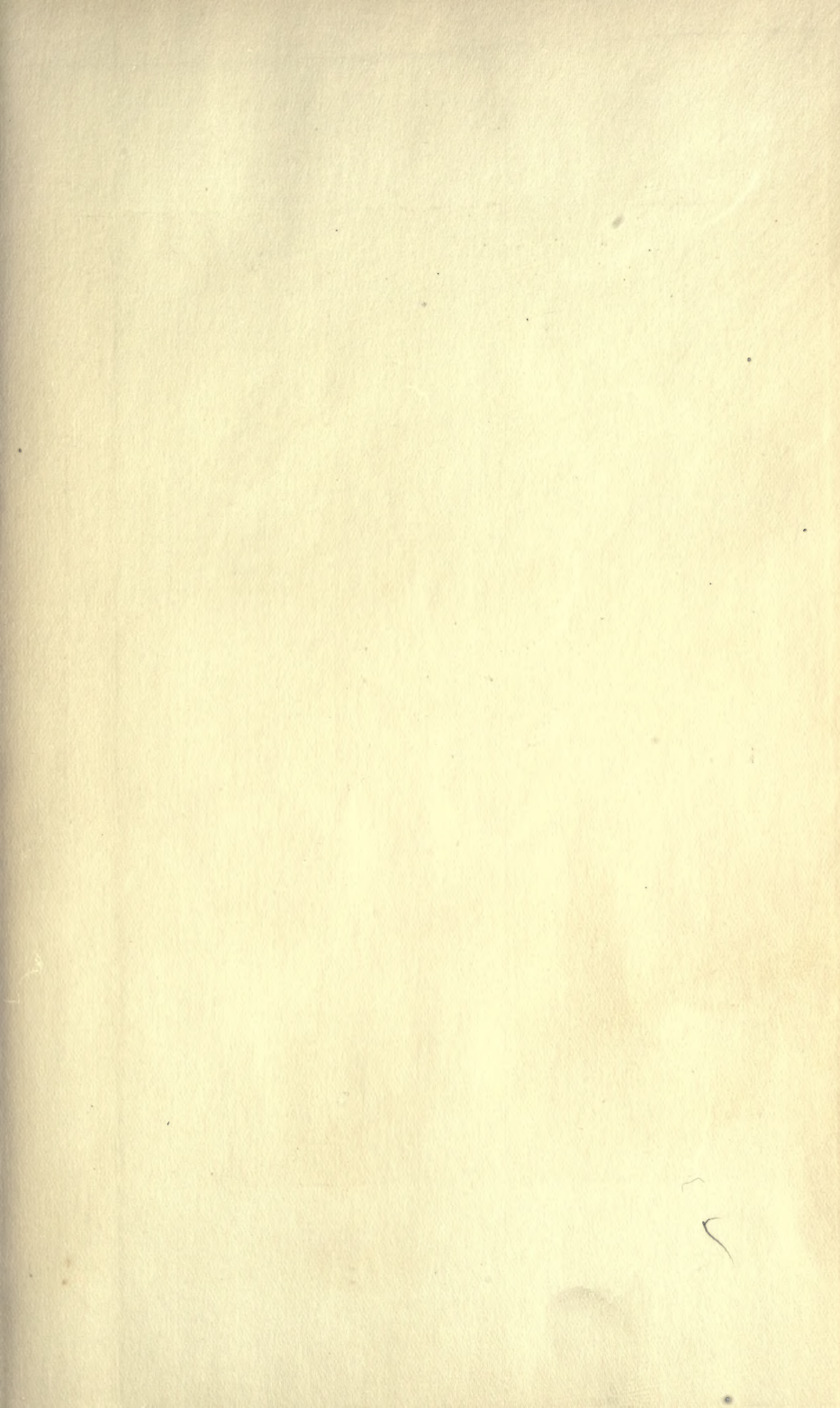


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Harvard University, 1906-20.  
Harvard Exchange Professor at  
University of Berlin, 1907  
Lecturer at the Sorbonne and  
University of Copenhagen, 1910.  
Harvard Exchange Professor at  
Western Colleges, 1918.















☞ The Society intends to complete forthwith the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866. Prof. Skeat has finished *Partenay*; Dr. McKnight of Ohio *King Horn* and *Floris and Blanchefleur*; Dr. Otto Glauning has undertaken *Seinte Marherete*; and Dr. Furnivall has revised *Myrre's Duties of a Parish Priest*, and has *Hali Meidenhad* and his *Political, Religious and Love Poems* in type, so that the Society may have all its Texts in print by 1904. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes.

☞ The friends of the Society's Founder and Director, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, to commemorate his 75th Birthday on Feb. 4, 1900, raised a Fund to present him with his Portrait, and a big three-scuttling Boat for his Sunday outings, and to benefit his Early English Text Society. Out of this Fund, its Committee decided to devote £200 towards a new edition of Dr. F.'s Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, A.D. 1303, and its French original, William of Waddington's *Manuel des Pechiez*, ab. 1260 (Roxburghe Club, 1861), for the Original Series of the E. E. T. Soc. in 1901-2, -3; and another £200 to lessen the Society's debts to its printers, Clay and Sons, and the Clarendon Press. These sums have now been paid, and will set free the like part of the Society's money for its Reprints, which are necessary to enable it to supply complete sets of its Texts. The thanks of the Society are hereby given to the Subscribers to the Furnivall Birthday Fund.

**September 1902.** The Original-Series Texts for 1901 were: No. 117, Part II of the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; *The Lay Folks' Catechism* by Archbp. Thoresby, edited by the late Canon Simmons and the Rev. H. E. Nolloth, M.A.; and Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, A.D. 1303, and the French poem on which it was founded, Wm. of Waddington's *Manuel des Pechiez*, ab. 1260 A.D., Part I [at Press].

The Extra-Series Texts for 1901 were, No. LXXXII, *Gower's Confessio Amantis*, vol. 2, edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A., No. LXXXIII, Lydgate's *DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, Part II, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and No. LXXXIV, Lydgate's *Reason and Sensuality*, edited by Dr. Ernst Sieper, Part I.

The Original-Series Texts for 1902 are to be: No. 120, *The Rule of St. Benet* in unique Northern prose and Northern verse texts, with Caxton's Summary of the Rule, edited by Dr. E. A. Kock of Lund, and No. 121, *The Laud MS. Troy-Book*, edited from the unique Laud MS. 595 by Dr. J. Ernst Wülfing of Bonn, Part I.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1902 are to be, No. LXXXV, *Alexander Scott's Poems*, 1568, re-edited from the unique Edinburgh MS. by A. K. Donald, B.A.; No. LXXXVI, *William of Shoreham's Poems*, re-edited from the unique MS. by Dr. M. Konrath, Part I., and *Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality*, edited by Dr. Ernst Sieper, Part II.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1903 ought to be the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India); and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), *Promptorium Parvulorum*, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 A.D.: in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society's edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its original, a point on which Mr. Mayhew's insistence will meet with the sympathy of all our Members. But if these Texts are not given, as they probably will not be, substitutes will be taken from the others next mentioned.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1903 will be chosen from Lydgate's *DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, Part III, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II.; Prof. Erdmann's re-edition of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes* (issued also by the Chaucer Society); Miss Rickert's re-edition of the Romance of *Emaré*; Mr. I. Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winner and Waster*, &c., ab. 1360, lately issued for the Roxburghe Club; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London*, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombrynge*, with other of the earliest english Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.

The Original-Series Texts for 1903 and 1904 will probably be chosen from Part II of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; Part II of the *Exeter Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthausen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Jacob's Well*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by Mr. H. Hartley; a Northern Verse *Chronicle of England* to 1327 A.D., in 42,000 lines, about 1420 A.D., edited by M. L. Perrin, B.A.; Prof. Bruce's Introduction to *The*



*English Conquest of Ireland*, Part II. Dr. Furnivall's edition of the *Lichfield Gilds*, which is all printed, and waits only for the Introduction, that Prof. E. C. K. Gonner has kindly undertaken to write for the book.

The Texts for the Extra Series in 1904 and 1905 will be chosen from *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction &c. by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; the Parallel-Text of the only two MSS. of the *Owl and Nightingale*, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes (at press); Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; blackletter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguillville's *Pilgrimage of the Sowle*, in English prose, edited by Prof. Dr. L. Kellner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguillville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguillville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguillville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pèlerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,<sup>2</sup> a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.<sup>3</sup> A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:<sup>4</sup> "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herrtage's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,<sup>5</sup> Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguillville's first verse *Pèlerinage* into a prose *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*.<sup>6</sup> By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguillville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's englishing of Deguillville's *A B C* or *Prayer to the Virgin*, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) have been filled up from the Stowe MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Tiberius A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem can be given, though that of an inserted

<sup>1</sup> He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJET's *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 73-4.—P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.

<sup>2</sup> The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

<sup>3</sup> These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

<sup>4</sup> Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

<sup>5</sup> According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

<sup>6</sup> These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.



theological prose treatise is incomplete. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,<sup>1</sup> and Additional 22,937<sup>2</sup> and 25,594<sup>3</sup>) are all of the First Version.

Besides his first *Pèlerinage de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguileville wrote a second, "de l'ame separee du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,<sup>4</sup> at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisier's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner after that of the *Man* is finisht, and will have Gallopes's French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho' it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints' Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be lookt on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trevisa's englishing of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfric's prose,<sup>5</sup> Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kölbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Ancren Riwle*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmler. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbing, the living Hausknecht, Eikenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülfing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof.

<sup>1</sup> 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

<sup>2</sup> 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

<sup>3</sup> 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Ame*: both incomplete.

<sup>4</sup> Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damnd souls, fires, angels &c.

<sup>5</sup> Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.



Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser;—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Hungary, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Perrin, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

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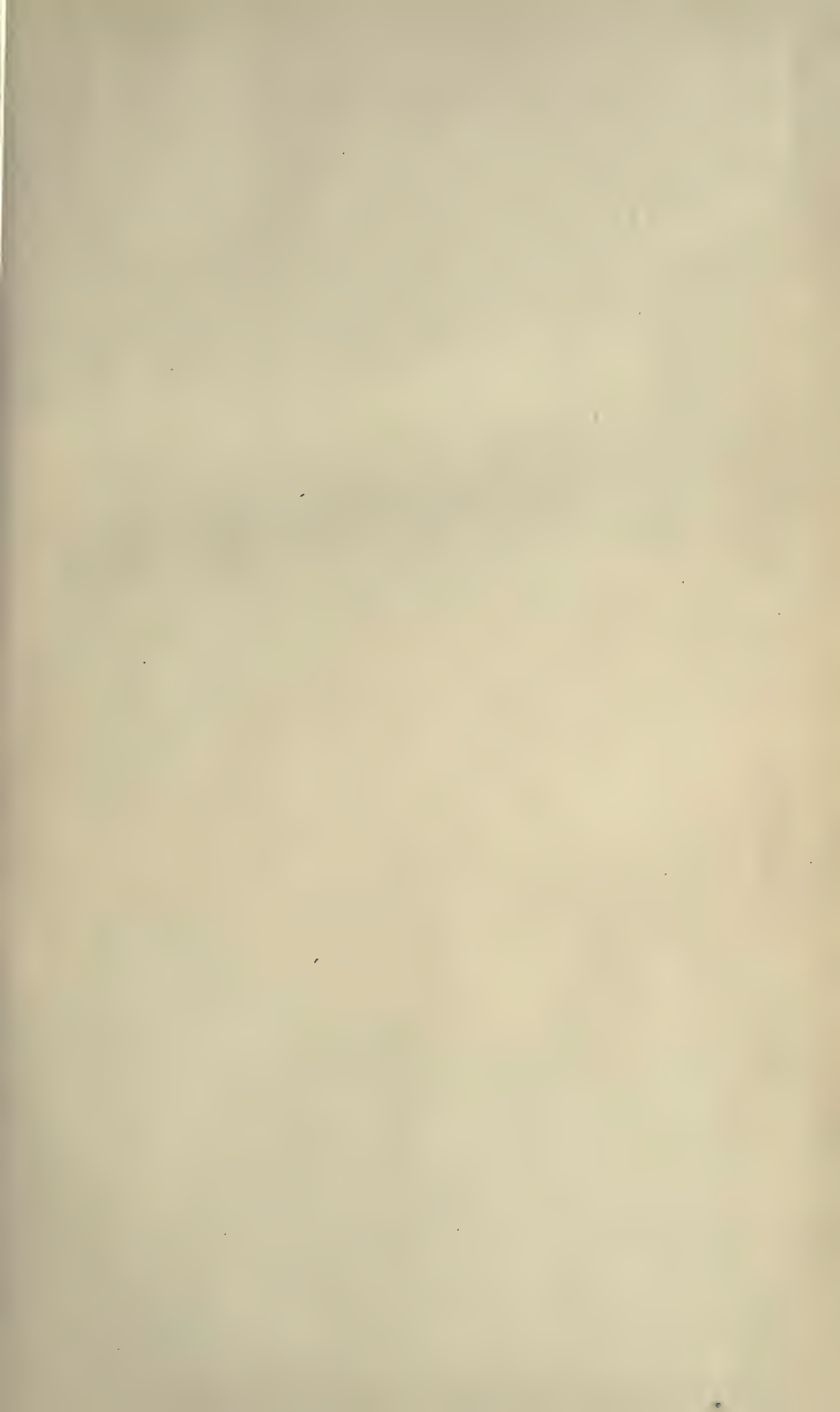
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117  
The myghty god in trinite  
Sorthfaste god in psones thre  
Stadit seue and holi gost  
In Whom is Witte and myghtes most  
Be at this tale legynnyng  
And also at the ending

So cude our tale and so bygyne  
The iape of heuene al for to bynne  
Aftur our hyff at our laste ende  
To ioye of heuene alle for to vende  
Many speken of men that iourneys red  
That were sumtyme doughty in dede  
The while that god hem hyff leude  
That now ben dede and heuene vende  
Off Bedis Sp. and of Gaultbayn  
Off hyng Richard i of Oseyne  
Off Bristram and of Perquale  
Off Fouland his and aglaule  
Off Artherona and of Orowan  
Of Charles i of Cassibaldan  
Off hanelok home & of Wad  
In iourneys that of hem ben made  
That gestouyes often doo of hem geside  
At wangeyes and at eyete ffetes  
Here dedis ben in iournebraunce  
In many fayr iourneys  
But of the Northeste Wyght in dede  
That cude by fford any fiede  
Spekes no man ne in iourneys yede  
Off his batayle ne of his dedis  
Off that batayle spekes no man  
A hepe alle adyes & enyghes be gynn

Siber (Wilhelm) Laud Archiepi Cantuar.  
et Cancellarij Vniuersitatis Oxon.  
1633.



# The Laud Troy Book,

A ROMANCE OF ABOUT 1400 A.D.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS. (LAUD  
MISC. 595) IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD,

WITH

*INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY*

BY

J. ERNST WÜLFING, M.A., PH.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'DIE SYNTAX IN DEN WERKEN ALFREDS DES GROSSEN.'

PART I (LINES 1—10,876).

WITH A PHOTOTYPE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS.

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## TEMPORARY PREFACE.

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THE Laud Troy Book, of which I herewith offer the first part, was formerly thought to be a copy of the renowned poem of the monk of Bury; but it is another paraphrase of the Trojan war of about the year 1400. The Bodleian MS. containing it (Laud Misc. 595) is beautifully and distinctly written in one hand of about the beginning of the fifteenth century. No other copy of this poem has been found hitherto, but the Bodleian copy cannot be the original. The romance has 18,664 lines; it gives a description of the passage of the Argonauts, and of the first as well as of the second expedition of the Greeks against Troy; it is complete, as the end-lines show, though the return of the Greeks to their country is mentioned in only a few words. This part contains lines 1—10,876; the rest of the text is in active preparation for the press, and will, together with the 'Notes,' fill the second part; the third part will contain the Introduction and full Glossary.

J. E. W.

Bonn, October 7, 1902.

### CORRECTIONS.

- P. 56, note 3. *Read 7647, 7650 for 7645, 7648.*  
P. 63, l. 2126. *Read With-oute instead of Wtith-oute.*  
P. 115, l. 3892. *Read . instead of ,*  
P. 119, l. 4008. *Read thre instead of thré.*  
4009. *Read meyne instead of meyné.*

## LIST OF WORDS

FOR THE EXPLANATION OF, OR OTHER QUOTATIONS FOR, WHICH  
THE EDITOR WILL BE THANKFUL TO ANY SCHOLAR.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>19 Archeroun.</p> <p>203 off (= <i>though, thoff</i>), 922,<br/>1996, 2558, 4696, 6001,<br/>6386, 6423, 6727, 7175,<br/>7276, 7304, 7308, 9060,<br/>9661, and <i>oftener</i>.</p> <p>370 vmbre, cf. 4319.</p> <p>1353 feute (= <i>army, men, people</i>).</p> <p>2184 coldful (= <i>dolful</i>?).</p> <p>2225 herues.</p> <p>3077 reuerted.</p> <p>3112 ouerslake.</p> <p>3598 prop.</p> <p>4319 vmbre, cf. 370.</p> <p>4504 with bond and fes (<i>heraldic terms</i>?).</p> <p>4718 wouerle (<i>heraldic</i>).</p> <p>4770 aloute.</p> <p>5177 stale (= <i>company</i>).</p> <p>5698 vale, 7796.</p> <p>5699 flot.</p> <p>5740 toptyre.</p> <p>5754 soille.</p> <p>5930 ladde.</p> <p>5939 Real &amp; Rok.</p> <p>6500 horettes.</p> | <p>6547 Lorynge (= <i>Lotharingia</i>?).</p> <p>6600 wrene.</p> <p>6754 plastre.</p> <p>6794 ble.</p> <p>6850 donne.</p> <p>7261 lade.</p> <p>7670 rebelnes.</p> <p>8043 champes (<i>heraldic</i>?).</p> <p>8058 erbe-de-bothe ; 9474<br/>erbe-debois.</p> <p>8060 orfoyle-suand.</p> <p>8062 horrible.</p> <p>8194 tacte.</p> <p>8216 synfan (<i>musical instrument, συμφωνία</i>).</p> <p>8597 lotes.</p> <p>8628 bribours.</p> <p>8641 bire.</p> <p>8813 werei.</p> <p>8917 trayse.</p> <p>9316 blank.</p> <p>9496 fauntelage (= Fr. <i>enfantillage</i>).</p> <p>10096 aut.</p> <p>10206 purful.</p> <p>10717 3eled.</p> |
|--|--|



# TROY BOOK;

LAUD MS. Misc. 595, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

<sup>1</sup> A	lle-myghty god in trinite,	[lf. 1.]	1	Invocation.
	Sothfaste god in persones thre,			
	Fadir, sone, and holi gost,			Triune God,
	In whom is witte and myghtes most,		4	
	Be at this tale begynny[n]g			be with me
	And also at the endyng!			when I begin
	So ende oure tale and so bygynne,			and end this
	The ioeye of heuene al for to wyne,		8	tale!
	Aftir oure lyff at oure laste ende,			
	To ioeye of heuene alle for to wende!			
	Many speken of men that romaunces rede <sup>2</sup>			There are a
	That were sumtyme doughti in dede,		12	great many
	The while that god hem lyff lente,			romances of
	That now ben dede and hennes wente:			the doughty
	Off Bevis, Gy, and of Gauwayn,			deeds of many
	Off kyng Richard, & of Owayn,		16	kings and
	Off Tristram, and of Percyuale,			heroes,
	Off Rouland Ris, and Aglaualle,			
	Off Archeroun, and of Octouian,			
	Off Charles, & of Cassibaldan,		20	
	Off Hauelok, Horne, & of Wade;—			
	In Romaunces that of hem ben made			
	That gestoures often dos of hem gestes			sung at great
	At Mangeres and at grete ffestes.		24	festivals;
	Here dedis ben in remembraunce			
	In many fair Romaunce;			
	But of the worthiest wyght in wede			but of the most
	That euere by-strode any stede,		28	worthy hero,
	Spekes no man, ne in romaunce redes			and of his
	Off his batayle ne of his dedis.			deeds and
	Off that batayle spekes no man,			battles,
	There alle prowes of knyghtes be-gan;		32	nobody has yet
				sung.

<sup>1</sup> The tail of the A runs down to the last line of this page; this letter is in red and blue paint, and is six lines high (see photo). <sup>2</sup> Erasure of two or three letters between *that* and *romaunces*, and of one letter after *rede*.





What was the forme enchesoun,	[lf. 2.] 67	what first an-
The formest skyl and resoun,	68	noyed the Greeks
That alle the kynges of Grecis formast Inued		and made
And the Troyens so longe pursued ;		them pursue
And how the batayle was first be-gunnen,		the Trojans
And how Troye was sithen y-wonnen ;	72	so long ;
And—as the storie here beris recorde—		the beginning
Alle the dedis of euery lorde,		and the end of
And alle the dayes that thei faught there,		the war ;
And alle the dedis as thei were	76	
Of alle the lordes that ther faught,		and all the
And whiche of hem here dethe <i>per</i> laught ;		deeds of every
¶ And how fele termes and trewes		lord ;
Where take be-twene Troyens and Gruwes,	80	and which of
And how longe euery trewe laste,		them died ;
And how thai spedde when thei were paste ;		and about the
And alle here wo and al here breste ;		truces between
And how many tymes that thei reste	84	the Trojans
With-Inne ten ȝere that thei were thore,		and Greeks,
Er that the toun distroyed wore.		and how long
¶ Dares, the heraud of Troye, sais,	¶ Dares <sup>1</sup>	they lasted,
And Dites that was of the Gregeis,—	88	
For thei were euery day in the feld		Dares tells it,
And alle here dedis thay be-held,—		the herald of
And as thei were thei wreten hem bothe ;		Troy, and
Thei nolde not lette, for leef ne lothe,	92	Dites the
The sothe to say with-oute les		Greek : they
Of gode Ector and Achilles,		were every day
And of alle the gode lordes echon ;		in the field,
And of alle here dedis schal lakke non.	96	and saw all
¶ And afftir hem come Maister Gy,		their deeds ;
That was of Rome a Notary,		
And fond here bokes In Athenes		they told the
Afftirwardes when it was pes,	100	sooth about
		Hector and
		Achilles and
		the others ;
		and none of
		all their deeds
		will lack here.
		Afterwards,
		Master Gy, a
		notary of
		Rome, found
		their books in
		Athens.

<sup>1</sup> The sign in blue, the name in red paint.

4 *K. Pollens and Q. Tetes, parents of Achilles. Eson's son, Jason.*

	¶ Polleus. ¶ Thesalie <sup>1</sup> .	[lf. 2, bk.]
and translated them into Latin.	And turned it of Grew into Latyn, And wrot it faire in parchemyn In the manere as I schal telle.	101
Hearken, gentlemen! In Thessaly was a rich king,	Hende, now herken to my spelle ! IN the lond of Thesalye— As telles vs the rich storic— Was sumtyme a noble kyng, Riche of kyn and other thyng,	104 108
named Polleus. His queen, Tetes, was the mother of his renowned son Achilles, who afterwards worked wonders in the Trojan war.	That het Polleus, whil he hadde lyff, And Tetes het the qwene his wyff. On here gat he that doughti knyght In wedlac, that Achilles hight, That wondir wrought and gret meruayle Afftirward in Troye batayle.	¶ Rex Polleus <sup>1</sup> . 112
The only and elder brother of Polleus, Eson, had grown blind and had given his rule to Pollens.	¶ This Polleus hadde an eldur brother, That higthe Eson, he het non other. Eson was so lad with elde, That he ne myght his hondes welde : He toke Polleus al Thesaly With alle the Rentes and seynory For to gouerne and for to 3eme, And bad alle him serue to queme, For thei schulde be in his pouste ; For he was blynd and myzt nouzt se.	¶ Rex Eson <sup>1</sup> . 116 120 124
But he, Eson, had a son, called Jason.	That blynde kynge, that het Eson, Hadde a sone, that het Iason, Strong, sturne, stalworthe & stoute, Off speche curtays, of contenaunce deuoute, Large of 3iffes and [ryght] ffre, Wondur fair and ryght tempere.	¶ Jason ffilius Eson <sup>1</sup> . 128
All the lords of Thessaly served this child ;	Alle the lordes of that lond Seruede that child to fote & hond For his prowes and his noblay, And loued him wel and quemed ay ;	132

<sup>1</sup> The signs in blue, the names in red paint; and so always. Here the last three stand in the *left* margin in MS.



¶ **Insula Colkos.**

Thai dede him as gret reuerence	[lf. 3]	135	they honoured
As Polleus kyng in his presence ;		136	him as much
The lordis and alle the comunalte			as King Polleus
Held that [child] <sup>1</sup> In gret cherte.			himself.
¶ Polleus hadde wel gret envye			So Polleus
That men dede him suche seruagery ;		140	grew envious,
He was aferd in his herte :			and feared
If that child ȝede forth In querte,			that Jason,
And aftirward myȝt falle gret toyle,			when grown
And of that lond he wolde him spoyle ;		144	up, might
For he was gret of wasselage			expel him.
And loued with alle his baronage.			
Night and day the kyng then thought,			He planned
How he myȝt brynge that child to nought		148	day and night,
With sum sleȝte priuily,			how to make
That he were not schent ther-by.			away with
¶ So longe he that a-boute sought <sup>2</sup> ,			Jason privily.
That it come thus in his thought,		152	He resolves on
Off a wondur selcouthe gile			
To him by-traye that ilke while :			
He thought sende that ilke childe			sending him to
To Colkas,—that perilous Ilde,		156	Colkos—to win
That was so fer out in the est,—			the 'sheep'—
To wynne that schepe, that wondur best,			from whence
That neuere man In come and ȝede a-gayn			nobody has yet
Out of that Ile for-sothe vn-sclayn.		160	returned un-
Therefore ther-at I most dwelle,			slain.
The manere of that Ile to telle.			
<b>B</b> E-ȝonde the lond of Troye, gode men,—			I must dwell
I trowe : of Iorneys more than ten—		164	on this.
Ther was an Ile that het Colkos,			Beyond Troy,
That alle the fyght of Troye by ros ;			was an island
As I schal schewe by what skylle,			Colkos, from
When my matere comes ther-tille.			which arose all
	a iij <sup>3</sup>	168	the fight about
			Troy.

<sup>1</sup> *child* is not in the MS., but there is no blank either. <sup>2</sup> MS. *that caste a-boute sought* ; perhaps *caste aboute* was the original, and our copyist tried to amend the rhyme *aboute : thought* by inserting *sought*, but forgot to cancel the *caste* ; *sechen about* occurs again l. 1687.

<sup>3</sup> These 'signatures' are all by a later hand.

6 *The sheep with the Golden Fleece. The Perils of winning it.*

With the god Mars was a sheep with a golden fleece, which no man might win.	The comune sawe was thorow alle Grece: [lf. 3, bk.] 169 Ther was a schepe that bar a flece With-In that Ile, that was of gold, That neuere man that was on mold 172 With strengthe, myzte, ne with gynne That ilke schepe myght not wyne; That schepe was y-kepid <sup>1</sup> day & nyzt With Marc3, a <sup>2</sup> god of mykel myzt. 176
To get that sheep, a man had first to fight with hideous great oxen, which cast fire out of their mouths.	Who-so wolde that schepe come to, Many thinges he most do: He most ferst fyghte with strong nete That were hidous & wondir grete, 180 And out of here mouth thei keste fir And brende men [&] here atir; And whan he hadde the nete ouercomen, That thei were mate and alle be-nomen, 184 Ther lay a plow <sup>3</sup> with alle pe gere,— And make hem drawe and that lond ere, He moste zoke hem in that plow, The bestes bolde—if that he mow— 188 And make hem drawe and ere that lond And holde that plow faste with his hond, Til it were ered thorow and thorow. Whan he hadde turned eche <sup>4</sup> a forow, 192
Then he had to make the oxen draw a plough and turn every furrow.	¶ He most fyght with a dragoun And seke him, if he may or kun; The dragoun was gret and meruelous, Off sight & body ful hidous; 196 No man wiste non suche by north ne be southe, He keste brondes of fir out of his mouthe,— Ther was none suche In no land— Ther myzt no man his hete with-stand. 200 The brennyng brondes pat from him wente Brende men In here garnement;
whose hot breath nobody was able to stand.	

<sup>1</sup> The *k* altered from *l*; cp. l. 743.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *as*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *aplow*.

<sup>4</sup> *eche* partly erased in MS.



*Pelleus's plan to get Jason killed. He will hold a great Festival. 7*

Off thei were armed neuere so wel,	[lf. 4.]	203	
He brend hem thorow Iren & stel.		204	
Whan he hadde sclayn that dragoun,			When he had slain this dragon, he had to pull out all its teeth and sow them ;
Out of his hede he most takoun			
Alle his tethe with his owne hond			
And sowe hem in that ered lond ;		208	
Whan that thei were In that lond,			
Quiklyche ther wold ther-of stond			therefrom
Stalworthe men, clene armed kny3tis,			would spring
Lyuand men at alle mennes sightis,		212	knights fighting with one another, till all were slain.
And fight to-gidre with brondes bryzt,			
Til echon hadde sclayn other with her myzt.			
By these periles and other mo			Other dangers
Sicurly by-houes him to go,		216	he had to undergo unaided.
That wolde that schepe wyne or haue ;			
Ther was neuere non that myzt him saue			
From these bestes and fro here hete,			
That he ne <sup>1</sup> scholde sone his lyf lete.		220	
¶ When Pelleus was be-thought of this,			Pelleus thinks
He was Ioyful and glad y-wys,			he will incite
He thouzt egge Iasoun ther-tille			Jason to go
Thedur to go on his fre wille ;		224	there of his own free will, and leave the king guiltless of his death.
And so myzt he be most blameles			
And of his deth be holden giltles ;			
For were he <sup>1</sup> went pidur fro home,			
He hoped neuere of his gayn-come.		228	
<b>P</b> elleus kyng send fer & ner			Pelleus invites
Bothe Corour and Messanger			all his grantees to a great festival.
Thorow his lond and bad hem crie			
That he wolde a Mangerie,		232	
A riche feste and a riale,			
And thedur schulde come gret & smale ;			
He sente his lettres and his sond			
Affir alle the grete of the lond,—	a iiij	236	

<sup>1</sup> Inserted by a later hand over the line.

8 *King Pelleus tempts his nephew Jason to win the Golden Fleece.*

	To Erle, lord, and bold baroun,—	[lf. 4, bk.]	237
	And bad hem come to his toun,		
	For ther wolde he his feste holde		
	With ladies bryzt and knyzt bolde.		240
This festival lasts three days.	Whan thei were comyn, thei were alle glad		
	With moche merthe that thei mad,		
	Til thre dayes were fulli paast,		
	This Mangeri then so longe <sup>1</sup> laast.		244
King Pelleus then says hy- pocritically to his nephew Jason:	Pelleus kyng then—soth to say—		
	Be-fore the lordes of that contray		
	Spak to Iason, ther he stode		
	Barehed with-uten hode,—		248
	He spak to him with fair semblaund,		
	With louely chere and speche smyland;		
	But it was fals and foule disseite,		
	For he him be-thouzte thanne wel streite.		252
'Jason, thou art my best knight;	¶ He seide: 'Iason, my dere Cosyn,		
	Thow art the beste knyzt of al my kyn,		
	The worthiest man, the beste knyzt;		
I love thee well,	I loue the wel—and that is ryzt—		256
	For I am douted and eke dred		
	Off kyng & knyzt and less <sup>2</sup> mys-bed		
	Be the alone and thi prowes		
	Then by my lond and my riches,		260
even more than Thessaly.	I haue more Ioye of thi body		
Thou art un- equalled, save by Hercules.	Then of alle the lond of Thesaly,		
I think, thou canst do any feat except win the Golden Fleece.	For thow art knyzt with-uten pere—		
	Saue Ercules, that is thi fere.—		264
	I trowe that thow myzt fulfille		
	Alle thyng that thow 3af the till;e;		
	But if it were schepe ffelle!		
	That I haue herd men of telle		268
	That is so hard for to wyne		
	In that Ile ther he is Inne!		

<sup>1</sup> so longe substituted for, and written (by the later hand) above  
atte; atte is crossed out.      <sup>2</sup> MS. lest.



And 3it I hope—so haue I roo,—	[lf. 5.]	271	And yet I hope
If thow woldest 3eue the ther-too		272	you might
And put ther-to thi bysynes,			succeed in
Thow scholde it haue with-oute distresse.			winning it.'
Then were thow kny3t of worschepe most			
Off alle that wones in any cost,		276	Rewards are
If pow that flees with prowesse hadde ;			promised to
Then were I, Cosyn, of the gladde,			him if he
For gret honour then dedest thow to me,			be successful.
And ther-by schuldest honoured be ;		280	
And my lond afftir my day			
Schulde be thyn—as I say,—			
And also in my lyff treuly			
Thow schulde be lord as wel as I,		284	
And haue thi wille and thi comandement			
Off alle that euere to me apent.'			
<b>I</b> ason stode In his emys halle			Jason is well
By-fore his Eme and lordes alle,		288	pleased with
He herkened alle that he euere <sup>1</sup> sayd,			his uncle's
With his wordes he was wel payd ;			words, having
The wordes ri3t wel to him liked,			no suspicion
He wist nou3t that he was beswiked,		292	of their false-
He wende not the wordes that were spoken			ness.
Of him so to be a-wroken,			
But for he scholde wyne gret loos			
And be 3e more drad of his foos,		296	
He wiste wel if he seide 'nay'			He knows, that
By-fore the lordes, that he schulde ay			if he said 'no,'
Holde him for a coward <sup>2</sup>			his uncle
And neuere-more of him take reward,		300	would think
But hope it were for cowardise			him a coward.
That he durst not take a prise <sup>3</sup> .			
¶ Iason seide : 'so mote I thiue,			
This feste schal neuere be don so blyue,		304	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he euere he.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *acoward.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *aprise.*

Jason is ready  
to undertake  
the enterprise,  
if a good vessel  
be prepared for  
him.

That I ne schal be redi to go [lf. 5, bk.] 305

In-to that Ile, for wele or wo,

What-so-euere schal be-tyde;

I schal not longe thenne abyde, 308

If it be so 3e wil me fynde

That nedeful is to mannes kynde :

¶ A strong schippe<sup>1</sup>, and vitayles good,

And other thynges that me by-hood, 312

And worthi knyghtes In my companye,

That proued ben In chyualrie.

And I, my lord, to the schal brynge

That golden flece, that worthi thyng, 316

If I may wynde it with doughtinesse,

Or any man with hardinesse.'

When King  
Pelleus hears  
his nephew  
consent, he  
is very glad,  
orders a ship  
to be built for  
him and  
promises to  
fulfil all his  
wishes.

¶ When Pelleus herde his Cosyn speke,

He wiste wel his othe he wolde not breke ; 320

He was Ioyful in his mod,

He sais : ' Cosyn and al my blod !

As thow art, my Cosyn, thi-self alone,

Is non so strong of body ne bone ; 324

I schal fulfille al thy lykyng

That thow hast nede In any thyng

And nedeful is in that viage ;

The worthiest of my baronage 328

For-sothe, Cosyn, schal wende with the ;

A strong schip schal ordeyned be,

It schal be mad that 3ow may bere,

That the see do 3ow no dere, 332

That in the water 3e ben not spilt ;

Al thyng schal be as thow wilt.'

A strong ship  
is built.

**P**elleus kyng was wonder blythe.

A strong schip was mad swythe, 336

Strong & wyde and wondir large,

With his boot and his barge ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *schip*.



The schippe that he made to Iason	[lf. 6.]	339	The ship is called 'Argo';
Afftir the wright was cleped 'Argon.'		340	it is filled with meat and drink.
Whan it was mad with seyl and mast,			
Thei hyed hem to fille it fast,—			
With Mete and drynke it is wel frau3t,—			
And worthi kny3tes with him be-tau3t;		344	
To wende with him in his fere,			Many worthy knights go on board; among them is Hercules.
Many a dou3ti kny3t was there.			
¶ Among whiche was Ercules,			
The strongest kny3t that euere wes,		348	
That in that world was panne levand;			
No man my3t his strok with-stand.			
This was he that men of speke,			
In erthe was non so my3ti freke,		352	
Kyng, ne kny3t, ne Champioun,			
In Ile, ne in regioun,			
That my3t with-stande that kny3tes strengthe			
The mountans of a dayes lengthe.		356	
¶ This was he that strong man			All the world speaks of him.
That al the world speke of can;			
He caste alle men that he wrasteled with,			
Were thei neuere so strong of lith.		360	
And Atthenes, the gode kny3t,			
He wrasteled with him with al his my3t,			
And Hercules him so hard thrist,			
That alle his ribbes al to-brast.		364	
This was he that in his dayes			
In batayles hard and gret affrayes			
He sclow geauntes with-uten tale,			He slew innumerable giants.
He wroght amonges hem gret bale;		368	
He sclow champiouns with-uten nombre,			
So manye that no man my3t hem vmbre.			
This was he that ilke kny3t,			
That was so strong & of so moche my3t.		372	

## ¶ De Iasone.

	What schulde I speke more of his dedis ? [lf. 6, bk.]	373
	Eche man that of him redis	
	Wot wele he was with-uten pere,	
	Whil that he was lyuande here ;	376
	I leue per-fore and turne eft	
	A-gayn to Iason ther-as I left.	
The ship is ready ;	<b>T</b> His schippe was redi and set on-flote.	
	With his barge & his bote ;	380
Jason takes leave.	Iason takis his leue to wende	
	At Pelleus & at other frende ;	
	Hercules schal with him go.	
From this voyage will rise all the woe, that Troy will be fordone, as I shall tell you soon.	Ther-of schal rise al this wo,	384
	That Troie schal so foule be for-don,	
	As I schal telle ȝow sone.	
	Thei are schepped now eche a wyght,	
	The schip is ȝare & redi dight,	388
	Ther sail is drawe, the[i] wende forth faste,	
	In-to the see thei ben forth paste.	
They sail many a day and night, and at last, tired of the sea,	Thei sailen many a day and nyȝt	
	With many stormes lyght,	392
	Til thei were weri of the see ;	
	Thei wolde fayn at reste be ;	
	Vpon a day the mariner	
	Saw a lond that was hem ner ;	396
	Ther schip thei turned thedir prest,	
	For on that lond to take here rest.	
	Vpon that lond thei lepe vp alle,	
	An[d] of ther teld thei made an halle,	400
	And ete & drank & made hem glad ;	
	Thei were fayn that thei lond had,	
land on the coast of Troy.	The lond that thei were on lyght,	
	The lond of Troye that tyme hight ;	404
	Troie was not that tyme so strong,	
	Ne so moche, ne so long,	



¶ **De Rege Lamedonie Troiani.**

- |   |              |                      |
|---|--------------|----------------------|
| Wyde, ne large, ne no-thing toward,           | [lf. 7.] 407 |                      |
| As it was sethen afftirward                   | 408          |                      |
| When Priamus hit made a-3eyn,                 |              |                      |
| When Lamedon, his fadir, was sclayn.          |              |                      |
| ¶ The Gregees hade seten but a stounde        |              |                      |
| And made hem merie on the grounde,            | 412          |                      |
| Or hit were told to Lamedon                   |              | Lamedon is told that |
| That men were lyght his lond vpon,            |              | strangers have       |
| Stout, & fers, and full gay,                  |              | come on his          |
| That wel be-semed of gret noblay;             | 416          | land;                |
| Thei wende thay wold hem robbe in hast,       |              |                      |
| Or brenne that lond and leue it wast;         |              |                      |
| Thei sayde: "it were good to wete here wille, |              | they might be        |
| Whether thei were comen for good or ille;"—   | 420          | asked, if they       |
| 'And bidde hem go and rise                    |              | came for good        |
| And voyde this lond, if thei be wyse;         |              | or ill.              |
| Or 3e schal hem honge and drawe,              |              |                      |
| If thei dwelle til the day dawe.'             | 424          |                      |
| ¶ Lamedon called a gret lordyng,              |              | Lamedon              |
| Wyse of speche & of beryng,                   |              | sends a great        |
| And bed him go to hem anon,                   |              | lord to the          |
| And take with him men gret won                | 428          | Greeks,              |
| And bidde hem wende out of his lond,          |              |                      |
| Or he wol reue hem foot and hond.             |              |                      |
| ¶ This riche lord his hors hath hent          |              |                      |
| And to the Gregeys he is went,                | 432          |                      |
| And seyde: 'lordynges, so god me mende,       |              |                      |
| Lamedon me to 3ow sende,                      |              |                      |
| Oure kyng, and seys: him meruayles            |              | telling              |
| What 3e thenken and what 3ow ayles,           | 436          | them the             |
| Vpon his lond that 3e aryue;                  |              | king's sur-          |
| And biddes 3ow hye hennes blyue,              |              | prise, asking        |
| That 3e be not founden here to-morwen;        |              | them to depart       |
| For 3if 3e ben, 3e be for-lorn.               | 440          | the next day,        |
|   |              | and threaten-        |
|   |              | ing them.            |

He wil 3ow hewe lym and lythe, [lf. 7, bk.] 441

3if he to-morwe may mete 3ow withe.

Voydes this lond and dos be my red,—

Or sekirly 3e ben alle ded !' 444

Jason, much  
astonished,  
addresses his  
fellows :  
' This king is  
not courteous  
to us, who do  
no harm,

¶ Jason was al a-stonaid

Off that 3e kny3t thus to him said,

He turned to his felawes ward :

' This kyng sais vs an ille forward 448

To voyde his lond with-outen gilt,

Or we schal elles alle be spilt ;

For-sothe he nys not curtays

To vncouthe men that resten in pes 452

In his lond vpon a brynke<sup>1</sup>,—

That non ille do, ne non harm thenke,

but rest on his  
shore.

But reste vs here on this ryuage,—

To sende vs suche a message<sup>2</sup>. 456

But I se wel he loues vs litel

That hates vs by suche a titel<sup>3</sup>,

For we vpon his lond reste<sup>4</sup>;

He loves us  
little.'

He loues litel an vncouthe geste.' 460

**I** Ason thenne with heuy chere

Turned him to the messangere ;

Then Jason  
says to the  
messenger :

He sayde : ' lordying, I herde wel

Al thi message euery del. 464

God I drawe to oure wittenesse :

' We'll only  
take rest here  
for weariness ;

We reste here for no wickednesse,

But for to reste vs here a while<sup>5</sup> ;

For we haue sayled many a myle<sup>6</sup> 468

And weri ben bothe more & lesse

And resten vs here for werinesse.

tell your lord,  
that we shall  
leave his land,  
as he does not  
like our rest-  
ing here.

But say thi lord, my leue frende,

Out of his lond that we schal wende ; 472

Say : " I se wel be his sonde,

He wil we reste not on his londe."

<sup>1</sup> MS. *abrynke*.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *amessage*.    <sup>3</sup> MS. *otitel*.    <sup>4</sup> *r* corrected  
from *l*.    <sup>5</sup> MS. *awhile*.    <sup>6</sup> MS. *amyle*.



**Belli inter Troianum & Grecos<sup>1</sup>.**

And say him : " 3it may this wel be qwyte [lf. 8.] 475

By some that thow sest here sit." 476

**H**ercules, that dou3ti kny3t,  
At Lamedon hadde gret dispit,

He was Angered and alle a-rage

Off this kyng and his message ; 480

Him thoughte for tene his herte to-brak

That Iason then so mekely spak,

He was not payed with his sawe

' Here now,' he says, ' felawe, 484

What in erthe so thow art,

Or he that sente the hidirward,

Say thi kyng : " this day thre 3er

Or ere he schal se me her 488

Vpon this place and other mo.

Out of his lond wil I not go

For his biddyng, but lye here stille

Maugre his tethe, agayn his wille ; 492

For he schal be so ouer-sette,

That we for him wol not lette

To do oure wille and oure lykyng."

Go and say thus to the kyng ! 496

Say him : " he has be-gunnen a strif,

That he and his schal rewe his lyf";

And bidde him be sekir her-of & bold,

And say that I him thus told ! 500

¶ Hercules his lippes gnowe

For tene he hadde not folk y-nowe,

That he als-tide and sir Iason

Might not ffyght with Lamedon. 504

But a-mong hem was no merie gale

Off alle that ther were, grete & smale,

Ther was not a schip ful of men,

And thei were mo then thousandes ten 508

But tell him too, that this may well be paid for by some sitting here.'

But Hercules answers the messenger in a more angry manner :

' Say to your king : he will see me here again before long ;

and that he will repent of this strife he has now begun, all his life.'

Hercules regrets that he has not folk enough to fight with Lamedon.

<sup>1</sup> This—and before it : ' *Caret rubrica* '—written in a very fine hand.

**De Rege Cete in Ciuitate Ieonite.**

Off bold knyȝtes hardi & kene ; [lf. 8, bk.] 509

What wolde thei alle to hem be sene !

Thei gadered vp alle that ther lay

They take  
their way and  
sail to the  
island Colkos.

And to thair schip thei toke the way 512

And sailed forth vpon the see,

Til thei wolde comyn ther thei wolde be

In-to that Ile that hight Colkos.

Eche a man on londe than gos, 516

And leyde here sail thanne by the mast

And lefft here schip teyghte fast.—

This was the  
first cause for  
the destruc-  
tion of Troy.

And this þe forme skyl to schewe was,

That Troie was lorn so foule a-cas, 520

Driuen doun and foule distroyed ;

Ther-with were Troiens foule anyed,

For thei of Grece reste on here land

Fer fro the cete opon þat sand ; 524

For sir Iason and his nauee

Sette & reste vpon the see,

When thei wente out of Grece

To wynne the schepis goldyn flece. 528

In the island  
Colkos is a  
town, called  
Reconitas,  
large and  
strong.

**I**N Colkos Ile a Cite was,

That men called thanne Reconitas<sup>1</sup>,

Fair and mekel, large and long,

With walles heye and wondir strong, 532

Ful of toures and heye paleis

Off riche knyȝtes and burgeis.

The king of  
this land is  
called Cetes.

A kyng that tyme, that hete Cetes,

Gouerned than that lond In pes ; 536

With his baronage and his meyne,

Dwelleden thanne in that Cyte.

About the  
town are  
woods and  
parks.

For al aboute that riche toun

Stode wodes and parkis envirooun, 540

That were replenysched wondirful

Off herte and hynde, bore and bul,

{ And other }

<sup>1</sup> MS. *reconitas* ; the *r* quite distinct, though the rubric has *Ieonite*.



And other many sauage bestis ;	[lf. 9.]	543	Therein are
Be-twix that wode and that forestis		544	many beasts,
Ther was large contray & playn,			and springs,
Faire wodes & fair Champayn,			and birds.
Ful of semely rennyng welles—			
As the romaunce the sothe telles—		548	
With-oute the cete that ther sprong ;			
Ther was of briddes michel sang			
Thorow alle the 3er, and mykel cry,			
Off alle Ioyes gret melody.		552	
¶ To that Cite & kyng Cetes			Jason and
3ode Iason and Hercules			Hercules go to
And alle the felawes that he hadde,			this town with
In clothes of gold as kynges be-cladde.		556	all their
When kyng Cetes his men herde say			fellows.
That Gregeys come in that aray,			
In his paleis he spak hem with,			
Alle in pees and loue & gryth ;		560	
He ros him vp out of his se			
As curtais kyng and knyzt so fre,			
Out of his halle with mykel spede			King Cetes
With his men agayn hem 3ede <sup>1</sup> ,		564	goes to meet
And welcomed hem with louely chere			them and
And ledde hem bothe to-gedir in-fere			
And ther other ffelawes alle			leads them
With gret worschepe In-to his halle.		568	into his hall.
He dede hem sitte opou the benk,			
And bad his men bryng a drynk ;			
When thei hadden dronken what her wille is,			
Sir Iason, the knyzt of pris,		572	Jason tells
Tolde the cause of his comyng			King Cetes
On fair manere to Cetes the kyng,			why he has
And seyde “that he was comen to wynne,—			come,
If he myght spede,—of <sup>2</sup> the golden skynne.		576	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *3ode*.

<sup>2</sup> *of* is added above the line and ought to be deleted.

and asks his  
consent to his  
undertaking.

He prayed him ther of his gode wille, [lf. 9, bk.] 577

That he scholde graunte loude and stille

Holly his landes ordenaunce<sup>1</sup>,

If him myzt happen suche chaunce." 580

The king  
grants his  
wish. They  
go to supper.

¶ The kyng graunted to fulfille

His desir and alle his wille ;

The kyng bad with mylde wordes :

"Anon thei scholde sette the bordes ; 584

Tyme hit was to sopere go," he sayde ;—

The bordes were set, the clothes layde.

A knight is  
sent for the  
king's  
daughter  
Medea.

He called to him a knyzt<sup>2</sup> wel hende

And him afftir his douzter sende<sup>3</sup>, 588

And seide, sche scholde comen a-doun

To glade his gestes of gret renoun.

¶ The knyzt<sup>4</sup> ȝede to the mayden ffre,

The kynges douzter, dame Mede, 592

And bad here come with-outen dwellyng

With here Maydenes to the kyng.

Sche dwelled not longe—I vndirstonde :—

Whan sche hadde herd here fadir sonde, 596

She comes  
down, greets  
the knights  
and her father,  
and on his  
bidding sits  
down beside  
Jason.

¶ Sche come doun vnto the table

With contenaunce good and stable,

And grette here fadir sikurly

And other knyztes that sete him by. 600

He bede here go and sitte that tyde

His vncouthe gest Iason be-syde ;

And Mede dede as here fadir bad,

And of his biddynge was wel glad. 604

Medea knew  
necromancy ;

Off this Mede, this worthi may,

Sumwhat of here wol I say,

Off here wisdom and of here beryng,

Off here science & of here kunnyng : 608

Sche coude the science of clergy

And mochel of Nigramaunty ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. ordenanaunce.

<sup>2</sup> MS. aknyzt.

<sup>3</sup> MS. vende.

<sup>4</sup> Originally knyztes in MS. ; es erased.

**De Medee Filia Regis Ceti.**

In alle that lond [ne] was here pere	[lf. 10.]	611	none was
As wide as men gos fer or nere,		612	cleverer than she.
Ne that was to here half so scley			
Of cours of planetes and of the sky,			
Ne couthe so many enchauntement			
As coude Medee, that may gent.		616	
¶ Sche coude with conziurisouns,			She knew how
With here scleyghte & oresouns,			to make the
The day that was most fair & lyght			light day dark
Make as derk as any nyght;		620	as night,
Sche coude also In selecouth wyse			
Make the wynde bothe blowe & ryse			the wind blow
And make him so lowde blowe			and overthrow
As it scholde houses ouerthrowe;		624	houses,
Sche <sup>1</sup> couthe turne verement			
Alle wederes and the firmament,			
And here liked make it reyne			rain come,
And if here liked make it schyne.		628	the sun shine,
Sche coude do many selcouthe thyng:			
In somer when the leues spryng			
Make stormes hem to drine a-way			
And make trees drye as clay;		632	
Sche wolde also the trees that ware			and trees
In wynter-tyde naked & bare			bear leaf in
Make hem florische aȝeyn & bere,			winter.
That wynter hem myȝt not dere.		636	
In al the world was no man			
So kunnyng of wit and wisdam—			
As seyn these autours and these clerkes—			
As was Medee In here werkes.		640	
<b>M</b> Edee sette here down to mete			She sits down
By-twene her lord and Iason to ete,			by the side of
Sche cast here eye wel ofte vnfold			Jason and
That Ioyful knyȝt to be-hold;		644	looks at this
			joyful knight.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *He*.



So fair a  
knight she  
has never  
seen;

So fair a knyzt at here likyng [lf. 10, bk.] 645

Sche saw neuere old ne 3yng ;  
Here hadde leuere than al Assye  
That he hadde ben in here baylye, 648  
Might sche brynge to that acord  
That he wolde be here lord ;

she desires  
that Jason  
may be hers.

Gode in erthe ! that <sup>1</sup> sche desires,  
But that Iason were one of heres. 652

Sche hadde here herte so on him set,  
Here eye myzt sche not fro him let ;  
Sche loued him so wondirly tho,  
That sche wiste neuere what to do, 656

She takes her  
leave and goes  
to her cham-  
ber.

But toke here leue and be-gan to go  
To the chambur that sche come fro.

¶ Vnto the chambur sche is comyn,  
Loue hath here so vndir-nomyn, 660

That trauayles here wondir strong  
With thought and sykyng euere among ;

She thinks  
both day and  
night, how she  
can carry  
out her love  
without  
shame.

Sche thenkith bothe day & nyzt  
How sche that loue performe myzt 664

With-outen schame and vylonye,  
That sche were not reprovoud ther-by ;  
Fayn sche wolde haue here wille,  
But sche myzt not come ther-tille. 668

After a fort-  
night, Cetes  
and Jason  
sitting to-  
gether, send  
for Medea.

¶ And thus leued sche fourtene nyzth  
In gret wo as any wyzth :  
Til hit be-fel vpon a day  
That kyng Cetes—soth to say— 672

And Iason were to-gedur set  
And bad here men Medee down fet  
In-to the halle of his paleis,  
To talke with the knyztcs curteis. 676

She, very  
glad, comes  
quickly.

Off the tydynges was Medee blithe :  
To hem down sche come swythe ;

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *naught* was in the original.

¶ **De Iasone.**

And he bad here sitte be Iason,—	[lf. II.]	679	The king bids her sit down
That al here loue was vpon,—		680	beside Jason,
And speke with him In fair manere, As Mayden schulde to bachelere. Medee did his comaundement ; But Cetes was ther-with ablent :		684	
He wist not of Medee wille That sche loued Iason stille.			not knowing that she is in love with him.
¶ When Iason saw that worthi wyght So sitte on benche by him right, He was wel glad, as him gon thenk ; Ercules ros vp of the benk, And he sat be that worthi wenche To wete what that mayden dede thenke.		688	
¶ Kyng Cetes with-oute doute Spak to the knyghtes him aboute, Of Ercules asked tydynges, At other knyghtes of other thynges ; So to him 3af no man gome, Knyzt ne sqwyer, lord ne grome. Medee say that sche was brouzt To telle Iason of here thougt		692	
¶ Kyng Cetes with-oute doute Spak to the knyghtes him aboute, Of Ercules asked tydynges, At other knyghtes of other thynges ; So to him 3af no man gome, Knyzt ne sqwyer, lord ne grome. Medee say that sche was brouzt To telle Iason of here thougt		696	The king talks to Hercules and the other knights, so that no one pays attention to Jason and Medea.
¶ With-oute heryng of any wyght : 'Sir Iason,' sche seide, 'thow art a knyzt' <sup>1</sup> Off whiche I haue mochel rewthe And gret compassioun, be my trewthe ! For I se wel and haue in mynde That thow art comen of gentil kynde, And art a louely <sup>2</sup> creature, And art hardy with-oute mesure ; For I se wel—and sothe hit is— That thyn heye herte and thi hardines Hath brouzt the fro the lond of Grece For to wynne the golden flece,		700	
		704	Medea says to Jason : 'I pity you, as I see well that your hardiness has brought you hither to win the Golden Fleece,
		708	
		712	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *aknyzt*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *alouely*.

## ¶ De Medee.

through which you will lose your life.	Thorow whiche—is a sothe thyng— Thow schalt go to thyn endyng. And I haue gret pyte Off thi manhede and beute, That thow thus foule schalt be spilt For a schepis <sup>1</sup> skyn that is ouer-gilt. Ther-fore I zeue the consayle— The beste that the may a-vayle— That thow wende hom hole and sound, A-zeyn to thi lond with-oute any wound.'	[lf. 11, bk.] 713
I counsel you to return home.'	¶ Iason thanne with chere deuout Vnto that lady gan lout And seyde louely, curtays & fre : ' A thousand tymes I thanke it the Of thi goodnes and thi curtasye, That thow hast reuthe of my folie ; For þoure bidding outerly I put for-sothe al my body.' ' S Wete Iason, my louely frend,'— Saide Medee, that mayden hend,— ' Has thow not the sothe herd telle Off that flece and the gret perille ? Or thow knowest not the sothe That makes the so bold of othe, Thow may ther-to make assay And lese thi myzt and thi noblay. For sekurly ther was neuere knyzt That hadde that strengthe and that myzt, That myzt with his hardinesse That flece wyne with dougthtinesse : For it is keped bothe nyght and day With oure god Mars, that alle thyng may ; For ther is no man on lyue, Agayn oure god that may stryue.	716 720 724 728 732 736 740 744
Jason an- swers :		
' I thank you a thousand times and submit to your bidding.'		
' Haven't you heard the truth about the fleece and the peril of it ?' says Medea.		
' You may lose your might and nobility. There was never a knight strong enough to win the fleece, for it is kept by our god Mars.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *aschepis*.



Ther-fore I praye 3ow for loue or awe: [lf. 12.] 747 I pray you to  
 Fro that perile 3ow with-drawe, 748 withdraw from  
 That thow deye not thus sodenly this peril.  
 For a lytel folý !'

¶ Iason seyde: 'my lady dere,  
 Of this kepe I no more to here ! 752 Jason: 'Do  
 Wene 3e my hert so to stere, to stir my  
 Or with 3oure wordes me to dere, heart, and  
 That I schulde this thing for-sake make me  
 That I gan ferst vndirtake ? 756 forsake the  
 thing I under-  
 took ?

Me were leuere certes to deye  
 Than to do that vylonie !  
 For now I haue it be-gonne,  
 And I 3ede hom, or it were wonne— 760  
 Me were leuere I were vnborne  
 Then suche a schame were me before !  
 For my deth schal I not lette,—  
 If that I may,—that flece to fette !' 764

**M**Edeë seide: 'my derlyng,  
 Is it thi wil for any thyng  
 To putte thi deth be-fore thi lyff  
 And to putte the to that stryff ? 768  
 I haue pite of thi ded,  
 But I schal 3eue the suche a red <sup>1</sup>,  
 That thow schalt come a-3eyn ful rathe  
 And wynne that schepe with-outen skathe— 772  
 If it be so thow wilt fulfille  
 Mi desire and my wille.'

'Lady,' Iason thanne sayde,  
 'Of that 3e sayn I holde me payde: 776  
 What 3e schul in erthe ordeyne,  
 I schal holde it for prow or payne  
 The while that I am leuyng—  
 I drawe to witnes god, oure kyng !' 780

Jason: 'I am  
 much pleased  
 with what you  
 say, and I  
 shall do what-  
 ever you  
 order.'

B iiij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ared*.

24 *Jason promises to marry Medea, and she will help him win the Fleece.*

Medea: 'If you promise to marry me and take me with you to Greece,	¶ Medee sayde to Iason than:	[lf. 12, bk.]	781
	'If thow wilt be so trewe a man <sup>1</sup> ,		
	That thow wilt hete me to wedde,		
	And as thi spouse to brynge me to bedde,		784
	And leue me neuere for wele ne wo,		
	And graunt me home with the to go		
	Out of this lond that is fair,—		
	Off whiche I schal be qwene and ayr,—		788
	Vnto thi lond, to thi hous,		
	And wedde me there to thi spous:		
I'll make you win the fleece.'	I wolde make the that schepe-fel		
	Wynne to-morwe with-uten perel.'		792
Jason: 'What you promise me is much.	I Ason sayde to Medee:		
	'Riche bene that thow proferest to me:		
	3oure-self to be in my bandoun		
	And al in my subieccioun,		796
	That art the fairest that lyf beres		
	Or any clothe on erthe weres;		
	And also to saue me		
	Off alle perile that ther-Inne be,		800
	And do me wyne that flece of golde,		
	That no man may do that leues on molde		
	With-oute 3oure help, my derlyng!		
	That is to me a fair proferyng!		804
Body and heart I offer you, and promise never to act against your bidding.	Body and herte to 3ow I profre,		
	And alle my-self to 3ow I offre:		
	I take 3ow here my trowthe I-plyzt <sup>2</sup> ,		
	That I schal neuere by day ne nyzt		808
	Do not a-3eyn 3oure lykyng		
	Ne forthmore neuere of 3oure byddyng!		
I will take you with me as my wife, and never leave you all my life.'	And I schal with me 3oure-self lede		
	In-to my lond—so god me rede!—		812
	And wedde 3ow there vnto my wyff		
	And leue 3ow neuere whil me last lyff!'		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *aman.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *I. plyzt.*

Off that beheste was Medee fayn,	[lf. 13.]	815	
But ȝit sche wolde be more certayn		816	Medea, to be more certain that he may not beguile her, asks him
That he schulde here no-ways be-gile			
Ne holde here afftir for no vile.			
Sche sayde : ' Iason, be thow not wroth !			
I wole that thow me make an oth,		820	
That thow schalt trewly & trusly holde			
Of alle that thow hast sayde & tolde ;			
For no-ways we may not now			
Do this thyng be-twene vs two.		824	
I wol that thow when day is gon			to swear to her in the evening, when she sends for him.
Come to my chambre sone anon,			
When I schal sende aff[t]ir the,			
That thow alway come to me ;		828	
And than schaltow make thi surment			
Opon my god with sacrament,			
And swere me ther by that god			
Alle this to holde for euen or od.		832	
And when thow hast thus wrouȝth & don,			
Al thi wil schal I graunte son.'			
¶ Iason seyde : ' my ladi fre,			Jason assents.
As ȝe haue seyde, so schal it be !		836	
When ȝe haue afftir me send,			
Wightlyche schal I to ȝow wend.'			
And thus were thei bothe at one			
Vpon the benche hem-self alone		840	
And toke leue thenne and ros ;			
Vnto here Chambre faste sche gos.			
<b>M</b> Edee is vnto here chambre gone,			Medea goes to her room with her maidens.
And here maydenes euerychone.		844	
Here thought longe vnto nyght,			
That sche myȝt speke with that knyȝt.			
When nyȝt was comyn and day past,			
And alle in bedde vpon slepe fast,		848	



26 *Jason swears, in Jove's name, to marry Medea, and never leave her.*

At night she sends a girl, called Ane, for Jason.	Sche cleped a mayden <sup>1</sup> that het Ane,— [lf. 13, bk.] 849 So trewe a mayden <sup>1</sup> hath sche nane,— And bad here pryuili to go And <sup>2</sup> say: "Iason schuld come here to." 852 And Ane 3ede wel priuyli And bad him come to here lady; And he ros bothe blythe and glad And dede as the mayden bad. 856
When they have met, Ane leaves them alone.	And whan thei were to-gedur met, Ane that him thedur fet 3ede here way with-oute more And lefft hem to-gedur thore. 860
Medea bolts the doors, and makes Jason swear an oath	¶ Whan Medee saw Iason ther-In, Sche sperid the doris with a pyn And bad him sitte down vpon here bed,— With riche clothes hit was spred. 864 That faire lady, that lousom brid, A Craffy cofre sche vn-did And toke out an ymage, frely dyght With fele torches and mochel lyght, 868 That <sup>3</sup> sacrid was In Iouis name. 'Iason,' seide that faire dame, 'Thow schalt thin hond on this god lay And thow schalt holde that I schal say: 872 On this ymage thow schalt swere, Faith & treuthe thow schalt me bere, And wedde me to thy wyff, And leue me neuere whil I haue lyff.' 876
on an image sacred 'in Iouis name.'	¶ Iason sayde: 'my trewthe I layd, To do al as thow hast sayd.' And layde his treuthe on that ymage To <sup>4</sup> take here the terme of his age. 880
Jason swears to marry Medea, and never to leave her.	When sche hadde take of him that oth, Thei caste of hem euery cloth
Then they cast off their clothes	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *amayden.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *A<sup>d</sup>.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Ther.*

<sup>4</sup> MS. *And.*

¶ *Iason concubuit cum Medee.*

And ȝede bothe in-to a bed,—	[lf. 14.]	883	and go to bed.
With riche clothes hit was spred.		884	
<b>A</b> lle that nyȝt to-gedur thei lay, Til it was nere a-gayn the day.			In the morn- ing Jason says :
Iason sayde : ‘ my derlyng dere, It is not good to dwelle here ;		888	
But say me now, my derlyng, Wolt thow ordeyne for me o thyng, That I myȝt thorow thi techyng My purpos wele to ende bryng ?		892	‘ Tell me now, darling, how to bring my purpose to end ; for I long to lead you away.’
For al the haste that I haue Is, swetyng,—so god me saue— Out of this Ile the to lede In-to my lond with-uten drede.’		896	
¶ Sche seyde : ‘ Iason, I am al ȝare, When thow art redi, With the to fare ! Rise we now vp ! I schal the kenne With the neet that the ne brenne.		900	Medea : ‘ Let us rise first !’
For-ȝete thow not my kennyng For no ferdnesse of brennyng !’			
¶ Iason thenne and sche vp ros ; And Medee to here forsure gos, And drow out relikes manye & gode, And toke Iason ther he stode And tauȝt him how he scholde do, When he that Ile come to,		904	When they are risen, Medea takes relics from her chest, and tells Jason how to behave, when he comes to the island.
That he were not with nete ybrend, Ne with the dragoun y-schend.		908	
¶ ȝit of the forsure the lady rauȝte A fair ymage and him by-tauȝte, And bad him sclely with him bere,— For sorcery schuld him not dere : For it was alle with sorcery wroght, Alle sorcery it brouȝte to nought.		912	She moreover gives him an image against sorcery,
		916	

	And afftir that Medee out hente	[lf. 14, bk.]	917
an ointment against fire,	A wel riche oynement And an-oynted alle his body, Visage and alle witterly :		920
	For hit for-did al brennyng of ffire, Off hit brende neuere so schire.		
	¶ And afftirward that fair swetyng		
a ring against venom,	By-tauzt Iason a riche <sup>1</sup> ryng, That alle venym for-dede & strued;— That he schul not be venym-noyed That bar that riche ryng on him :		924
	For it fordede alle venym.		928
a writing	<b>M</b> Edee tok with him thanne a writ, And him bad he schuld bere it ; And when he come with-Inne that Ile, That he schulde with herte mylde		932
	On his knees him down sette, Er he that flece 3ede to fette ; And thries he scholde hit ouer-rede ; That he ne lefft for no drede.		936
(which he must read thrice before going to fetch the fleece), and a liquor to stick the oxen's lips together.	¶ Sche toke him thenne a riche <sup>1</sup> licour,— A viole ful of gode sauour,— And bad he schulde that lycour poure, When he come In-to the stoure,		940
	In the mouthes of the neete, For hit was wondur cleuand wete ; Then scholde thei holde here mouth to-gedur And make no more so foule a wedur :—		944
	'For if thow konne this in here mouthe throwe, Thei schal no more no fir blowe !'		
Jason says : 'I thank you ; I hope to bring you the fleece before even- ing.'	¶ Iason seide : 'I thonk it the, That thow hast thus ordeyned for me ! I hope, or it be euenyng, That golden flece to the bryng.'		948

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ariche*.



He toke his leue at that may,	[lf. 15.] 951	He takes leave,
In-to his Chambre he tok the way,	952	goes to his room and sleeps there.
Ther-In he lay and Hercules;		
Wel stille he lay down in pes,		
Til it was cler day and lyght,		
That the sunne schon wel bryght:	956	
He ros vp and come him down,		In the early morning he
And alle his felawes enviroun.		rises and
<b>O</b> Vt of his bed is Iason rysen,		comes down
To wende his way he is not grysen,	960	to the hall with Hercules
To wynne the schepe,—if he haue grace,—		and all his men.
Now he these thinges of Medee has.		
He is comyn in-to the halle		
With Hercules and his men alle;	964	
To Cetes the kyng he is forth went.		
He asked anon, what it be-ment,		
He asked at him and at hisen,		Cetes asks him,
Whi he was so erly rysen.	968	why he has risen so early.
'Sir,' he saide, 'be godis ore!		'Sir,' he
That I thus dwelle me rewes sore;		answers, 'I'll
I wol ther-fore make asay		try to win the
To wynne the flece—if I may:—	972	fleece now;
geue me leue and lete me go,		give me leave
That I no lenger be ther-fro.'		to do so.'
¶ Cetes saide: 'I haue gret drede,		Cetes:
That thou be dede and not wel spede;	976	'Though
I schal therfore haue harm and schame,		fearing you'll
For men wol rette on me the blame;		die, I can't hold
But that thou art of wil so bold,		you back.
That I may not at home the hold—	980	God bring you
God, that this world made round,		home whole
Brynge the aȝeyn hol and sound!'		and sound!'
¶ Then was Iason wondir blythe,		
He toke his armure and tyred him swythe,	984	

## ¶ Qualiter Iason fecit bellum.

Jason goes to  
the island of  
Colchis where  
the sheep is.

And ȝede forth the schepe to wynne [lf. 15, bk.] 985  
To that Ile that he was Inne.

In a boat he  
rows over the  
water;

When he was comen ther it was,  
Ther he schulde ouer the water pas 988

then he arms  
himself well in  
iron and steel,

In-to that Ile In-to a bote<sup>1</sup>,  
He kest his armes In fote hote  
And rowed ouer with an ore.  
When he was ouer that watur thore, 99 2

with helmet,  
shield and  
spear.

He armed him—as he coude wele—  
Bothe in Iren and in stele,  
And on his hed thanne sette  
His trewe and trusti basenette, 996

And kest his scheld a-boute his hals,  
And bere his spere with him als;  
And ȝaf aboute him ful good kepe,  
If he myȝt be war of the schepe. 1000  
And thedirward Iason him drow,  
To wynne the flece—if he mow.

**I**ason is now on londe lyght,  
Armed wel and nobly dyght. 1004

When he sees  
where the  
sheep is, he  
first becomes  
aware of the  
fire-breathing  
oxen.

When he was comen to that stede,  
Ther he saw the schepes trede,  
On the first thenne was he ware,  
Where the nete were standyng thare, 1008  
Kestyng fir with-oute sese  
Of her mouthe with-oute relesse,  
That alle the sky with-oute doute  
Was on fire alle a-boute. 1012

He thinks of  
Medea and her  
gifts, and  
anooints him-  
self.

But he thought then on his swetyng,  
Of dame Medee and her kennyng:  
Ful radly thenne the boyste he hent  
That was with the oynement; 1016  
Al his visage and his face  
Anoynted ther-with sone he hase.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *abote*.

He toke also that ymage bryzt	[lf. 16.]	1019	He hangs the silver image
That was of siluer made & dyzt,		1020	round his neck ;
And hanged it aboute his hals a-boue,—			
As Medee him bad do so-for here loue,—			
And turned it to the fir anon,			
And the nete stood and loked ther-on ;		1024	the oxen look on it.
And sette him doun meke & wyse			
And redde his writ thanne thryse,			Then he reads thrice Medea's writing,
And when it was thries red,			
To go to hem was not dred.		1028	
His perel thanne a-wey was rauzt,			
And with this nete faste he fauzt :			and fights with the oxen.
The flaume of fir thenne on him caste			Their fire burns his
And brende his gode scheld on haste,		1032	shield and spear.
And his spere to his hond			
To coles hit fel vpon the sond.			
<b>H</b> E toke thenne that licour wete			When he pours the liquor into the beasts,
And poured qwyk into the nete ;		1036	
And when it was with-Inne ther <sup>1</sup> lippes,			
Faste to-gedur hit hem grippes,			
That thei myzt not her mouth vn-spere,			they can no longer open their mouths.
With hete Iason no more to fere.		1040	
When Iason hem thus discomfit			
Thorow dame Medee that was perfit,			
And saw a-boute that the aire			
Was good and clene and ful fair,		1044	
And the nete myght fyght no more			
Thorow here kennyng and here lore,			
He toke hem be the hornes long			Then he yokes them into the plough, and ploughs with them without any fear.
And here hedes a-boute wrong,		1048	
And loked, if thei were tame ynow,			
And ladde hem thanne vnto the plow,			
And yoked hem and dede hem drawe,			
And turned that lond with-outen awe.		1052	

<sup>1</sup> r by a later hand.



32 *Jason, by Medea's charm, slays the Dragon, and sows its Teeth.*

When he comes to the dragon,	When he hadde don, he toke his way [lf. 16, bk.] 1053 To the dragoun ther he lay; And the dragoun sey him ney, He made thanne an <sup>1</sup> hidous cry, 1056 And hissed loude, and brondes blew, Fyr faste on Iason he threw, And spitte venym and keste aboute; But Iason ther-of hadde no doute : 1060 Whan he herde that how loude he hissed, Iason dede as he was wissed, He toke the ryng that sche toke him For drede of fir & of venym,— 1064 That bare a stone <sup>2</sup> , was fair and grene,— And held hit sone hem be-twene, And keste it doun be-fore his syght.
Jason takes the ring, as Medea told him.	And whan the dragoun saw that lyght <sup>3</sup> , 1068 He lefte the fir and his brennyng And al foule venym of his spitting, And loked stabli on that ston, And he beheld euere ther-on. 1072 And whil the dragoun ther-to 3aff tent, His swerd Iason out hent
When the beast sees this, it leaves its burning and spitting, and looks on the stone.	And smot the hed fro the bouke, And the ryng with him toke <sup>4</sup> 1076 And in hold he gan hit do. And when he hadde sclayn him so, He wente—and so he my3t wele— And drow his tethe out of his chavele, 1080 And sewe hem thanne vpon the land That he hadde ered on that sand.
Then Jason smites off its head;	Armed men of hem ther sprong, And echon on other faste dong, 1084 Til alle were sclayn that were thore; On lyue lefte there none wore.
and takes its teeth out; and sows them;	
armed men spring from them, and slay one another.	

When Iason

<sup>1</sup> MS. *and*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *astowe*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *lyght*, altered from *syght*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *toke*, altered from *boke*.

- ¶ When Iason saw that ther was an ende [lf. 17.] 1087 Jason then  
 Off alle that wondir enchauntemende, 1088  
 Toward the schepe be-gan he go  
 With-oute drede him to selo:  
 With bothe his handes the schepe he sclow,  
 And fro the body the skyn he drow, 1092 slays the sheep  
 And bare with him that schepes skyn and pulls off  
 With mochel Ioye & mochel wyn, its skin.  
 Til he come to his bote;  
 And lepe In with a merie<sup>1</sup> note, 1096 With the skin  
 And ouer to his felawes rode, he rows over  
 Ther Hercules him a-bode,— to his fellows.  
 Wondir blythe, Ioyful, and glad  
 That thei on lyue him had. 1100  
 ¶ Iason thenne and his Gregeis  
 Rode to Cetes & to his paleis;  
 When Cetes saw that Ioyful kyng  
 Iason that schepes skyn bryng, 1104 Jason and his  
 He hadde ther gret envy Greeks ride  
 That he raff him that drury; to the palace  
 But euel semblant myȝt he non make of Cetes.  
 For Hereules and Iason sake, 1108 Cetes is  
 But dede hem sitte by his side envious, when  
 And fair semblaunt made him that tyde. he sees Jason  
 Then come ȝong and old bring the skin,  
 The schepes skyn to be-hold, 1112 but he does  
 Thei hadde of Iason gret meruayle, not show his  
 How he it wan in batayle evil mood.  
 Azens thair goddis wil and myȝt;  
 Thei hadde meruayle of suche a knyȝt. 1116  
**I**ason now the flece hath worne,  
 The tydynges thorow the Cete is ronne,  
 Many a man come him to see,  
 Ther he was set by dame Medee. c j 1120

<sup>1</sup> MS. *amerie*.

34 *Jason carries off Medea to Thessaly, which Pelleus gives him.*

Jason and Hercules dwell another month with Cetes.	He dwellyd ther a ful mon[i]the <sup>1</sup> , And Hercules kyng Cetes withe,— And til a tyme that he & sche, And Hercules and his meyne,	[lf. 17, bk.] 1121
One night they, and Medea steal away and sail to Thessaly.	Stale away with-Inne a nyzt And ȝede to schepe by sterre lyzt; And drow vp sail, and scheped sone, And wente hom forth by the mone. The wynd be-gan to rise & to blowe And brouzt hem home in a throwe To the lond of Thesalye, Iason and his companye.	1124  1128  1132
When Pelleus hears that Jason has come back alive, he is angry;	¶ The word was told to Pelleus blyue. <sup>2</sup> “That Iason was comen hom alyue, And how he hadde brouzt in-to Grece”— ‘For-sothe’ thei seyden—“the golden flece.” Wo was him of tho tythandis: He wrong to-gedir bothe his handes For sorwe and wo and care of herte, That he was comen home in qwerte. But when he saw him comande, He wente a-ȝeyn him with fair semblande, And welcometh him wel home, And was glad of his come, And thonked god that he ferd wele, And ȝaf him the lond, eche a dele Off Thesalye that lond aboute, So he be-het him, or he wente oute. ¶ With this lond was he not payd; He wolde be venged algate—he sayd— Off Lamedone, the kyng of Troyene, For he him dede reproue and tene. To Hercules wel offte he spake: “That he that charge wolde take;	1136  1140  1144  1148  1152
but he wel- comes him,		
and gives him Thessaly, as he promised before he set off.		
But Jason is not content; he wants to be revenged on Lamedon,		

<sup>1</sup> Cf. ll. 1686 and 9407.

<sup>2</sup> *b* perhaps altered from *v*.



¶ *Hic Incipit Bellum.*

For elles myzt it not come to ende;”—	[lf. 18.]	1155	and bids Hercules carry this out.
‘For thow hast many a noble frende,		1156	
Many a knyzt <sup>1</sup> , and many a kyng,			
And wil be fayn at thi bydding.’			
Hercules seyde: ‘ne drede the nouzt!			Hercules undertakes the task.
Ful wel to ende it schal be brouzt		1160	
To my worschepe, if my lyf last,			
Or this ȝere be ful past.			
Haue thow no care, ne make no mone!			
But let me here with-al alone!		1164	
I schal so venge oure vilonye,			
That thay schal ful sore abyē.’			
<b>H</b> ercules the charge hath tane;			
He thenkes to be that kynges bane,		1168	
He thenkes him <u>scle</u> with his hond,			
If he may come to his lond.			
At hom is he no lenger <sup>2</sup> abiden,			
To Sportes is that knyzt reden,—		1172	He goes to Sparta, and asks Castor and Pollux to partake in the expedition.
That was a lond of Romanye <sup>3</sup> ,—			
Ther two bretheren were <sup>4</sup> of chialrye			
Regned Inne by ther dayes.			
Hercules ther the bretheren prayes		1176	
To wende with him ouer the see,			
With armed folk a gret meyne,			
To venge him on kyng Lamedon,			
That kest him out and sir Iason		1180	
Off his lond, whan thai <i>hem</i> reste,			
That dede him nother noye ne breste.			
The bretheren bothe as knyztēs hende			
Thai were redi with him to wende,—		1184	They are ready whenever he likes.
What day that he wolde assygne,—			
With many worthi knyztēs and digne.			
Castor hete that on brother,			
And Pollus called men that other.			

c ij 1188

<sup>3</sup> altered from

<sup>1</sup> MS. *aknyzt*.      <sup>2</sup> *wol* he erased after *lenger*.  
*Romayne*.      <sup>4</sup> *were* ought to be struck out.

	Hercules toke leue at hom	[lf. 18, bk.]	1189
Hercules rides to Salom	And rode hym to Salom, A lond that was to Grece longand, That Thelaman thenne held <sup>1</sup> in his hand		1192
	That was kyng of gret renoun, An hardy knyzt, a bold <sup>2</sup> baroun. He prayed him that he wolde go With him and other kynges mo,		1196
	That were of Grece, ouer the see, Troye to brenne, that hye cete, And venge him of that foule dispite That Lamedon dede with gret vnryzte—		1200
	Not long tyme sithen past,— That he him of his lond cast.		
and gains Thelaman for the expedition.	¶ Thelaman seide: “hit schuld be doñ, He was al redi at his boñ		1204
	To wende with him, as good and hende, Whan he aftir him wol sende.”		
Hercules rides back to Polleus, and bids him gather all his troops.	Hercules thanne rode a-zeyn— Off his be-heste he was ful fayn—		1208
	To Polleus kyng and bad that he Schuld gader faste alle his meyne, And alle that he myzt <sup>3</sup> purchase <sup>4</sup> , By loue, or awe, or any manace <sup>5</sup> .		1212
Then he goes to Pilon, and gains Nestor.	¶ He tok him thanne the nexte way To Pilon lond—right as I say;— Pylon was a lond also		
	That longed that tyme Grece to, And duk Nestor was lord and sire		1216
	Ouer al that lond and that Empire;— And prayed him of his ffraunchesse <sup>7</sup>	Dux Nestor <sup>6</sup> .	
	That he wolde wende with him and hesse <sup>8</sup> , To venge him on that kyng vilayn, And helpe that he were ded and sclayn;		1220

<sup>1</sup> *held* inserted by a later hand above the line. <sup>2</sup> MS. *abold*.<sup>3</sup> *with* written by a later hand over line between *myzt* and *purchase(s)*.<sup>4</sup> MS. *purchases*. <sup>5</sup> MS. *manaces*. <sup>6</sup> On the left side in MS.<sup>7</sup> *ss* perhaps written by the later hand. <sup>8</sup> The first *s* added by

the later hand.

- And reue al his bothe lyff and lym, [lf. 19.] 1223  
 That wolde not soffre Iason ne hym 1224  
 On day reste to take,  
 Nother for prayer ne for sake.
- ¶ Duk Nestor seide to Hercules :  
 ' I am al ȝare with-outen les 1228  
 To wende with the at thy biddyng,  
 And knyȝtes fele with me to bryng,  
 To venge the of that vilonye  
 And do him knowe his folye. 1232  
 I schal make me and myne ȝare  
 With-outen dwellyng with the to fare.'
- ¶ Hercules was thanne wel blythe,  
 Aȝayn to Pelleus ȝode he swythe. 1236  
 A[nd] whan he come to Thesalye,  
 He fonde a louely<sup>1</sup> companye  
 Of kynges and knyȝtes to-gedur thore,  
 That for his help comen wore : 1240  
 For thanne was comen Thelaman,  
 That douȝti kyng, that noble man ;  
 And the bretheren bothe two,  
 Castor kyng and Pollus also, 1244  
 With alle here men and here nauee  
 Stondyng redi on the see ;  
 And Pelleus was al redi dyȝt  
 With many a bold baroun and knyȝt ; 1248  
 And here schippes were vitayled,  
 Ther mete and drynke schal non be fayled.

Nestor says  
that he at once  
will be ready  
for the expedi-  
tion.

Hercules  
returns to  
Pelleus. In  
Thessaly are

Thelaman,

Castor and  
Pollux,

and Pelleus,  
with their  
troops and  
ships.

*Consilium Grecorum contra Troianos*<sup>2</sup>.

- A**lle the kynges bene now to-gedur,  
 And hit was ful meri wedur : 1252  
 That Marche was passed and Feuerer,  
 Hit was that tyme of the ȝere,  
 It was in-myddis of Averille ;

c iij

It is in the  
month of  
April.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alouely*.

<sup>2</sup> This line is in red paint.



T[h]e wedir was clere, the wynd was stille. [lf. 19, bk.] 1256  
 And alle these kynges to schip ȝede <sup>1</sup>  
 To taken the see with-oute drede ;  
 Thei sayled forth day and nyȝt,  
 Til thei hadde of Troye a syȝt <sup>2</sup>. 1260  
 The sunne was set and al away doune,  
 Thanne thei hadde syȝht first of the tounne.  
 Thei toke the hauen, whan it was derk,  
 With-uten wetyng of prest or clerk, 1264  
 And kest here ankyr on that sond  
 And ȝede alle vpon the lond,  
 For ther was non that euere hem lette ;  
 Hit was longe afftir the sonne sette, 1268  
 That no man wiste of thair comyng,  
 Knyȝt ne sqwier, ne the kyng.  
 Eche man thanne his hors oute hentes,  
 And drow out Armure & here tentes, 1272  
 Speres, dartes, helmys, and scheldes ;  
 Thei sette here paulyons & here teldes,  
 And sette here wacche ouer-al abowte,  
 That thei myȝt reste with-oute dowte. 1276  
**T**He Gregeis ben londit and proud y-pyght  
 With gay tentis arayed aryght.  
 Longe ar the day be-gan to sprynge,  
 Pelleus sent aboute tythyng 1280  
 To eche a kyng that there he lay  
 To come to him, or it were day.  
 Thei come echone to wete his wille ;  
 When thei were comen and set doun stille, 1284  
 Pelleus seide : ‘ my bretheren dere,  
 Now we ben to-gedur here,  
 Me thenketh it were good to speke,  
 How we myȝt sonest vs wreke 1288  
 Off oure fomen and oure enemys,

The Greeks  
sail to Troy.

After sunset  
they land,  
unseen by the  
Trojans.

They pitch  
tents.

Before day-  
break Pelleus  
gathers the  
kings around  
him,

and says :  
‘ Now we must  
see, how to  
take vengeance  
soonest,

<sup>1</sup> First e indistinct in MS., might be o.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *asyȝt*.

To oure worschepe and to oure pris;	[lf. 20.]	1290	
And saue vs fro perele,			
How so it euere it be-fele,		1292	
And take the toun with myzt and wyn,			and how to capture the town.'
And alle that euere is ther-In.'			
<b>H</b> ercules, that dou3ti man,			Hercules speaks first, and counsels
Be-fore alle other to speke he gan:		1296	
'Seres'—he sayde—'3oure skylles is good,			
As 3e haue seide, so vs be-hood.			
This is myn avisement,			
How thei schal sonest be schent:		1300	
3iff 3e wole alle that it be so,			
That we parte oure men atwo—			the division of the army into two:
Er it be day and sonne vp-rise,—			
That we be seuered in alle wise:		1304	
And 3e, sir kyng, and Thelaman,			'The king, Thelaman, I and Jason will go towards the town and hide ourselves in the vineyards.
And I also, and sir Iason,			
Schal be to-gedre In that on ende;			
To the toun and we schal wende,		1308	
Er it be day or any lyght,			
That no man of vs haue a syght:			
For we schal hide vs In the vynes,			
And when the sonne is vppe and rises,		1312	
We schal holde vs stille and coy			
By-side the 3atis with-oute Troy.			
And kyng Pollus, and duke Nestor,			
And his brother kyng Castor,		1316	Castor and Pollux and Nestor will remain on the shore.
Schal beleue here on the see			
With alle here folk and here naue,			
And Nestor schal ferst with hem dele			
With alle his men and his eschele,		1320	
And Castor schal be my red haue			
The secunde warde—so god me saue!—			
And kyng Pollus schal haue the thridde			

	With alle the men that are him myd. [lf. 20, bk.]	1324
When King Lamedon hears of our landing, he will come to fight with you on the shore, whilst we shall enter the town and slay all therein.	¶ And when the kyng hath tydandes, That we are restid on his landes, And he comes out with his baronage To fyght with hem on this ryuage, We schal entre in-to the toun And breke the walles & throwe hem down, And scle that we ther-Inne fynde, Honge, and brenne, and faste bynde, And do dye that vs dos <sup>1</sup> dere. Then schal we turne to were And scle hem alle for vs & 3ow. And thus thynketh me most for oure prow, When thei may not fro vs fle On no syde to no contre.	1328
King Pelleus assents to this advice.	¶ The kyng sayde: 'as haue I roo!'— "That hit was good his rede to do, Better red schuld thei haue non To confounden sone here fon." Thei parted here men In two parties; And Hercules with his he hies Vndir the toun In the greues And hides him there in the leues; And duk Nestor lefft stille thore With alle that with him wore.	1340
Hercules hides himself with his soldiers near Troy.		1344
	¶ It is lyzt day, the sonne is hye, And Hercules the toun is nye With-Inne the greues, ther leues sprynge; And Lamedon has herd tydynges That thay of Grece with gret feute Bene in his hauene with gret naue. He armed him with-uten any bode With alle his men and to hem rode, With scheld and spere an[d] swerd in hande;	1348
Lamedon hears of the landing of the Greeks, and marches against them.		1352
		1356

<sup>1</sup> MS. *do dos*.



¶ *Hic veniunt ad pugnandum.*

And whan Nestor saw hem comande,	[lf. 21.]	1358	Nestor sees them coming, and prepares battle.
He ordeyned him with-oute drede			
With alle his men, and to hem ȝede ;		1360	
And ther be-gan a strong cuntre,			
Lamedon his dethe ther hent he ;			
He and his were wood opriȝt,			
Or endit were that fyȝt.		1364	
<b>L</b> amedon is armed wel,			Lamedon, well armed, rides out of the town with his men.
His stede is trapped In iren & stel ;			
Out of the toun is he now ryden,			
And his men, that he hath bydden		1368	
To go with him that ought were worthe,			
Now are thei alle to-gedur forthe,			
In-myddes the feld out of the toun			
Ridyng ouer dale and down,		1372	
Toward the see to the Gregeis			
That he sei stonde in here harneis,			
Redi dight with hem to ffyght			
With scheldes brode and swerdes bryght.		1376	
¶ The Gregeis were not of hem dred ;			The Greeks are not afraid ; Nestor leads the vanguard.
Nestor that the vanwarde led,			
Whan he saw hem come to him ward,			
He busked to hem as hard		1380	
And toke the feld brod and large			The fight begins :
With Many a scheld <sup>1</sup> , target, and targe ;			
And kepe him euene in the berd,			
For he was nouȝt of him aferd.		1384	
A dredful dyn myȝt men thenne here,			there is a dreadful noise ;
A carful noyse, a dredful <sup>2</sup> bere :			
When thei were met to-gedur on hepis,			
Euery man on other lepes,		1388	the foes strike one another.
And beris him down, & throwys him vndur,			
And leues him <sup>3</sup> dede stryken asondur ;			
A fel batayle was ther by-gonnen,			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ascheld*.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *adredful*.    <sup>3</sup> *him* written by a later hand over line.

42 *The battle between the Greeks and Trojans: Castor helps Nestor.*

	When thei were alle to-gedur ronnen. [lf. 21, bk.]	1392
Description of the battle.	The noyse was gret, the speres brake,	
	Whan eche man mette with his make;	
	Some were ded and thorow born,	
	And some hondes or legges lorn,	1396
	Some were wounded to the dethe,	
	Some myzt not drawe her brethe;	
	Helmes were holed, and scheldes cloven,	
	With grete strokes here hedes houen.	1400
	Knyztes were feld, stedis strayed;	
	Wel bolde barons bledde and brayed,	
The Trojans drive Nestor's men back.	To ther deth then were thei dyȝth	
	With swerdes scharpe and brondis bryȝth.	1404
	Gret sclauȝter was be-twene hem there,	
	When Troye and Grece to-gedur were.	
	But Troiens with gret multitude	
Castor sees this, and goes to help them.	At the laste hadde strokes rude,	1408
	But ȝit a-bak thei droff alle Nestor men	
	Ouer mose and ouer ffen.	
	¶ But when that noble kyng Castor	
	Saw how thei ferde with the duke Nestor;	1412
	And saw how he a-bak was dreuen,	
	And his scheld with strokes reuen,—	
	With alle his men thedur he hyed	
	And hertely the Troiens defied.	1416
He slays the Trojans, and sheds their blood.	<b>C</b> Astor kyng, that douȝti knyzt,	
	Is comen down to that fyȝt,	
	To helpe Nestor, that worthi duk,	
	That he se Troyens so rebuk.	1420
	He sclow Troyens—as he were wode,—	
	He bare hem down and schedde her blode;	
	So bitterly ferd he with:	
	Agayn hem hadde thei no gryth,	1424
	Thay myzt no more with-stande his myght,	

- So he was fers, stalworthe, and wyght. [lf. 22.] 1426  
 And so thei fouzten and were wery,  
 Off his strokes thei were sory. 1428
- ¶ But Lamedon, that douzti kyng,  
 When he saw his men fleynge,  
 With alle the men In his warde  
 He ran thedur as a lyparde, 1432  
 And sclow Gregeis here and there  
 As a lyon fers and fere.  
 He felde doun some, and some fflow,  
 And of here hors doun hem drow, 1436  
 And lete hem lye, and some storuen,  
 Sore woundid and al for-koruen,  
 Many he greued and al to-hewed ;  
 That he was knyzt, ful wel he schewed : 1440  
 He ferd with hem so sorily,  
 That thay discomfith were wel ny.
- B**Vt when Pollux saw that syght,  
 The Gregeis were so discomfyght : 1444  
 With alle his men he thedur ran  
 And sclow of the Troyens many a man.  
 Many men was be-twene hem sclayn,  
 When thei were alle on the playn 1448  
 To-gedur mette with thaire batayles ;  
 Eche man other ther assayles.
- ¶ But Lamedon saw, his men fauzt  
 Ouer myzt and out of mauzt,— 1452  
 What with loue and what with awe,—  
 A litel a-bak he made hem drawe  
 And gedered hem alle on an hepe  
 As a witti kyng, myzti, and zepe. 1456
- ¶ Duke Nestor aboue his scheld  
 Lamedon that tyme be-held :  
 He saw alle men do his byddyng,
- When Lamedon  
 sees his men  
 flying, he runs  
 against the  
 Greeks, and  
 slays many  
 of them.
- Then Pollux,  
 with all his  
 men, comes to  
 help the  
 Greeks.
- Lamedon  
 draws his men  
 a little back,  
 and gathers  
 them all  
 together.
- Nestor sees  
 that all obey  
 Lamedon.



He hoped therfore, he was here kyng. [lf. 22, bk.] 1460  
 Alle thynges lefft—to him he ȝede,  
 To sele him, if he myȝt spede.

Lamedon  
breaks his  
spear on  
Nestor,

¶ But Lamedon saw him comande  
 Towardes him with spere In hande, 1464  
 He smytes his stede and slakes his rayne,  
 And rod to him as faste a-gayne  
 An[d] brak his spere in many a splent<sup>1</sup>  
 On duk Nestor In that dynt; 1468

and does not  
wound him;

He harmed him nouȝt worth a thong<sup>2</sup>,  
 For his Armes were so strong,  
 And elles hadde he ben slayn  
 With Lamedon on the playn, 1472

but Nestor  
grounds  
Lamedon  
and wounds  
him.

¶ But Nestor on an-other wyse  
 Smot Lamedon by-fore al hyse:  
 He smot him on his scheld so  
 That he cleue hit euen In-two, 1476  
 And bare him down to the grounde  
 And ȝaf him there an hidous wounde;  
 But he lepe vp with gret spede,  
 When he was born thus fro his stede, 1480  
 And drow his swerd raply & smert—  
 As hardi man and bold of hert—  
 And made him romme aboute and way  
 To duke Nestor—the sothe to say. 1484

Lamedon  
leaps up; they  
fight again;

Cedar comes  
to his help  
and smites  
Nestor from  
his horse.

**A** Newe-made knyȝt, that hyȝte Cedar,  
 Off Lamedon, his lord, was war  
 Among that prese faught on fote;  
 He thouȝthe to do ther-of gode bote<sup>3</sup>: 1488  
 He smot Nestor on his gold plate,  
 That he ȝede down in-myddes the gate;  
 He bar him fro his hors in fyght  
 By-fore his lord, in the kynges syght. 1492  
 Whan Lamedon saw Nestor felde,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *asplent*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *athong*.<sup>3</sup> *b* altered out of *u*.

- He thocht his strok scholde be ȝelde [lf. 23.] 1494  
 That he ȝaf him at her Iustyng :
- Lamedon, that worthi kyng, 1496 Lamedon  
 He hyed him faste to Nestor tho attacks Nestor  
 And ȝaf strokes y-nowe and mo, again, and  
 He brak his coyfe and his ketil-hat, would have  
 That to his hed sore it sat. 1500 beaten him,
- He smot him so ryght in the face,  
 That he hath lorn his solace ;  
 For he was ther so for-bled  
 And with that kyng so ouerled, 1504  
 That he hadde dyed and ben for-don,  
 Ne hadde him come socour son.
- ¶ But then come to that stour  
 Many a Grek<sup>1</sup> to his socour 1508 had not many  
 And fro the kyng of Troye him reffte, Greeks  
 And elles had he his lyff ther leffte ; rescued him.  
 Out of the pres [thei] him ladde,  
 For of his lyff were thei adradde. 1512
- And Lamedon, that douȝti man,  
 A noble stede the whiles wan  
 And lep vp qwyk with-oute fayle  
 And strok forth in that batayle. 1516
- ¶ Pollus brother, kyng Castor,  
 Saw Cedar, that felde duke Nestor ;  
 Wo was him for that fallyng,  
 He thouȝth to make of him vengyng : 1520  
 He rode to him, as he were wode,  
 Vpon a stede<sup>2</sup> worth mechel gode.
- ¶ But ther be-fel another knyȝt,  
 That was of Troye, Secundam hyȝt,— 1524  
 He was of Cedar blod and kyn,  
 He was seker his ney cosyn,—  
 He saw, how Castor wolde haue him smetyng

<sup>1</sup> MS. *agrek*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *astede*.

	Sydlyng, or he hadde weten,	[lf. 23, bk.]	1528
	That wold he for non awȝt :		
Secundam, Cedar's cousin, attacks Castor,	Be-twene hem the strok he cawȝt And brast on kyng Castor his spere ;		
	But he myȝt not him doun bere,		1532
	Castor spere was tow and strong,— Ther was non strengre in al that throng ;—		
but is sorely wounded.	He smot Secundam in the syde A gret wounde and a wyde <sup>1</sup> .		1536
	<b>W</b> Hen Cedar saw his Cosyn woundid, He was for del al confounded :		
	With drawen sword—as a wode man—		
Cedar attacks Castor,	Cedar thanne to Castor ran ; Cedar than in that wode brayd On Castor so wonderly layd, That his helm al to-roffe, And his basenet to his hed droffe.		1540     1544
wounds him in the face,	He wounded him in his visage For his ffoly and his outrage, That hit in alle his lyff was sene,— And feld him doun vpon the grene ;		   1548
and takes away his horse.	And his stede from him cauȝt And his sqwyer him by-tauȝt.		
	¶ Now Castor is from his hors born, His stede was taken and fro him lorn ; Opon his fete he stode and fauȝt, Many a strok <sup>2</sup> Cedar him rauȝt, — And other mo that ther dede stande.		 1552     1556
Pollux, seeing his brother fighting on foot with Cedar and many others,	But kyng Pollus was ner-hande And saw, how Cedar & many other Ferd with kyng Castor, his <sup>3</sup> brother ; Kyng Pollus then come him ney Thedur with al his company, He hadde with him In his eschele		    1560
comes near with			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *awyde*.MS. *astrok*.<sup>3</sup> MS. *Castoris*.



Seuen hundrid kny3tes gode and lele.	[lf. 24.]	1562	seven hundred knights.
He ferde as he hadde y-raued,			
So fayn he wolde his brother haue saued.		1564	
He rod thanne al aboute			
To his fomen with gret route,			
And amonges hem [made] ful gret pay;			
To his brother he made him way,		1568	Pollux delivers his brother,
And halp him fro his foos hondes,			and helps him to a new horse.
And felde Troyens on the sondes,			
And brouzt to Castor the Troyes stede,			
And halp him vp at his gret nede.		1572	
<b>P</b> olleus kyng brende as the fyr			
For gret wratthe, onde & ir <sup>1</sup> ,			
That he had so his brother dyght			
And warisched him of his myght.		1576	
He saw a knyzt agayn him—			Pollux then kills Eliachim,
His name was Eliachim,			the king of Carthage's son
The kynges sone Sartaginis,			and Lamedon's cousin.
And Lamedon Cosyn also y-wys—		1580	
He smot the knyzt with al his myzt			
Ryght be-fore the kynges syzt,			
That he died be-fore his eyen			
With mechel wo and mechel pyn.		1584	
¶ Kyng Lamedon that be-held			Lamedon weeps, and blows thrice to gather his knights around him.
His cosyn dyed In the feld,			
3eld the gost be-fore him there,			
He wepte for him ful many a tere <sup>2</sup> .		1588	
He sette his horn to his mouthe			
And blew thries, as he wel couthe;			
When he hadde blowen the thridde blast,			
The kny3tes come aboute him fast,		1592	
Thei asked him, what him was;			
Lamedon saide to hem: 'alas!			Lamedon bids his knights
Se 3e not my cosyn dere			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hir*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *atere*.

48 *The Greeks are driven back. Troy is taken, and its Trojans slain.*

avenge  
Eliachim's  
death.

Lye be-fore me ded here, [lf. 24, bk.] 1596

The kynges sone of Artage?

Pollus sclow him In his rage.

Now with alle the myght that 3e konne

Venge now my sistir sone! 1600

¶ When Lamedon hadde thus spoken

Off his fomen to be wroken,

He slays many  
of the Greeks.

Among the Grues then he presed

And sclow many, or he sesed: 1604

He bare kynges and lordes doun

Off gret prise and gret renoun;

The Troyens then sclow the Grues,

That thei for wo chaunged thaire hewes; 1608

Thei were wounded and sore ybete,

For thei were so ouerset,

The Greeks  
are driven  
back to the  
shore.

Thei fledde a-way and lefft here place;

The Troyens thanne hem gon chace 1612

And droff hem to the sees bank,

And hewes of hem armes & schank.

All of them  
would have  
died,

The Gruwes for-sothe hadde deye[d] alle—

So wo that tyme hem was by-falle 1616

With gret wo and encomber<sup>1</sup>—

had not news  
come from  
Troy that the  
town was  
taken by  
the Greeks and  
all the inhabi-  
tants killed.

Ne hadde ther come a messenger<sup>2</sup>

Out of Troye and brouȝt tydynges

To hem of Troye and to here kynges: 1620

“That proude Griffons hath taken his toun

And robbed hit and caste it doun,

And slayn alle that thei ther founde

Stark ded vpon the grounde.” 1624

And he him-self that brouȝth tythand

Might not wel on his feet stande

Ne on his hors wel ride,

For he was smetyn thorow the syde, 1628

He myȝt not wel sitte in pese;

**Troyens**

<sup>1</sup> MS. *encombrer*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *amessenger*.

- Trojens clepid that man Dotes, [lf. 25.] 1630  
 That Lamedon tho tydynges brouȝt;  
 Ther lyues alle thei set at nouȝt. 1632
- W**Han Lamedon these tydynges herde,  
 With Mechel del thenne he ferde;  
 Lord god! what him was wo!  
 For he wiste neuere wheder to go. 1636 Lamedon is  
 But at the laste his horn he blew, embarrassed;  
 And his good men that him knew he blows his  
 Come aboute him wondur blyue, horn;  
 As faste as thei myȝt driue. 1640 his good men  
 ¶ As thei reden to Troye ward, approach  
 Thei saw come many a lord<sup>1</sup>, Troy, and see  
 Many Gryffons on a ffrape  
 With mychel spede<sup>2</sup> and mychel rape. 1644  
 Thay loked be-hynde hem to the see:  
 Off hem that fledde how it myȝt be?  
 He saw hem come be-hynde his bak  
 Afftir him a wel gode schak. 1648 that they have  
 ¶ Thenne hadde the Trojens wel gret awe, Greeks in  
 For thei wist neuere whedir to drawe, front and back.  
 Thei were be-twene her fomen set.  
 Whan Hercules and thay were met, 1652  
 Hit was gret del and pite  
 What martirdom he made to be;  
 For thai of Grece were mo than thay  
 The double-fold—sothe to say. 1656  
 ¶ Hercules rides oueral and rennes—  
 As a fulmard doth afftir the hennes—  
 Al forsothe that he tas he sles;  
 Til he haue down, he wol not ses. 1660 Hercules,—  
 He makes aboute him styges and wayes, like a ful-  
 His myȝt on hem he sayes. mar,—rides  
 ¶ As he rode so aboute raykand, up and down,  
 and slays all  
 he meets.

d j

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alord*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *speche*.



¶ *Lamedon occisus est.*

	Lamedon sey he fyghtande,	[lf. 25, bk.]	1664
	That many a Greu hath sclayn that day ;		
	He rod to him—so weylaway !—		
Lamedon is killed by Hercules.	And smot <sup>1</sup> in-two bothe nekke and bon,		
	And kest the hed fro him anon ;		1668
	Among the horses ther thei ran.		
	The Troyens then no counsel can,		
	When thei sey here lord so dede ;		
Almost all the Trojans fall ; only few escape.	Off hem-self kan thei no rede,		1672
	Alle ȝede to dethe that hem abode ;		
	Ther were ffewe that thennes rode,		
	For thei myzt no ferthere fle		
	To toure ne toun ne to cite.		1676
	<b>N</b> OW Lamedon is ded & sclayn,		
	And alle the knyghtes on the playn		
	With-oute the toun on the wolde,		
	Ther ne was leefft nother ȝong ne olde.		1680
The Greeks then go to Troy, and kill all they meet there.	And thei of Grece ben went to Troye		
	With mery herte and mechel Ioye :		
	Alle that thei mette ther-In,		
	Thei dede to dethe, er thei wolde blyn.		1684
	Thei dwelled ther a ful <sup>2</sup> monithe <sup>3</sup>		
	In gode pees and in grithe,		
	Til thei hadde sought the toun aboute		
They plunder all the goods,	And robbed hit with-oute doute		1688
	Off al the good ther-Inne was,		
	Er thay wolde thennes pas.		
and carry off all the girls of gentle birth.	And alle the Maydenes that thei myght fynde,		
	That comen were of gentil kynde,		1692
	That louely were, ȝong, and free,		
	Thei ledde with hem ouer the see ;		
	And helde hem there in gret seruage,		
	That were come of gret parage.		1696
	As thei of Grece the toun sought		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *smot*.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *aful*.    <sup>3</sup> The MS. first had *month*, a later hand [?] made *i* out of *t*, put an *e* behind the *h*, and altered this *e* to *t*; so the MS. now reads *monihht*.

¶ *Ciuitas Troieanus destructus est.*

And mochel wo the Troyens wroght, [lf. 26.] 1698

Thei fond a fair Mayde and a curtays

In Lamedon kynges paleis, 1700

That was of wonder gret beute,

The fairest may that man myzt se :

Long, and smal, and ryzth tretis

Was that mayden schapen y-wys ; 1704

That blisful, that swete wyght

Dame Oxonie forsothe sche hight ; ¶ *Oxonia Filia*

Sche was the kynges douzter Troyene<sup>1</sup>, L'. Regis.

Getyn in wedlak on the qwene. 1708

¶ *Hercules toke Oxonie,*

That kynges douzter of genterie,

And 3af here Thelaman to mede,

In-to the toun for he furst 3ede ; 1712

For he was the furst man

That toke Troye, when thei it wan.

So weylaway ! that sche was born !

So fele gode men for here were lorn 1716

Affirward wel many a day,

As 3e affirward here may ;

For bi here roos al the wo,

That sixti thousand kny3tes and mo 1720

Deyed for her, and al here kyn,

And gode Ector, here owne Cosyn,

And gode Troyle, and Dephebus,

And here brother Priamus, 1724

And Hectuba the gode qwene<sup>2</sup>,

And here douzter Pollexene ;

And alle that to Troye longed

For hir rape the deth ther fonged. 1728

Thay of Grece haue robbed the toun,

And brend houses & throwen hem down ;

Thay lefft right nouzt that ought was worth, d ij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *troyene* ; the first *e* written by later hand over line.

<sup>2</sup> This line stands *behind* the next one in MS.

In Lamedon's  
palace they  
find Oxonie,  
the king's  
daughter.

She is given  
to Thelaman,  
who first  
entered the  
town.

Woe that she  
was born ! So  
many good  
men lost their  
lives for her.  
From her rose  
all the woe !

For her rape  
died Hector,  
Troilus,  
Dephebus,  
Priamus,  
Pollexene,  
Hectuba.

	That thei ne bar hit with hem forth	[lf. 26, bk.]	1732
	To ther scheppis and her naue ;		
The Greeks sail home.	And sayled hom in sauete		
	With alle þe <sup>1</sup> riche tresor of Troye,		
	And leuyd ther-on with moche Ioye,		1736
	For thai were riche for eueremore		
	The while thei on lyue wore.		
King Thelaman keeps Oxonie as his leman,	¶ But Thelaman, that worthi kyng,		
	Dame Oxonie, that lady 3ong,		1740
	Held alle his lyff to his leman		
	And nold her not to his spouse tan ;		
	And sche was grettere than he		
	Or alle his kyn by suche thre ;		1744
	Of her so was his lykyng <sup>2</sup>		
	And mo also of his ofspryng <sup>3</sup> .		
and gets on her Ajax Thelamonius, who after- wards worked wonders in the Trojan war.	But of here In his lechurie		
	Wan <sup>4</sup> he that knyzt of chiuallrie :		1748
	Ajax Thelamonyus,		
	That was so bold and vigurous,		
	Afftirward that at <sup>1</sup> Troyes batayle		
	Wroght many a <sup>1</sup> gret meruayle.—		1752
Thus Troy was first lost and won.	Thus was Troye formas lorn and wonne,—		
	Fille the cuppe who-so konne !		
	<b>T</b> Roye is downe and al to-rent		
	And lyth on the pament :		1756
The whole town is de- stroyed.	Ther nys nouzt stondende an hous		
	In al the toun to hide a mous <sup>5</sup> ,		
	That hit is <sup>1</sup> downe and ouerthrowen,		
	Ther may the wynd wel colde blowen.		1760
	That tyme that this chaunce be-fel		
Priamus, Lamedon's son, was not then at home.	Priamus—that sothe to tel—		
	A noble knyzt and a ful fair,		
	That was the kynges sone & his air,		1764
	Was not at home in that contre :		

<sup>1</sup> Over line by later hand. <sup>2</sup> A later hand has made many scrawl-  
ings and scribblings in this and other lines on this page. <sup>3</sup> MS.  
osspryng. <sup>4</sup> MS. *Whan*. <sup>5</sup> MS. *amous*.



¶ *Hic Priamus venit ad patriam suam.*

He was fer out of that Cite,	[lf. 27.]	1766	Priamus was far away,
A strong Castel to be-sege,			besieging
That was holden with his men lege		1768	rebellious liegemen in their castle.
That were azeyn his fadir rebelle.			
Off these tythandes herde he telle,			
He laffte the sege that was be-gonne,—			When he hears the
And elles for-sothe it hadde be wonne		1772	news of Troy's fall, he raises the siege
The castel certes, hadde he a-byden ;			
But he is thennes with his men ryden			
With carful herte and sore wepyng,			
Til he wiste the sothe of this tythyng.		1776	
¶ Toward Troye he toke the way			and rides towards Troy with all his men.
With alle his men, the next that lay ;			
Til he come ther he neuere belap.			
Than was he a sori <sup>1</sup> man,		1780	
When he saw al downe and brend,			He is very sorry, seeing all burnt and his friends dead.
And his frendes dede and schend.			
He sorwede day and ny <sup>3</sup> th,			
Til he hadde ben a-wroken be his my <sup>3</sup> th ;		1784	
He leuyd euere in gret wayment,			
Til he was ney-honde yblent.			
¶ But at the laste his wo he leffte			At last he resolves upon building Troy anew, and sends for masons, slaters, carpenters, &c.
And sayde, “ he wolde make Troye effte		1788	
Wel stronger than it was ore,			
Widdur, lengur, and mochel more.”			
¶ He dede seche ouer-al and sende			
Affir Masons fre and hende,		1792	
Sklatteres, Masons, and Carpenter,			
And other Men of alle mister,			
That schulde be-gynne to make that werk.			
Priamus hath sette the merk,		1796	
How long, how brod it scholde be ;			
The wryghtes haue hewen many a tre <sup>2</sup> ,			
Postes, Pileres Many and grete ;			

d iij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *asori*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *atre*.

They cut gray  
and white  
marble stones,

The Masons on the stones bete,—

[lf. 27, bk.] 1800

Bothe of Marbil white and gray,—

To make the werk as I ȝow say :

Euere was a ston<sup>1</sup> of Marbil gray,

And another of white, of alle that lay. 1804

and set  
images upon  
the walls.

Many an ymage ther was grauen,

Wel smethe were thei alle schauen,

To sette with-uten vpon the walles.

On here chambres and on here halles 1808

Ther was wroght alle maner best,

That was walkynge In any forest,

Were koruen on the walles enviroun.

Many fair hous was in that toun. 1812

Many houses  
and palaces  
are built.

**M**Any worthi paleys and heye  
Ymade<sup>2</sup> was ther of Masonrye.

Sithen god made first the world,

Off suche on haue ȝe not herd 1816

That was so<sup>3</sup> mechel of strengthe :

Hit was thre dayes iornes of lengthe,

And as moche it was of brede—

As men doth on boke rede. 1820

The town is  
three days'  
journey long,  
and as broad.

Suche a toun<sup>4</sup> was neuere ȝit non,

Ne neuere schal be—by god alon !—

As longe as this world schal stande,

In cristendome ne in hethen lande<sup>5</sup>. 1824

The walls are  
three hundred  
feet high.

The wal fro the ground streygthe

Were thre hundred fete on heygthe ;

The lowest  
cote is

The lowest cote with-Inne the close,

That was werst and lest of lose,— 1828

Sicurly as<sup>6</sup> say alle men,—

fourscore and  
ten feet high.

Was foure-score fete of heygthe and ten.

With-oute the toun is mad a dike,

Ther was neuere toun that hadde it like! 1832

Hit was diked down plum,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *aston*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *ymade*.

<sup>3</sup> By another hand over line.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *atoun*.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *hande*.

<sup>6</sup> I erased after *as* in MS.

That no man myȝth ther-ouer com.	[lf. 28.]	1834	
And ȝit he dede a paleis make			Priamus has a palace built for himself,
With-oute the diche, of many a stake,		1836	
That no man schulde the diche come to			
Ne no harm to the toun do.			
Afftir thanne so dede he make			
A paleis for his owne sake,		1840	
And a rennand <sup>1</sup> fair reuer.			
But I wol not ther-of speke here,			
For afftirward schal ȝe here and see,			which I shall describe afterwards.
How [was] that werk of gret noble.		1844	
<b>P</b> riamus is lord and kyng—			Priamus is king of Troy and other countries.
Afftir Lamedons endyng—			
Off Troie and many fair Cite			
And of many other riche contre.		1848	
He hadde a lady to his wyff,			
Hectuba, that louely lyff;			His wife is called Hectuba.
On here gat he children fyue,			They have five sons.
The douȝtiest men that were on lyue.		1852	
¶ Gode Ector the furst hyght;	¶	Ector.	
God made neuere a betere <sup>2</sup> knyȝt			
Off douȝtinesse and of chiualrie			
In cristendome ne in paynie.		1856	
The secunde brother het Paris,	¶	Paris.	
The fairest knyȝt that lyued ywis.			
The thridde name was Dephebus,	¶	Dephebus.	
A doughti knyȝt and vertuus;		1860	
He was wys to ȝeue consayl			
Off alle that euere fel to batayl.			
The fourthe hight Elenus;	¶	Elenus.	
The ȝongest doughti Troylus,	¶	Troylus.	1864
A doughtier man than he was on			
Off hem alle was neuere non,—			
Saue Ector, that was his brother,		d iiii	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *arennand*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *abeter*.



Elenus was  
the wisest  
knight on  
earth.

That neuere was gotten suche another, [lf. 28, bk.] 1868  
And Elenus, that was the fourthe,  
The wisest kny<sup>3</sup>th a-boue erthe :  
Off alle science of Clergye,  
Retorike, and astronomye, 1872  
He was forsothe a wis man<sup>1</sup>,  
Off alle science that any clerk can.

Priamus and  
Hectuba have  
also three  
daughters :  
Clusa, the  
wife of Eneas,  
who after-  
wards  
betrayed Troy.  
Woe on him !

¶ Off Hectuba also gete he  
Gentyl ladyes doughtres thre : 1876  
The eldest, Clusa, weddid was ¶ Clusa<sup>2</sup>.  
Vnto that traytour Eueas<sup>3</sup>,  
That afftirward trayed Troye ;  
God ȝeue him sorwe and neuere Ioye ! 1880

The second  
one, Cas-  
sandra, was  
wise and  
witty.

¶ The secunde was of mechel pris,  
A witti womman and a wys ;  
Sche couthe alle the seuene science,  
Men dede here gret reuerence 1884  
For here wit and here konnyng ;  
Cassandre thei called that may ȝyng. ¶ Cassandre<sup>2</sup>.

The third was  
the fair  
Pollexene.

The thrydde was comely on to sene ;  
Men clepid here dame Pollexene ; ¶ Pollexene<sup>2</sup>. 1888  
Ther lyued non so fair a wyght  
In al this world to mannes syght ;  
Ther fayled no vertu In here body,  
Saue that god made here dedly. 1892

He got thirty  
other sons on  
other women.

And ȝit gat he on other wymmen  
Thritti other doughti men,  
That were euere gode knyghtes and sekir,  
Bold and strong in eche bekir. 1896

*Consilium inter Troyanos ad pugnandum<sup>4</sup>.*

Troy being re-  
built, Priamus  
resolves to  
hold a festival.

**W**Hen Troye was wrought to the ende,  
Priamus thoght In his a-tende,  
That he wolde make a gret feste  
With alle burgeis moste and leste : 1900

<sup>1</sup> MS. *wisman*.

<sup>2</sup> On the *left* side in MS.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. has

*Eueas* throughout, cf. also ll. 5521, 7645, 7648, &c.

<sup>4</sup> This line in  
red paint.

The day is set, the feste is made;	[lf. 29.]	1901	
When thei hadde eten and were glade,			
¶ Priamus spak to hem an hey,			After the
With sykyng herte and heuy—		1904	dinner,
He seyde: 'lordynges ȝe ben here alle !			Priamus
The moste partie to me schal falle,			reminds his
And we haue set a-ȝeyn oure toun			citizens of the
That thei of Grece hadde cast a-doun ;		1908	shame the
Thei haue don schame and vilonye			Greeks have
To me and to alle my progenye,			done them.
And to ȝow, gode men, also :			
What schame myȝth thei vs more do		1912	
Then sle oure kyng In oure lond,			
And bere away alle that thei fond,			
And robbe <sup>1</sup> oure toun and brenne,			
And lede a-way wymmen and men,		1916	
And holde hem there In foule bondage			
That we held here of gret <i>parage</i> ?			
That was—lo—a foule <sup>2</sup> meschaunce !			
It were now tyme to take vengauce		1920	' Now is the
That haue now oure frendes schent			time,' he says,
And vs brought now in gret torment.			' to take
For we haue now a Cite strong,			revenge on
Wide, brode, and wonder long,		1924	these Greeks,
To herbare men with-oute mesure.			as we have a
For thei may not a-ȝeyns vs dure,			strong town,
In oure owne lond to do vs dere—			one large
Nought the value of a pere !		1928	enough to
For we haue frendes gret plente,			harbour
That ben alied to ȝow and me,			numberless
That schal ben to vs in mayntenaunce			people ;
With alle her men and lyaunce,		1932	
And we ben riche and haue tresoure,			we have many
Siluer and gold with-oute mesure,			friends, and we
			are very rich.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *roble*, cf. 2675.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *afoule*.

	To make of vitayles purueaunce	[lf. 29, bk.]	1935
	To oure allers sustenaunce.		1936
	Ȝe wot wele, that alle Assye		
	Is vndir me, the moste partye ;		
	Wherfore me thenke : by resoun and skyl		
	We may vs venge, if that we wyl.		1940
But, as nobody can foreknow the end of a war,	But for batayles ben euere in doute,		
	And er that it be brouȝt aboute,		
	No man wote who schapis the better,		
I advise that we urge the Greeks by a messenger to make amends.	I rede that we sende oure letter		1944
	Or elles Message by som lordyng		
	To hem of Grece that dide this thyng,		
	To make a-mendes of thaire trespas		
	That thei vs dede In this plas,		1948
	Off that thei brende and doun threwe		
	That we haue made a-ȝeyn newe,		
	And that thei robbed so oure lond		
	And sclow oure frendes with here hond.		1952
If they will not do so, but will send back my sister,	¶ And ȝif thei nyl amendes make,		
	Ne do so mochel for oure sake		
	With any other amende,		
	My sustir home that thei sende		1956
	That thei holde ther in hordome,		
	Me to vylany and to schome,—		
	Ȝit scholde we thole her errour		
	That thei haue don to vs & our,		1960
we will be content.'	That ther be no more ado		
	Be-twene hem & vs, if thei do so.		
	And thus me thinke we may sum-dele		
	Agayn men be excused wele.'		1964
All agree, but think their envoy must be a very clever man.	¶ Alle that euere sat and stode,		
	Saide, "his consail was gode ;"		
	But thei seide, "it most be		
	A witti man to passe the see,		1968



- That on this Message schuld go, [lf. 30.] 1969  
 That thei for wratthe dede him not slo."  
 The wisest man that thei had  
 Was Antenor; the kyng him bad 1972 Priamus bids  
 That he schulde on that erande wende, Antenor, then  
 To wete of hem alle the ende. the wisest  
 message.  
 ¶ Antenor dede the kynges bydding:  
 He dyght his schip with-oute dwellyng 1976  
 And spedde him faste on his viage, Antenor sails  
 To do<sup>1</sup> the kynges gret message<sup>2</sup>. to Thessaly.  
 So longe he sayled day and nyght,  
 To Thesalye he come right, 1980  
 Ther Pelleus kyng dwelled than  
 With Many a lord and many a worthi<sup>3</sup> man.  
 ¶ **Hic Rex Troiani misit nuncium ad Regem  
 Grecorum<sup>4</sup>.**  
**A**Ntenor on londe is lyght,  
 Wel arayed and semely dyght; 1984  
 To Pelleus kyng he is now went  
 And salued him faire verament.  
 And he ȝede faire to his gretyng  
 And asked of him, "what tithyng, 1988 King Pelleus  
 Whennes he come, and what he was, asks the  
 And what made him the see to pas Trojan for the  
 In-to contrays, and what he soughte?" reasons of his  
 And bad that he schulde gabbe noughte. 1992 coming.  
 ¶ Antenor saide: 'sir, by the rode!  
 To telle the sothe so me be-houede.  
 I schal ȝow telle ffor no Latyn,  
 Off I schal therfore be slayn— 1996  
 For I am sworn be myn othe,  
 To say the sothe for leeff or lothe:  
 ¶ I come on Message fro the kyng of Troye  
 To ȝow, sir kyng,—so haue I ioie! 2000 I come from  
 the Trojan  
 king to you,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *To to do.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *gret me message.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *aworthi.*

<sup>4</sup> These two lines in red paint.

to ask you  
whether you  
will make  
amends for  
the robbery,  
and

The kyng of Troye to ȝow me sende [lf. 30, bk.] 2001

And asketh, whether ȝe wol amende <sup>1</sup>

The harme, the schame, the vylony,

The Mansclaughter and the robbery 2004

Off his fadir that ȝe sclow,

And of good that ȝe fro him drow,

And of his sustir Oxonie,

That ȝe haue here In ȝoure balye 2008

And make that ladi an hore to be

That is gentelour, then ȝe or he

That holdes hir here on suche a manere <sup>2</sup>

send back his  
sister Oxonie;  
then he will  
forgive all  
your other  
trespasses.

Sendes him home his sustir dere, 2012

And ȝit wol he alle other trespas

For-ȝeue, when he hir at home has,

And be in qwyete and in pees,

And his fader deth relese 2016

And alle the good that ȝe haue of his,

That no contake be-twene ȝow ris.'

Pelleus grows  
very angry  
with Priamus,  
and says to  
Antenor:

**W**Hen Pelleus kyng had herd this,

He was angered for-sothe y-wys,

2020

With Priamus was he ful wroth;

Fro Antenor a litel he goth,

His mautalent to refrayne

That dede his herte mochel payne 2024

For vilens wordes of Priamus.

To Antenor thanne seyde he thus:

'Priamus is  
a wretch,

He seyde, "he nolde ȝeue a fecche,

He holdes him certes but a wrecche"—

2028

'And thow that hast these tythynges brouȝt:

and you, if you  
don't go away  
at once, shall  
be put to  
death, maugre  
your king.'

By him that al this world hath wrouȝt!

But thow go with-oute dwellynge,

In dispite of thi lord thi kynge 2032

I schal do the to vyle dethe

With-oute consayle or other rede!'

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. line 2001 after l. 2002!

<sup>2</sup> MS. *amanere*.

- ¶ Antenor for ferd schoke, [lf. 31.] 2035 Antenor takes  
With-oute leue his way he toke 2036 his departure  
Toward his schip wonder faste without leave,  
And sayled forth, til he were paste  
Out of his lond in-to the see  
Fer fro him In his contre. 2040  
And sayled forth in his way  
Many a ny3th and many a day,  
Til he were comen to Salenne;  
A fair Cite ther was thenne, 2044 and sails to  
Ther Thelaman dwelled In Thelanne, where  
That pat Mayden held in syn. Thelaman  
holds Oxonie  
for his  
leman.
- ¶ When Antenor herde that tythand,  
That Theleman was kyng of that land, 2048  
Out of his schip to him he soughte;  
And asked, "whether he wolde oughte  
With him that he aftir spired?"  
With the Troye[n]s was he a-greued, 2052  
For he wiste wel, if that thei my3th,  
Thei wolde him reue the worthi wy3th.
- ¶ Antenor sayde: 'sir, herkenes now!  
The kyng of Troye send me to 3ow 2056 Antenor de-  
And bad 3ow for 3oure curtesye mands  
Sende him home dame Oxonye,  
Out of his lond that 3e haue led,  
That neuere wolde that lady wed, 2060 the return of  
But holde hir with 3ow here the Trojan  
As an hore and hores fere, princess  
That is come of more honour Oxonie.  
Than 3e, sir kyng, and alle 3our. 2064  
And 3if 3e wole this so do,  
In pees may 3e for him be so.'
- T**Helaman stode & these wordes herde,  
He swore by him that made this werlde: 2068





And bad him sese of his spekyng,—	[lf. 32.]	2103	cease his speaking.
“Or he schulde deye, be heuene kyng!”		2104	
¶ He seyde: ‘falawe, what-so thow art—			
He that made the come hidirward,			Castor abuses Priamus,
I holde him a nyse <sup>1</sup> cokard,			
I wot no man of him a-ferd;		2108	
A nyse <sup>1</sup> Iauel is he that the sendis,			
That we schal make him amendis			
Off alle thinges that is ydon,			
Or sende him hom his suster son.		2112	
¶ What wrecche is he that biddis vs thus,			
When we hate him and he hates vs?			
Vs is leuere werre than pees;			
We wol not, that he relees		2116	
His fader dethe ne no-thing elles,—			
As thow thi message here vs telles—			
For we dede his sire neuere suche schame,			
That we ne schal do to him the same!		2120	
Other amendis wil we not make;			
But In his dispite and for his sake			and threatens to kill his messenger, Antenor.
We schul do the to dethe vyle,			
Iff thow dwelle here any while!’		2124	
<b>A</b> Ntenor for wratthe wex al pale,			Hence too Antenor steals away without taking leave.
Wtih-oute leue a-way he stale,			
As faste as he myȝth skippe;			
He toke the way to his schippe		2128	
And sayled a-way to the see,			
For ther durst he no lenger bee.			
To wende for-sothe to ende his nedis,			
To Pilon faste the knyght him spedis;		2132	He sails to Pilon, and tells Nestor his message.
Ther duk Nestor the knyght be-held,			
And his erand as-tyde he teld.			
Duk Nestor was ful of wratthe and ire			
Toward Antenor, that proudly sire,		2136	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *anyse*.

64 *Nestor also rejects the Demand of Antenor, who then returns to Troy.*

	That for tene chaunged alle his hewe : [lf. 32, bk.]	2137
Nestor changes colour,	He wex ȝolow, bloo, and blewe. Antenor sees his colour meued, That he come there ful sore him rewed ;	2140
	He hoped neuere thenne to wende With-outen deth and schamely ende.	
and says : 'How can you be so bold as to speak thus in my presence ? If I were not a free and noble man, you should not pass from me alive.	Nestor sayde : 'thow seruauunt lythur, How artow so bold these wordes wethur To speke hem here in my presence, In my wratthe and myn offence ? Certes ! ne were my genterye, My fredom, and my curtesye,	2144 2148
	Thow scholdest not passe fro me on lyue : That I schulde thi chekis on-sundir dryue, Or I scholde In ȝoure kynges dispit Thi bodi with hors to-drawe hit	2152
Hie you fast away, or you shall die !'	Thorow-out my lond, and take vengeance Off thi proude wordis and contenaunce. But hye the faste of my sight, Or—here my trowthe I the plight !—	2156
Antenor steals away, afraid of his life,	Thow schalt deye with mechel pyne, If thow dwelle longe in lond myne !' Antenor stale away fro him, He dredde to lese bothe lyff and lym ;	2160
	He stale to schipe and sayled a-way, For he dredde Nestor ay.	
and sails to Troy,	He sayled forthe on his iornay, Til he come to Troie contray ;	2164
where they are very glad of his return.	Ther he fond manye on glade, For his come gret Ioye thei made.	
	<b>A</b> Ntenor is comen to Troye, Off his comyng thei made Ioye, Al that lond and that Cite. To Priamus as-tyde went he	2168

And told



¶ *Hic Rex Troianorum iratus est.*

And told "what answere that he hadde, [lf. 33.]	2171	Antenor tells
And how the lordis alle him badde	2172	the Trojans of
Out of here lond that he schulde fle,		the answers he
Or he scholde honge on a tre <sup>1</sup> ,		received.
Or al to-drawe him lym fro lym		
In dispite forsothe of hym ;"	2176	
'For thei seyde alle by on sawe,		
Thei tolde right nauzt of thyn awe,		
For of thi loue kepe thei nought ;		
Thi wratthe echon thay sette at nought.	2180	
And thi sustir most be bought		
Wyth dynt of swerd, or thow getest hir nought.'		
<b>W</b> Hen Priamus this vndir-stode,		They make
Wel coldful tho was his blode,	2184	Priamus full of
Gret sorwe in his herte made,		sorrow.
Ther myght no man that day him glade.		
Then was the kyng bothe wan and pale		
And sat doun stille In the sale ;	2188	
He was an-angred and greved,		
That Antenor was so reprevued		
On his message a-monges the Grues ;		
That he come ther, wel sore him rewes,	2192	
And that thei set by him so lyght ;		
He thoght be wreken, if he myght,		He thinks of
Off here euel dedis and answers,		revenge, and
And so he wol, and so he sweres.	2196	sends for the
Anon he dede afftir sende		lords of Troy.
The grete of Troye that were hende,		
And spake thus to alle that wore		
Comen then to-gedir thore ;	2200	When they
He seide : 'lordynges, 3e wot wel alle,		are together,
That ben now sembled <sup>2</sup> In this halle,		he says to
I sente message—as 3e me consayled,		them : 'I sent
Ful wele I wende hit wolde avayled—	e j 2204	a messenger
		by your advice

<sup>1</sup> MS. *atre.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *semblent.*

to the Greek kings, who slew my father Lamedon :	To the kynges and lordes of Grece, [lf. 33, bk.] 2205 That robbed ȝow and this contrece, That Lamadon, my fader, selow, And ȝoure kynrade to hem drow : 2208
demanding that they should make amends,	If thei wolde amendes make For curtesye and for oure sake, That we myght In pes be so, That ther were no more a-do ; 2212 Or if thei wold hit not amende,
or send back my sister.	That thei wolde my sustir sende, And I and ȝe wold be In pes, And alle oure harmes make reles. 2216
But Antenor has come back, and you all know his news and answers :	But Antenor, oure Messager, Is come home, as ȝe se her ; ȝe haue alle herd of his tythynges, And what answeere fro hem he brynges : 2220
The Greeks are not afraid of us, and will not send back my sister.	Thei say thei haue of vs no drede, Thei wol non amendes bede ; Ne my sustir—the sothe to say— Fro hem wol thei not sende a-way, 2224 But holde hir there in feble herues In my dispite and my repreues.
Now all people will wonder, why we don't take revenge on those who thus abuse us.	Now schal alle men on vs wondur, If we so foule schal be put vndur, 2228 That we no-wyse dar take vengauunce Off hem that dede vs this greuaunce, But sendes vs word : “ that hem liketh wele Of that thei dede eche a dele <sup>1</sup> , 2232 And that thei greued vs neuere so sore, That thei wole greue vs more.” Wolde it neuere god, that it were so Al that thei say thai myght do ! 2236
And as I think we are stronger than they,	For I holde vs now—be my fay !— Better and strengere than thay,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *adele*.

*Priamus counsels War with the Greeks. The Trojan Lords assent. 67*

- And we ben wel kynned and fyn, [lf. 34.] 2239  
 And haue a toun<sup>1</sup> wil vs tyn. 2240 and have  
 ¶ Wherfore, lordes, me thynketh: gode wore a strong town,  
 That we sone strengthe kyd hem thore, we had better  
 That vs so foule hath reuyled. show our  
 I wolde, that thei were be-gyled, 2244 strength at  
 As thei dede vs here of this toun, once,  
 Whan thei brende hit & kest it down.  
 I wold, we sente ouer the see  
 Men of Armes gret plente, 2248 send a great  
 That myght haue ryued vn-warned thore army over the  
 On some of hem, or thay were wore, sea,  
 And slee and robbe, brenne and reue to slay the  
 Alle that thei founde, and no-thing leue; 2252 Greeks,  
 Or if thei myght som ladi wynne, and carry off  
 That comen were of gentil kynne, some gentle-  
 That we may holde in oure baylie woman.  
 In-stede of dame Oxonye. 2256  
 ¶ The lordes ros vp alle that there ware, The lords  
 An[d] seide trewely: "thei wold not spare agree, and  
 Body ne good ne non other thyng, promise their  
 But al schulde be at his byddyng, 2260 help.  
 His comaundement and his wille  
 And of his fomen to fulfille."  
 ¶ Then was Priamus wondur blythe, Priamus  
 And thonked hem an hundred sythe. 2264 thanks them,  
 Thai toke here leue hom to go, and they take  
 And toke hem leue on goddis half tho; their leave.  
 And bad hem thenke on alle thyng  
 To be euere redi at his sendyng. 2268  
**A**lle the lordes ben home gone;  
 Priamus is left al alone,  
 Saue his children and his meyne  
 Off that contre that were pryue. e ij 2272  
 The king is  
 left alone with  
 his children.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *atoun*.



¶ *Consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.*

Priamus	He is anoyed and al agrised,	[lf. 34, bk.]	2273
	That thay of Grece him so dispised ;		
weeps, and reminds his children anew of the evil deeds of the Greeks.	The water brast out at his eyne,		
	So hadde his herte mochel pyne.		2276
	He saw his children that were him by,		
	And spak to hem thus al an hy ;		
	He sais : ' lordynges, be 3e ought,		
	What schame these Grues haue vs wrought !		2280
	How thei selow 3oure gode a3el !		
	And 3et ben thei of herte so fel,		
	That thai 3oure aunte foule fro 3ow holde		
	In hordam certes, as vs is tolde,		2284
	In schame of 3oures and gret dispite.		
He exhorts them to revenge their grandfather's murder,	Me thynketh ther-of, that with alle 3oure myzte,		
	Whil 3e are 3onge at 3oure begynnynng,		
	That 3e sette ther-on alle 3oure konnyng :		2288
	Off hem, that were my [fader] bane		
	And haue my suster fro me tane,		
	To venge 3ow, 3if that 3e mowe ;		
	For litel prise sette thai be 3owe.		2292
and bids Hector, his oldest son, especially, to take the charge of the war wholly in hand,	<b>A</b> ND thow, Ector, myn eldest sone,		
	On my blessing and on my benysone,		
	Take this charge holly on the,		
	I praye the for the loue of me !		2296
	For I am fer passed in elde,		
	That I may not my-selff welde,		
	And thow art hardi, strong, & bolde		
	Be-fore alle men, and most of tolde ;		2300
	Thow passes alle men of strengthe & myght,		
	Men knowen nowher so hardy a knyght.		
	That arn vnboxom, sterne, and stought <sup>1</sup> ,		
	Thow makest hem fayn to the to lought <sup>1</sup> ;		2304
	Thi bretheren alle In hardinesse		
	Thow passes hem In doughtinesse.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *stought* for 'stout' and *lought* for 'lout.' These forms show that, to the scribe, *gh* was not guttural.

I make the ther-fore lord and sire	[lf. 35.]	2307	to be the
Off alle my lond and myn Empire		2308	leader of all
And also of thi brotheres alle			the princes,
And alle that euere vnto vs falle;			knights, dukes
Prynce, knyzt, duke, and kyng,			and kings,
Alle schal be at thi byddyng.		2312	
And take this thyng on the be-dene,			and to under-
For I make me here-of alle clene			take it at once.
And take hit the here In thyn hond;			
For strengre than I thow art to fond		2316	
Suche lordschepe to vndirtake.			
Say not nay, sone, for my sake!			
<b>E</b> ctor sayde: 'be god almyght!			Hector
I am most holden by skyl and right		2320	answers: 'I
To venge the dethe of myn azel			am the best
In stoures stiffe and strong batayle,			to take
For I am eldest—as 3e haue told—			revenge for
Off alle my bretheren 3ong and old;		2324	my grand-
Therfore schulde I be resoun be best			father's death,
And al my wit ther-to kest.			as I am the
But on thyng, fader, I pray 3ow, dere,			eldest of my
That 3e wolde now me here		2328	brothers.
And haue it in gode memorie:			
That 3e be wele a-vysed and selye,			But what end
What ende 3e hope hit wol come to,			will this
For if it be bygunnen so		2332	undertaking
And it come to no good ende,			have?
Then be we schent and alle oure frende,			If it comes to
And schal haue a schame <sup>1</sup> ther-by			a bad end, we
With-uten ende and vilony.		2336	shall be the
I haue herd say and red in boke,			more dis-
That a wis man <sup>2</sup> schal not loke			graced,
Afftir a thing that is atte begynnyng,			
But euere-more afftir the endyng;	e iij	2340	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *aschame*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *wisman*.

	For many thynges begynnes wele	[lf. 35. bk.]	2341
	And in the ende fares amys euery dele.		
All Africa and Europe belong to the Greeks; they are a great deal richer and stronger than we.	Wyte 3e not, that alle Aufrik And al Europe euery stik Is vndirput to hem of Grece? How riche thei ben of rentes and fece? And how the lond is ful of kny3tes That doughti ben and strong of fyghtes?		2344
	Thay ben richer for-sothe then we, And mo als by thousandis thre!		2348
Oxonie is old, and not worth shedding our blood for. Therefore give up your intent!	For Oxonye is not so good, That 3e, fader, and alle oure blood For hir scholde to vile deth be brouzt; Here ramsoun were to dere bouzt. Sche may deye with-Inne a throwe, And sche is old—alle men knowe;— Leue therfore that 3e haue thoght, That 3e ne turne 3oure wil to noght!		2352
Don't think that I say so for cowardice.	Ne thenk not, fader,—I 3ow pray— That I thes wordes vnto 3ow say For drede of herte ne cowardyse!		2360
By God and St. Dionys! I only think of your honour,	By god of my myzt and seynt Denyse! But for I wold, thorow prosperite 3oure gret worschepe and dignite Lasted euere In reste and pes, And that 3oure honour schulde neuere sese.		2364
for I fear we shall lose our good name in such a war.'	¶ But certes, fadur, I me drede, If 3e folyly this werre lede, That 3e begynne a newe debate; 3e schal lese for euere-more oure state And oure worschepe and oure name, And wyne vs schenschepe and schame.'		2368
	<b>P</b> aris sat and held his pes; He herkenes al that Ector seys,		2372



Whan he saw Ector sitte in pes,	[lf. 36.]	2375	
Paris ros vp fro the des		2376	After Hector's speech, Paris rises and says :
And spak on hye, herande hem alle			
That stode or sat In that halle ;			
He seyth : ' my lord, er 3e wende,			
I schal 3ow telle of a good ende		2380	' I foretell a good end of our battle, if we assail the Greeks.
That we schal haue of oure batayle,			No such town as ours is elsewhere on earth.
If we the Grues wol assayle.			
How scholde we by skyl be a-ferd ?			
Suche a toun is non [on] mydlerd,		2384	
As is this toun is nowher non ;			
Ther is no man with fleche ne bon,			
That in oure toun may vs confounde ;			
It is so strong of walle and grounde.		2388	
Sende 3oure men and 3oure naue			Send our army and navy boldly over the sea !
Boldely, sir, ouer the see !			
And als god 3ow mote amende,			
Loke that 3e me with hem sende ;		2392	And send me with them, for it is my chance to do the Greeks much harm, and to bring from Grèce a gentle, fair young lady.
For I wot wel : it is my chaunce			
To do the Gregeys gret greuaunce,			
And oute of Grece to 3ow brynge			
A gentil lady fair and 3ynge,		2396	
That is comen of gentil blode,			
As fair and as gode			
And as gret of genterye			
As 3oure suster Oxonye.		2400	
And if 3e aske how I wot this,			
I schal 3ow telle—so haue I blis :—			
¶ The noble god Mercurius			Mercurius told me this in my sleep :
In my selepyng he told me thus ;		2404	
How, and wenne, and in what wyse,—			
I schal 3ow telle, or 3e aryse.			
<b>T</b> his endir day, whan I was sent			
At 3oure biddying and comaundement	e iijj	2408	

72 *Paris relates his Dream of three Goddesses being brought to him.*

¶ **Hic Paris Filius Regis Troiani narrauit patri suo de sompno suo.**

When I was hunting in Little India,	To the lond of lytel Inde, I ȝede to hunte the <sup>1</sup> hert & hynde. Whan I was comen to the forest,	[lf. 36, bk.] 2409
I found no deer till the afternoon.	Off al that day fond I no best, Til it was passed ouer the none. By him that sittes in trone!	2412
Then I was aware of a fair great hart;	Then was I war of a gret hert, Fair, and gret, and ful smert, That ȝede on land and was to leyne; Then was I glad and wondur fayne,	2416
I followed him till night, and then lost sight of him.	I folwed him, til hit was nyght, And til of him I loste the syght Thorow derknesse of the leues That growed vpon the greues. I was weri of hunted & chased, So hadde I that proude hert trased; My hors forsothe was ondeles For rennyng and for werines; My felawes hadde I alle lorn, That tyme with me was no wyght born.	2420 2424 2428
After having lain down and fallen asleep,	I layd me doun vpon the playn And tyed myn hors be the rayn; Whan I was leyd, er I toke kepe For werinesse I fel on slepe. As I lay on my slepyng,	2432
methought I saw a bright god bring to me three fair goddesses:	Me thoght I saw a wondir thyng: I saw a god <sup>2</sup> bryghter then the glemyng Come to me in my dremyng, And in his hond brouȝt goddis thre, And alle were faire on to se. That on goddes of the thre was —As he me sayde—goddesse Pallas; The secunde was also A louely lady, dame Iuno;	2436 2440
Pallas,		
Juno,		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *to the*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *agod*.

The thridde goddesse was dame Venus	[lf. 37.]	2443	and Venus.
That come with god Mercurius.		2444	
Mercurius sayde: "loke vp, Paris,			Mercurius
So haue thou Ioye In erthe or blis!			bade me
By-holde Right wel these thre goddesse,			behold them
For thei ben alle in gret distresse,		2448	well, as they
For a stryff is be-twene hem raysed;			were in great
But thorow the it schal be pesed,			distress, a
For þei haue put hem in thi dome.			strife having
Loke therfore, thou 3yue gode gome,		2452	risen between
That thou 3eue now rightful Iugement			them which
Afftir thi sight and thin entent.			must be
<b>T</b> Hese thre goddesse this endur day			decided by me.
Sat at the feste of gret noblay;		2456	To these three
An Appul was to hem ybrought,			was brought
A wondur fair and qweyntly wrought.			a golden apple
That appul is with-oute doute			
With lettres of gold wreten aboute:		2460	
That it scholde trewly 3euen be			
To the ffairest of the thre.			"for the
Iff that thou wol so moche do			fairest."
That thou 3eue it dame Iuno,		2464	
So worthi a man In al this world			'If you give it
Is non leuyng—as man has herd,—			to Juno,' said
As sche treuly schal the make			the god, 'she'll
For that semely appul sake.		2468	make you the
And if thou 3eue it goddes Pallas,			worthiest man
Sche schal the 3eue, or thou pas,			on earth;
Wit, and wisdam schaltow haue			if to Pallas,
More than thou woldest craue.		2472	she'll give you
And 3if thou 3eue it to dame Venus,			more wit and
Sche bad, I scholde telle the thus:			wisdom than
The ffairest wiff that is in Grece			you crave;
To thi merite therfore sche bese.		2476	if to Venus,
			she'll give you
			the fairest wife
			in Grece.



74 *Paris gives the Apple to Venus, who promises him the fairest Wife.*

	Now loke wele, how thow demes,	[lf. 37, bk.]	2477
	Whiche of these best besemes."		
I looked at them for a long time, and saw them all naked.	I vysed longe these ladyes thre, Me thoghte hem alle of gret beute ; But I saw hem alle In suche a poynt, That thei were naked In ilke a Ioynt ; Thei seyde : thai nolde not for me spare ; Thei stode be-fore me naked and bare.		2480     2484
Venus seemed to me to be the fairest ; and I gave her the apple. She promised me the fairest wife of Greece.	¶ To me Venus the fairest semed, For-whi to hir the appul I demed ; And sche ther-of was fayn y-now And smoterly on me sche low, And hight me, or sche fro me ȝede, That I scholde haue to my mede The fairest wyff of Grece land In my bandoun <sup>1</sup> and In my band. And I am ther-of sekir and trayst, That ȝe no-thing be ther-of a-baist To lete me pas the Greckis see ; For it is certes my destanee To harme Gregeys & greue hem sore, When I am come to hem thore ; For ȝe wot wele, and I wot als, That goddis beheste is not ffals. When he hadde seyde, he spak no more, But sette him doun as he sat ore.		2488                 2500
So you may let me pass the Greek sea. I shall do them much harm, for the gods do not lie.'	¶		2496
Then Dephebus says : ' If men knew beforehand that an under- taking would go amiss, nobody would begin anything at all.	<b>B</b> Vt sir Dephebus ros vp than, And his reson thus be-gan And seide : ' lordynges, if it were so, Off eche a thyng that men schulde do, If thei caste that noght be-falle, Nis no man <sup>2</sup> of vs nowher, bonde ne thralle, That any-thing scholde be-gynne, fro drede That he scholde fayle or euel spede.		2504       2508

<sup>1</sup> MS. landoun.

<sup>2</sup> MS. noman.

¶ *Adhuc consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.*

But dyght 3oure schippes and 3oure meyne, [lf. 38.] 2511

And sende Paris with hem and me; 2512

And if it be so that we may wyne

Any lady of gentil kynne,

Thei schal be glad a chaunge<sup>1</sup> to make

And qwrite 3oure suster for hir sake. 2516

And so may we our chalange werke,

For alle men schame now of vs speke.'

**E**lenus, the brother fourthe,

Ros and stood vpon the erthe 2520

And seyde: 'fader, loke 3e be war,

And alle that in this paleis ar!

3e wot wele alle, I haue ben ay

Lered wele and can sothe say 2524

Off euery a thyng that is to come;

And that wot 3e bothe alle and some,

That I seide neuere 3it prophecie,

That it ne was sothe with-oute lye. 2528

¶ And I telle 3ow that ben here,

And namely 3ow, my fader dere,

That, if 3e sende my brother Paris

To the lond of Grece y-wis 2532

To Robbe, to reue, or harme to do,

Alle we schal dye, and 3e also,

And my Moder, 3oure wyff, the qwene,

And alle 3oure sones, and Pollexene; 2536

And al this toun schal turne to nauzt,

If 3e fulfille that 3e haue thouzt:

For sikurly hit schal be brent,

I-thrown down, and al to-rent.' 2540

When Elenus hadde told his tale,

The kyng fro drede gan wexe pale,

Off his wordes was he a-ferd sore,

And so were alle that there wore. 2544

Therefore send  
Paris and me  
with ships;  
and if we win  
any noble  
lady, the  
Greeks will be  
glad to give  
back your  
sister for her  
sake.'

Elenus then  
rises and says:  
'Father, be-  
ware!

I know all  
that will  
happen, and  
never yet told  
you a lie.

If you send  
Paris to  
Greece,

we shall all die,

and our town  
will be de-  
stroyed and  
burnt down.'

The king is  
afraid of these  
words, and so  
are all the  
others.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *achauunge*.

	His wordes thenne alle gon a-fere,	[lf. 38, bk.] 2545
	For thei wiste wele he lyed neuere;	
	Ther was no man In that paleis	
	Amonges hem alle ther o word seys;	2548
	But sat alle stille euerychon,	
	As who hadde schauen hem a croun <sup>1</sup> .	
Troilus starts up and says :	<b>T</b> roilus saw, thei sat al stille;	
	That knyght thought ther-at ille,	2552
	Vpon his feet he start vp blyue	
	And seide : ' lordynges, so mote 3e thryue !	
' What ails you, lords ?	What may this be that 3ow now ayles ?	
	For a caytiff herte ffayles,	2556
	Haue 3e ther-of alle suche wondur ?	
You will not find a feeblur heart than his ;	Off men sought amonges a hundur,	
	A feeblur herte schulde 3e not ffynde	
	Thow 3e sought henne in-to Inde ;	2560
	3e 3eues him alle to clergie,	
	For he is ferd of Chiualrie.	
let him go to the temple and become a priest !	Lete him go, if he be aferd,	
	To the temple, and schauē his berd,	2564
	And helpe the Clerkes belles to ryngē,	
	And make him a prest <sup>2</sup> a masse <sup>3</sup> to synge !	
And let those who shame to be cowards, go to take vengeance.	And that haue schame and drede	
	Off vilonye that men him bede,	2568
	Lete him go venge here mortel foos,	
	And fle reproues and wyn hem loos !	
A fool is he who thinks that men know what is to come.	He is a fole <sup>4</sup> that wolde trowe,	
	That any man on erthe knowe	2572
	Off thing that is to come the sothe,	
	For suche is non, with-uten othe !	
	For chivalry wel sore he hates,	
	He wol neuere-more were yren plates.	2576
	Wherfore, sir kyng, are 3e frayed	
	And of his wordes euel payed ?	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *acroun*.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *aprest*.    <sup>3</sup> MS. *amasse*.    <sup>4</sup> MS. *afole*.



¶ *Hic concordati sunt de consilio eorum.*

Dightes 3oure schipes and sende 3oure men [lf. 39.]	2579	Prepare your ships, and
To gret Grece by thousandes and ten,	2580	send your men to Greece, to take revenge.'
And venge 3ow on 3oure enemys,		
And turne 3oure schame to lose and pris!'		
When he hadde sayd, he sat <i>him</i> down,		
And alle that were of that toun	2584	
Blessed him for his manhede		All approve,
And seide: "he was wise and good of rede."		
Thai seyde echon with-outen fayle:		
"Thei wolde do Troylus consayle;"	2588	
Thei bad the kyng: "how so it fare,		and bid the king prepare the expedition.
He scholde dyght his men al 3are;		
No lengur thei wolde abyde		
In-to Grece alle for to ryde."	2592	
<b>N</b> ow ben thei alle at on acorde,		
Kyng and prince, duke and lorde,		
In-to Grece for to go,		
Be hit to wele or to wo.	2596	
¶ Priamus called with-oute more		Priamus sends Paris and Dephebus to 'Pauonye,' to gather troops.
His sone Paris to him thore,		
And Dephebus, the brother thridde,		
And bad him go hem mydde.	2600	
He bede hem go to Pauonye		
And gadur ther her gret chyualrye,		
Knyghtes fele of gret feute,		
To wende with hem ouer the see.	2604	
¶ And thei anon with-oute abode		
Toke ther leue and thedur rode.		
When thei were come to that prouynce,		
Thai told here erand to the prynce;	2608	
Here askyng was not of him werned,		The prince of that province helps them.
At his power he dede here herend.		
¶ The morwe sone, whan it was day,		
Priamus sente by euery a way <sup>1</sup>	2612	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *away*.

¶ *Hic Rex mandauit post Magnatos Troianos.*

His Messangeres of Troye to crye, [lf. 39, bk.] 2613

That euery lord scholde faste hye

To his paleis with-oute dwellyng,

To here a-monges hem his tellyng. 2616

Thei sped hem faste and 3ede anon;

When thei were comyn euerychon,

Kyng Priamus to hem thus sais :

‘My trewe lordes, my trewe burgeis ! 2620

To 3ow alle it is right couthe,

How we ben in euery mannes mouthe

For the schame and vilonye,

The Mansclau3ter and the robberye, 2624

That Gregeis dede sumtyme to oure.

I wolde ther-fore by consayl 3oure

Venge vs alle, if we myght,

Off oure enemys, and that is right. 2628

I thanke to sende Paris my sone,

To venge vs, if he conne.

But for I nolde noght a3eyns 3oure wil

Do no-thing, and that is skyl, 2632

I wol not do with-oute 3oure assent,

And therfore afftir 3ow I sent.

Say me now 3oure owne lykyng :

How lykes 3ow my begynnyng ?’ 2636

Ther was a kny3t, het Partheus,—

His fader hight Euforbius,—

He seyde : ‘ my lord, my dere kyng !

I am 3oure knyght and 3oure vndirlyng, 2640

3oure lordschepe to knowe and reuerence :

I hadde a fadir of gret science,

Ther was not In Europe ne in Assye

So wyse a man of Philosophye ; 2644

He tolde me ofte—so god me spede !—

That, if Paris to Grece 3ede,

In a parlia-  
ment Priamus  
addresses the  
Trojan lords :

‘ You all know  
the shame the  
Greeks did us.

Let us send  
my son Paris  
to take re-  
venge.

I sent for you  
to know your  
will.’

Partheus, the  
son of Eufor-  
bius, says :

‘ Nobody was  
wiser than my  
father.

He often told  
me that, if  
Paris went to  
Greece

- A wyff with fors for to wyne, [lf. 40.] 2647 to steal a  
 That 3e ther-by and alle 3oure kynne 2648 woman, you  
 Schamely schul dye, and this fair toun would all die,  
 Schal be brend and thrawen doun. and this fair  
 town be burnt.
- ¶ Therefore, my lord, my kyng dere, Therefore  
 Venge the not In suche manere 2652 don't take  
 That 3e and 3oures be alle for-don! your ven-  
 Leue 3oure *purpos* and turne it son! geance in this  
 And if 3e wol algates wende, way,  
 The Gregeis to qwelle and to schende, 2656  
 Let another then Paris go,  
 Or elles we gon alle to wo,  
 And alle kyn and al oure lynage  
 Schal turne to nought; and this vilage, 2660  
 That is so noble, strong, and gay,  
 Schal be brend with fir a-way.'
- G** Rete noyse and mochel cry  
 Was <sup>1</sup> among the lordes witterly 2664  
 In the halle, when he thus sayde;  
 Thei were echon with him euel I-payde,  
 Thei [bad] him of his wordes sese  
 And holde him stille and be in pese; 2668  
 Thei held al fals that he tolde,  
 Thei sayde: "he raued, for he was olde;"  
 Thei seyde echon by on speche,  
 That Paris schold go to take wreche.— 2672  
 But when this word was told to Cassandre,  
 That thei wold sende Alysandre  
 In-to Grece to brenne and robbe,  
 Sche by-gan to syke and sobbe <sup>2</sup>. 2676
- ¶ Sche seyde: 'alas, that fair Cite!  
 Noble Troye, thi destene  
 Is hard and wicke, that the schal falle!  
 Tour and bour and other houses alle 2680

but let another  
 than Paris go.'

The Trojan  
 lords make an  
 uproar, and  
 bid Partheus  
 be silent.

They say:  
 'Paris shall  
 go.'

When Cassan-  
 dra hears this,  
 she begins  
 sobbing:

'Alas, fair  
 town! Noble  
 Troy, thy des-  
 tiny is hard!'

<sup>1</sup> MS. *was*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *soble*, cf. l. 1915.



With-Inne a while it schal be doun thrawen, [lf. 40, bk.]  
 And alle schal be brend, with ffor sclawen.' 2682

¶ Afftir then seide sche thus :

Alas, Priamus!  
 What sin  
 have you done,  
 that you shall  
 die so soon?

'Alas, thow gode kyng Priamus! 2684

What is thi synne that thow hast don,  
 That thow and thyne schal dye thus son?  
 And thow, my fadur<sup>1</sup>, what is thi synne,  
 That thow art wounden<sup>2</sup> and lapped Inne? 2688

And alle that euere thow hast born,  
 Schaltow se before the lorn.

Why do you  
 let Paris go to  
 Grece?'

Whi let ȝe now Paris wende  
 In-to Grece, that vs schal schende?' 2692

¶ Sche ran doun thenne in-to the halle,

And on her knes be-gan to falle,

Then she bids  
 her father  
 think of him-  
 self and his  
 family, as  
 they'll all die  
 soon,  
 if Paris goes  
 to Grece.

And seyde : 'lord kyng, I praye the :  
 Rewe on thi-selff, thi wiff, and me, 2696

And on thi sones faire and bolde!

For if it be—as men me tolde—

Iff that Paris to Grece schal wende,  
 Ther is no man<sup>3</sup> that schal defende, 2700

That we ne schal dye with-Inne a while<sup>4</sup>

Schenful dethe forsothe and vile.'

But Priamus  
 mocks her, and  
 sends her  
 away.

¶ He bad hir go to hir chambur

And folde hir kercheues of silk & lambur. 2704

So weylaway that it was so,

That he nolde afftir hir do!

Had he fol-  
 lowed her  
 counsel, he'd  
 not have died  
 so soon.

For hadde he don afftir hir rede,

Hadde he not so sone ben dede, 2708

Ne the Cite not be brent,

Ne alle hir kyn so foule be schent.

In al the world suche a Cite<sup>5</sup>

Neuere was ne neuere schal be. 2712

**H**It was afftir vpon a day  
 In the monthe certes of May,

{ When Paris }

<sup>1</sup> Read *modur*? <sup>2</sup> MS. *wounded*. <sup>3</sup> MS. *noman*. <sup>4</sup> MS. *awhile*.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *In al the world was suche a Cite*.

**Hic venit Paris ad Insulam Thitharie.**

When Paris come fro <sup>1</sup> Pauonye	[lf. 41.]	2715	Paris brings from Pauonye
And broght with him gret chialrye;		2716	a great army.
Thre thousand knyghtes that were assayed			
Broght with him wel arayed;			
And alle here schippis were redy dyght			
And fraught with vitayles and wel pight.		2720	
¶ And Priamus bad Polimodas,			Priamus bids Polimodas,
Antenor, and Eueas,			Antenor, and
That thei with Paris to Grece schulde wende,			Eneas go with Paris to
To brynge this thyng to an ende.		2724	Greece.
Thei toke leue as-tyde and 3ede			
To here schippis with mechel spede.			
Thei sayled euere bothe day and nyght,			
Til thei hadde of Grece a syght;		2728	They sail day and night, till they get sight of the Greek island Thi-
Thei saw an Ile of Gregeis land—			tharie, and land there.
Het Thitharie, I vndir-stand;—			
Toward that Ile drow thei faste.			
When thei come there, anker thei caste,		2732	
And tyed here schippis in that porte			
And 3ede to londe to take disporte.			
<b>I</b> N that Ile of Thitharie			The temple of Venus.
Was a temple of Auncetrie		2736	
Set In honoure of Veneris,			
Ther sche hadde mochel worschepe ywis;			
For alle the men of that land			
Make to here gret offerand		2740	
Off siluer, gold, and tresour;			
Ther was richesse with-oute mesour.			
For thei truste alle and vndirstode,			
That no man myght do but gode,		2744	
The whil thei hadde help of here			
Many a lond and many a schire.			
For then held thei an hye feste-day			Her feast-day.
Off that goddesse with gret noblay:	fj	2748	

<sup>1</sup> MS. to.

	On here manere and there a-vise	[lf. 41, bk.]	2749
	Thei made to here gret sacrifice		
	Off Bolles, Bores, and other bestes.		
Paris goes to the festival with his fel- lows, and sacrifices.	¶ When Paris herde of these festes,		2752
	¶ He wente to that solennite,		
	The temple and that Ioye to se ;		
	And his ffelawys with [him] 3ede,		
	Semely dyght in golden wede,		2756
	And offered there, as other dede,		
	And his felawes forth myde.		
He is clad like a king; the Greeks never saw a hand- somer man.	¶ He was apparayled as a kyng ;		
	Alle men seide, bothe old and 3yng :		2760
	"So fair a man saw thei neuere non,		
	Made in erthe of blod ne bon."		
	Men askede alle : "what he myght be,		
	And when he was, and of what contre,		2764
	And what he did in that lond thore ? "		
	Men spak of him bothe lasse & more,		
	Off his beute spak 3onge and olde.		
This is told to Queen Eleyne, who dwells near.	¶ At the laste the word was tolde		2768
	¶ To qwene Eleyne, that was fair and milde,		
	That dwellid a litel with-oute the Ilde		
	In a castel gret & strong.		
	The los of Paris so wide sprong		2772
	Off his noblay and beute,		
	That Elene saide : "sche wolde him se."		
To see Paris, she goes to the temple and prays there.	¶ Sche did hir dight an hors of pris,		
	And toke with hir other ladies,		2776
	And 3ede thedir with hir comperes,		
	And in the temple made hir preyeres		
	To the goddesse that ther sat,		
	And made hir offryng afftir that.		2780
	¶ Whan Paris herde of hir telle,		
	To the temple 3ede he snelle,		



Gloriously and richely dight,	[lf. 42.]	2783	
And stode euene In hir syght;		2784	
For he hadde many a long day			
Be-fore herd telle of hir & say,			
"That sche was the fairest wiff			
Off alle wymmen that euere bar lyff."		2788	
<b>P</b> aris thenne with meke mode			Paris goes
Aȝeyn the qwene he ȝode and stode,			towards the
And loked on hir euere in on ;			queen ; he
A bryghter brid of blod ne bon		2792	thinks he
Thoght him neuere that he hadde sen,			never saw a
Sithe in this world he hadde ben.			brighter lady.
Alle his hert was on hir set,			
For that thei were to-gedir met ;		2796	
And when sche hadde of him a syght,			Eleyne thinks
Hir thoght him the fayrest knyght			him the fairest
That sche hadde sene In al hir lyue ;			knight, and
Sche wolde wel fayn haue ben his wyue.		2800	longs to be his
¶ Sche loked on him, and he on hir ;			wife.
Eyther other now desir,			
How thei myght theire loue fulfille,			
Ne how to schewe here herte wille.		2804	
But atte laste thei drowe hem nere			At last they
And spak to-gedir so In-fere,			come to each
That, er that thei thennes wente,			other, and are
Thei were bothe at on assente.		2808	of one mind.
He toke then leue at qwene Eleyne,			
Off here spekyng he was fayne ;			
To his schippis he him hied,			Paris goes to
Ther thei stode faste tied.		2812	his ships, and
He did a-non to him calle			says to his
His felawes and his meyne alle ;			fellows :
When thei were comen to him thore,			
He seide : ' lordynges, lesse and more !	f ij	2816	

ȝe wote wel whi we come hidur, [lf. 42, bk.] 2817  
 And what ȝe wolde, and also whedur.

'We came to  
 get our king's  
 sister from  
 Thelamon.

¶ The principal cause of oure comyng  
 Is to aryue on Thelamon, the kyng, 2820  
 Our kynges suster for to wynne  
 With fight of sword or other gynne.  
 But sekirly that may we not !

But we can't,  
 as he is too  
 strong.

We may not do that we haue thoght, 2824  
 For he is strong and hath gode frende ;  
 We gete hir not out of his bēde,  
 Ne we ben not of pouste  
 Vnto hadde ne to take the Cite. 2828

Wherfore, my dere lordynges,  
 That I telle ȝow now this tythynges :

Still, here are  
 the fairest  
 lady ever seen,  
 the wife of  
 King Mene-  
 laus,

**I**N this Ile is now a qwene,  
 The fairest lady that man may sene, 2832  
 That comen is of gret kynrede,  
 That Menelaus kyng has wede.

and great  
 riches.

And in the temple—ȝe wot wel alle—  
 Arne clothes fele of gold and palle, 2836  
 Ther [is] of gold gret plente,  
 Off siluer also gret quantite,  
 Siluer vessel ther is ynow.

Hit is a stede for oure prow ; 2840  
 We may be riche, if we wille,

If you assent,  
 let us rob the  
 temple,

¶ And if ȝe wole assente ther-tille.  
 I rede, that we to-nyght echon, 2844  
 When nyght is comen & day gon,

That we do on oure basynettis bryght,  
 And when we be armed and dight,  
 That we go robbe the temple sone  
 With-outen lyght of sonne or mone ; 2848

And al that we fynde ther-Inne,  
 Bere it away, or we be-lynne,

¶ Hic Paris cepit Insulam cum Castello.

To oure schippis and leue it thore, [lf. 43.] 2851

And make vs riche for euermore ; 2852

And al men<sup>1</sup> that we ther fynde,

And wymmen also of gentil kynde

and carry off  
all the men  
and women  
we find there,

Lede we to oure contreis—

Gret worschepe hit were by alle weyes— 2856

And specially that lady fre,

especially  
Queen Eleyne.

Quene Eleyne, if it may be.

Iff we may hir home brynge

To oure contreis, and tythyng sprynge 2860

A-monges the Grues, that sche is tan,

And Menelaus fynde hir gan,

He schal be fayn a chaunge to make

Off Oxonye, I vndirtake. 2864

Menelaus will  
be glad to ex-  
change her for  
Oxonie.

¶ Lete se now, what 3e say ?

Er nyght be gon and comen day,

I rede that we now take oure grace,

That god sende vs, whil we haue space.' 2868

Some assented wel ther-to,

And some seyn "it is noght to do ;"

But thei acorded atte laste,

They agree to  
do so.

When the day was gon and paste, 2872

And the sonne was went adoun,

And alle men on slepe In the toun,

To harme hem, whan it was late,

And to the temple toke here gate, 2876

And robbed & reued alle that thei fond,

And ledde with hem In-to the lond :

**N**Ight is comen, and day is went,

The Troyens haue here armour hent, 2880

To the temple ben thei gon,

In the night  
Paris and his  
men go to the  
temple, rob all  
they find there,

Paris and his men echon.

Alle that thei founden thei robbed & refft ;

That ought was, no thyng was<sup>2</sup> lefft. f iij 2884

<sup>1</sup> MS. *almen*.

<sup>2</sup> A word has been erased here, and this second  
*was* is written upon the erasure.



86 *The Trojans carry off Helena, slay Greeks, and plunder their Castle.*

	Alle that in the temple was founden, [lf. 43, bk.]	2885
	Was to-geder lapped and wounden	
and take it to their ships.	And born in coffres to the see	
	And herbard ther-Inne in here naue.	2888
Paris carries off the queen and others to his ship.	And Paris toke that lady swete	
	And led hir to his schippis schete,	
	And lefft hir there In the same kepyng	
	And other fele with hir wepyng.	2892
Then he goes back and takes more men and women.	¶ When Paris hadde on this wise done, He ȝede aȝeyn thedur sone	
	And toke echon to his seruage,	
	Man and womman, wiff and Page,	2896
	Ther was of this a wondir cry.	
	Ther stode a Castel a litel ther-by,	
	Gret, and stiff, and ful strong,	
	With dyche and walles wide and long;	2900
The defenders of the castle	Men of armes that Castel ȝemed.	
	Whan that thei herd wymmen so remed,	
	Thei hadde meruayle what it myght be;	
	Thei resen vp, the sothe to se.	2904
	But of tythandes when thei herde,	
	How thei of Troie with hem ferde,	
	Thei armed hem with mochel haste;	
attack the Trojans, but are slain,	But sekirly it was but waste,	2908
	¶ For thei of Troye were mo than thai,—	
	The furthe dowble, I dar wel say—	
	And sclow hem foule, when thei were met;	
	Thei were with hem so ouer-set,	2912
	That thei myȝth not fro hem fle	
	Ne at here ȝates take entre;	
and their castle is plun- dered by the Trojans.	Thei folwed hem so, that thei myght not pas.	
	And al the riches that ther was,	2916
	That thei myght fynde, that ought was worth,	
	Thei of Troye bar with hem forth.	

¶ **Hic Paris rapuit Elenam vxorem Menelan.** [*sic*] **Regis.**

And eche man than with his god schippes [lf. 44.] 2919

And alle here good thedur skippes, 2920

And drow vp sayl and hyed hem ffaste

In-to the see, that thei were paste.

**P**aris hath now Eleyne wonne;

To take the see thei haue by-gonne, 2924

Thei sayled alle on a rawe,

Til thei were come ther thei were knawe,

The lond of Troye, Then were thei glad.

When thei were comen & the lond had, 2928

Thei were glad ther-of echone;

Saue Eleyne thenne made moche mone,

Fro hir lond that sche hath lorn,

And hir doughter that sche hadde born, 2932

And fro the kynges hir bretheren bothe.

But Paris therfore was ful wrothe,

He comforted hir and bad hir ses,

Leue hir sorwe and be In pes. 2936

He called to him his Messanger

And bad him take a good Courser

And [ride] to Priamus, the kyng,

And telle him this tydyng: 2940

“That he was comen to Thenedoun

Saue and sound, with many a moun

That<sup>1</sup> he hath wonnen with his hond

To be In seruage In his lond, 2944

And that he hath broght so fair a lady,

To be In stede of Oxonye,

Off the gentillest kyn and blode,

That was be-3onde the Grekis flode.” 2948

The Messager as-tyde forth rode

To Priamus with-uten abode,

He tolde him tydynges of Paris:

“How he was comen home y-wys, f iiij 2952

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And that.*

Paris and his men sail back with Eleyne to Troy.

They are glad, but Eleyne is dreary at having lost her land, her daughter, and her brothers.

Paris comforts her.

He sends to Priamus, telling him the other good news.

And how he hadde by-ȝonde ywroght, [lf. 44, bk.] 2953  
 And of the qwene that he hom broght."

When Priamus hears the news,

**W**hen Priamus herde these tythand,  
 He myght vinethe for Ioye stand 2956  
 Opon his fete, so was he glad ;

he calls together all the Trojan lords,

Alle the grete of Troye he bad  
 Come to him, tythandes to here.  
 And when his court was al plenere, 2960  
 He bad him do his message  
 To alle the lordes that there were <sup>1</sup>.  
 And he tolde hit al an hye,  
 That alle myght here that stood nye ; 2964

who are full of joy.

¶ Then were Ioyful the Troyens,  
 And gret Ioye made the citeseyns.

Next morning Paris with Eleyne rides

The morwe folwyng, whan it was lyght,  
 Paris dede Eleyne wel dyght 2968  
 Richely In gay wede,  
 And broght to hir a noble stede,  
 And he sette hir ther-on  
 And rode thenne fro Thenedon 2972  
 Toward Troye a wel soffte pas.

to Troy ;

And his prisoneres he has  
 Sent by-fore vpon a route  
 With men and knyȝtes alle aboute ; 2976  
 He made hem wende a litel before,

Antenor, Dephebus, Eneas, and Polidonias accompany them.

And he him-self and Antenore,  
 Dephebus and Eueas,  
 And also Polidonias, 2980  
 Come afftirward with qwene Eleyne,  
 Rydyng soffte vpon the pleyne,  
 Til thei come at Troye ney-hande.

Priamus and his barons go to welcome them.

But out of the toun come ridande 2984  
 ¶ Kyng Priamus with his baronage  
 And salute hem alle with good visage,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps we ought to alter the last three words to : & *baronage*.



¶ **Hic Paris desponsauit Elenam Reginam.**

And afftirward ȝede to the qwene	[lf. 45.]	2987	
And profered hir his owne to bene.		2988	
And so rode thay alle to Troye ;			All ride to Troy ;
The folk ther-Inne made mochel Ioye,			the Trojans welcome
Ther was gadered alle the toun			Eleyne with music and minstrelsy.
With mochel Ioye and processioun,		2992	
With alle Musik and menstrasye,			
To kepe the qwene of genterye.			
¶ Priamus lyght of his palfray			
At the ȝates In-myddes the way,		2996	
And toke him-self qwene Eleyne			Priamus leads her
Amongis hem alle by the rayne,			
And lad hir him-self always			
Thorow the toun to his paleys.		3000	through the town to his palace.
¶ Then on the morwe, when thei saw tyme,			Next morning
A litel while be-fore the prime,			Eleyne and Paris are
ȝede lady Eleyne and sir Paris			married in the temple of
Vnto the temple Palladis		3004	Pallas. All their glad-
And weddid hem to-gedir thore.			ness turned afterwards to
For afftirward it rewed hem ful sore,			sorrow and woe.
And alle the gladnesse that thei hadde tho,			
Turned hem to sorwe and to wo.		3008	
<b>N</b> OW hath Paris weddid Eleyne ;			
Troyens ben ther-of wel fayne,			The Trojans make merry
Mochel murthe and festes thei make			
For sir Paris and Eleyne sake.		3012	
This riche feste lastis al-ways			
Til hit were xvij dayes,			for eighteen days.
And alle the men of the Cite			
Tentid to noght but to gamen and to gle.		3016	
But when Cassandre herde that tale,			
That thei hadde mad a newe bridale			
Off qwene Eleyne and Alisaundre,			
Mechel dole made thenne Cassaundre.		3020	

But Cassandra laments :	Sche cried, sche wepid, and so ferde, [lf. 45, bk.] 3021 That alle the Paleis here noyse herde. To the temple sche hir hyed, And on the Troyens loude sche cried ; 3024
' Alas, Tro- jans ! you are wrong to make merry, as you will see your children slain for this wedding's sake.	Sche seide : ' alas, vnwitti men, Caytiff Troyens, and wymmen ! Whi make 3e alle this Ioye and song ? Sicurly 3e haue gret wrong 3028 To make suche Ioye of here wedlak, For it schal greue 3ow alle the pak, For 3e schul se 3oure children selayn For weddyng of dame Eleyne, 3032 And 3e 3oure-self Caytyves schal dye For mochel wo and turmentrye.
Alas, noble Troy ! Thou wilt be thrown down for it.	¶ A noble Troye ! that art so hye, This weddyng schaltow dere abye ! 3036 Thow schalt be throwen down in haste For this weddyng, and lefft al waste !
Alas, Hectuba !	A Hectuba, gentil qwene ! Whi tholed thow alle that wo and tene 3040 In thi noble children burthe, When this vnsely caytyff murthe
all your sons and Pollexene, and yourself will die, and your husband.	Schal reue the alle thi sones here, And Pollexene, that is the dere ; 3044 And thow thi-selff schal dye ther-by, And thi lord also witterly !
If you knew what will be- fall, you would send Eleyne back.	Wiste 3e, what her-of wolde be-falle, 3e wolde lette this weddyng alle 3048 And sende hir home ouer the see To him that schulde hir lord be.
Woe on Eleyne ! so much woe, as she will bring upon us !	A Eleyne, thow wicked best ! Wo worth thi bones and thi fair fest ! 3052 So mychel wo, or long be gon, As thow schalt make to vs echon !

Suche sorwe sche made, and many mo	[lf. 46.]	3055	
Cassandre made among hem tho.		3056	
But Priamus bad hir sitte stille,			Priamus bids
For alle the toun thought ther-of ille.			Cassandra
For sche nolde do his byddyng			cease, and as
For wele ne wo ne other thyng,		3060	she does not
Then putte thei here in distresse			obey, impri-
For here crying and hir wodnesse.			sons her.
<b>E</b> Leyne is weddid to Paris			
With mochel murthe and Ioye y-wys ;		3064	
Eche man ther-of Ioye has,			
Thei ledyn here lyff In gret solas.			
But when the kyng Menelans			When Mene-
Herde telle of this chauns,		3068	laus hears
That thei of Troye hadde lad away			that the Tro-
Quene Eleyne vnto here pray,—			jans have
That was his owne gentil wiff,			carried off his
That he loued as his lyff,—		3072	wife,
Suche a sorwe to him he cau3te,			he almost
That his deth almost he lau3te :			dies for sor-
He lay in swone longe, or he spak ought,			row.
So was he so ney the dethe broght ;		3076	
But whan he reuerted and ros a3eyn,			
‘Alas,’ he seyde, ‘thow faire Eleyne!’			
He made for hir gret waymentynge,			
He my3th not se for his gretynge.		3080	
¶ Duke Nestor come and herde			Nestor com-
How that Menelaus ferde,			forts him.
And comforted him with al his myght,			
When he saw him in suche a plyght.		3084	
But he no-wise myght comfort haue,			
For he ferde as he scholde raue ;			
He toke his hors with-oute abode			Menelaus
And to his lond wel faste he rode ;		3088	rides home
			with Nestor,



	And duke Nestor with him ȝede,—	[lf. 46, bk.]	3089
	He wolde not leue him In that nede ;—		
for, when Eleyne was carried off, he was with Nestor at Pire.	For whan Troyens dede this trespas, Menelaus at home not was,		3092
	He was with duke Nestor, that sire, At his Cite that men called Pire.		
	Whan he was to his lond y-come, His men were glad alle and some ;		3096
He then sends letters to Agamem- non and to Castor and Pollux,	Vn-to his brother a lettre <sup>1</sup> he lete dyght, That Agamenon that tyme hyght, And to Pollux, and to kyng Castor,— That I haue spoken of be-fore,—		3100
	That were his wyues bretheren bothe : He prayed hem for leue or for lothe,		
to come to him.	That thei scholde come with-uten dwellyng And speke with him for any-thing.		3104
	<b>T</b> O him ȝede these thre kynges, When thei herde telle of these tydynges.		
	When Agamenon kyng was ware That his brother was so ful of care,		3108
Agamemnon says : ' Why lament, brother ?	He seyde : ' brother, for heuene kyng ! Whi makestow al this waymentyng ? Iff thow haue cause suche dole to make, Lete it passe and ouer-slake !		3112
	For in sorwe and dele-makyng Lenges non honour ne wynnyng.		
It is not honourable.	The more sorwe thow mase, Thi fomen gladdur is.		3116
	Thow greues alle that ben thi frende ; Leue ther-fore and make an ende, And seke vengauce of this ilke dede ! And that is worschepe and manhede ;		3120
Seek ven- geance, as all good knights do.	The maner is of euery good knyght, Off wrong, of schame, and of dispite.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alre*.

That him is don, vengauunce to take	[lf. 47.]	3123	
And not to wepe ne sorwe make.		3124	
¶ Leue brother! wostow euery dele,			
That alle the kynges wele			All the kings
Ben oure ffelawes and oure ffrende			are our friends
And wol with vs In oure help wende,		3128	and will help
Off this Mescheff and this myschaunce			us;
Off hem of Troye to take vengauunce?			
Ther nys no kyng, and we him pray			
To wende with vs, wol not say 'nay';		3132	none of them
To alle the kynges of that land			will say "nay,"
And we schal do hem to vndirstand,			if we ask
How thei the lond haue robbed and brend,			them.
And sclayn thi men and foule hem schend,		3136	
And led away Eleyn, thi wyff,			
And lefft thi-selff in wo and striff,			
In dispite and In gret Ire			
Off alle the kynges of Grece empire,		3140	
For the schame that thei dede hem,			
Thei haue on vs venged hem.			
And when thei heere of this tythandes,			
Ther is no kyng of Grece landes,		3144	
That thei wol come with grete meyne			
And wende with vs ouer the see,			All will join
And venge vs of the vylony			in avenging
That we haue for dame Oxony,		3148	the villainy
And wyne azeyn thi wiff Eleyne,			done to us.'
Maugre ther tethe, be thow certeyne!'			
<b>M</b> Enelaus held his pees,			
Off his sorwe he gan to sees;		3152	Menelaus
At his biddyng and his counsayle			then writes
Thenne by-gan this clerkes to tayle			letters
Parchemyn and lettres dite,			
And many another affter to write.		3156	

¶ **Hic Agamenon frater Menelaij misit literas suas ad Reges Grecorum.**

to all the  
Greek  
kings, to help  
him in taking  
vengeance for  
the carrying  
off of Eleyne.

Thei made *lettres* to kynges and prince, [lf. 47, bk.] 3157

To eche a lond and prouynce

That Gregeys<sup>1</sup> hadde in seygnorye :

To venge hem of that vilonye 3160

That thei haue taken of Troyens,

And foule haue sclayn ther citeseyns,

And led a-way Eleyne, the qwene,

To Menelaus gret wratthe and tene. 3164

But sykury to seye the sothe :

Both her  
brothers were  
so wrathful,  
that they went  
on board at  
once to follow  
and kill Paris,

Bothe here bretheren were so wrothe,

¶ Whan thei herde telle of this

That here suster ferd amys,— 3168

Thei nolde a-byde for no flot,

But toke ther men and schippus ful hot

And ȝede als faste In-to the see

With thaire men and here naue ; 3172

For thei wende wele hem ouer-tane

Paris sone, and bene his bane.

But sykury thei sayled not longe,

On In the see the wedur spronge, 3176

That thei were drowned bothe two

And alle here men with hem also.

but were  
drowned in a  
heavy tem-  
pest,

Hit was not fully two dayes past,

That thei were drowned bothe schip and mast, 3180

And lefte here lyues ther to-gedur

In that tempest and that wedur.

**A** Gamenon and his brother

To Thelaman and many other 3184

Kyng and duke ther *lettres* sente,

To alle that dwelled fer or hente,

To the lond of Grece that langed ;

And thei here *lettres* gladly fanged, 3188

And whan thei hadde here *lettres* red,

Eueryche a kyng to hem thanne sped

The Greek  
kings, on  
receiving  
Menelaus's  
letters, hasten

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Gregryns*.



¶ **Hic Reges Grecorum elegerunt Agamenon Imperatorem.**

And come to hem many a myle, [lf. 48.] 3191 to come to  
So that thei were with-Inne a while 3192 Menelaus.  
Mo then sixti kynges thore, Sixty kings  
That alle to Grece langed wore. gather.

When thei were comen alle in present,  
And non of hem was absent, 3196

¶ Menelaus told his cas :

"How he his wiff lorn has, Menelaus tells  
And how thei brende also his tounes them his  
In dispite of alle the Gryffounes." 3200 grievance.

When alle the kynges herde this tale  
How Troyens hadde don hem bale, 3200  
And hadde these grete playntes,—

Thei made a vowe to god and to his seyntes : 3204 All vow to  
"That thei schuld gadre her naue win back  
And wende with him ouer the see, Eleyne, and  
And with alle here men & here retenu burn Troy.

Wynne<sup>1</sup> azen Eleyne his dru, 3208  
And throwe doun Troye and al to-brenne,  
And venge hem on here fomene.

¶ But it was good"—the lordes seyde alle—

"For thynges that myght befall, 3212

That thei chese hem an Emperour They think  
To be alther gouernour, it good to have  
an Emperor,

That were amonges hem most of myght,  
And ouer-se hem alle with his syght ;"— 3216

'To rewle vs alle and to gouerne,  
Erly and late, loude and derne ;  
And that eche man do his biddying,  
Duke and prince, lord and kyng.' 3220

**T**Hei zede thanne to her parlement  
And seide be dome and right Iugement,  
That Agemenon was worthi  
By-fore alle other sikurly 3224

and choose  
Agamemnon,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And wyne.*

	To bere the state and to be Emperour, [lf. 48, bk.]	3225
	For he was wise and good gyour.	
They agree to meet in the harbour of Athens.	Thei sayden alle with-outen les, That to the hauen of Athenes	3228
	Was good to do her naue come, For ther myght thei alle stonde In romme, To alle the lordes that there were Were redy dyght and samed there	3232
	With ther meyne, to passe the flood Toward Troye, when thei seyen good.— And whan thei hadde ordeyned this, Thei toke ther leue In Ioye and blis;	3236
They go home to gather their men and navies,	And Agamenon and his brother And echon partyd tho fro other; And ȝede eche a man to his contre, And gadered men and his naue,	3240
and hasten back to Athens.	And spede hem faste to Athenes With gret naue and moche pres.	
	<b>A</b> lle men, beth now blythe! Herkenes now to me and lythe!	3244
Hearken now: you'll hear of many fights,	Herkenes now! and ȝe may here Meruayles many In my matere: In this talkyng may ȝe here telle Off ferly fyght, ffele and felle,	3248
of kings de- stroying Troy,	Of comely kynges corouned and kene, That Troye distroyed alle be-dene, And brende her houses on a blase;	
and of strong knights' deaths.	And how that strong knyghtes here lyff lase. Ther was the worthiest wyght In wede That euer by-strode palfray or stede,	3252
There was the worthiest hero, Hector, stronger than all others.	A bolder burne <sup>1</sup> was neuere non born— Alas that he was lyghtly for-lorn!— Ther was no man so strong of myght, As was Ector, that gentil knyght.	3256

Was non

<sup>1</sup> MS. *burde*.

Was non so proud proued his pere,	[lf. 49.]	3259	
The whiles he was on lyue here ;		3260	
For I ffynde In prose and ryme,			
Was non so strong In that tyme.			
He dede x thousand bakkes bende ;			
Men spekes of him In euery londe,		3264	All men speak
For he was strong In doughtynes,			of Hector's
Mighty in strengthe and hardynes.			strength and
Of myght I may him not discryue,			hardiness.
Ther lyues non suche here on lyue,		3268	
As Ector was, that strong knyght ;			
For he passed al other of myght.			
Som[what] wol I of him telle			I'll tell of him
And of other knyghtes felle,		3272	and other
Off him and of Troyle, his brother,			strong
And of strong knyghtes many other :			knights, and
¶ How that batayle of Troye be-gan,			of his brother
And how thai sythen the toun wan ;			Troylus :
And how thei gadered here meyne			
With al here store and there naue		3276	How the battle
In-to Athenes alle to-gedur,			began, how
And passed the see, when thei hadde wedur,			the town was
To Thenedoun, and dwelled ther lange,			won ; how
Er thei durste to Troye gange,—		3280	the Greeks
For drede thei hadde of gode Ectore,			gathered their
Off whom I haue spoken of before ;—			army at
And how thei sythen thenne paste			Athens and
And come to Troye atte laste,			came to
And lay ten 3ere be-fore the toun,			Thenedon,
Er thei it wan and keste it down ;			where—afraid
And how Gregeis and Troyens thore		3288	of Hector—
Faught ten 3ere and more ;			they waited
And how thei of Grece were conqueroures			for along time ;
And brente Troye with alle the toures.	g j	3292	how at last
			they came to
			Troy, be-
			leaguered
			it ten full
			years,
			and then con-
			quered it.



¶ *Hic Greci congregati sunt.*

Hearken now!  
The tale be-  
gins.

Herkenes now, both grete and smale! [lf. 49, bk.] 3293

For now be-gynnes al this tale:

How thei dede, and how thei faught,

And what and how ther dethe thei caught. 3296

In February  
the kings met  
at Athens.

**H**It was a day off Feuerer,  
That kynges, dukes, and Mariner  
With here naue vpon a res

Were Gadered alle to Athenes, 3300

With honour forth right

With Priamus and hese to fyght.

So fele knyghtes of gret renoun,

Ne so fele kynges corouned with croun, 3304

Were neuere 3it at on semble,

Off on *purpos*, ne neuere schal be;

Ne so fele schippis In on hauen,

Ne so fele with swordes and stauen, 3308

Was neuere sene for-sothe ne herde,

Sithen god made man first In this worlde.

Never before  
were so many  
knights and  
kings  
assembled,  
nor so many  
ships in one  
harbour.

Dares tells all  
their names  
and describes  
them;

¶ Dares telles in His scripture

Off eche a kyng and his stature, 3312

And here names and her making,

And discreues hem in alle thyng,

And the nombre that euery kyng broght,

And the wondres that thei wrought; 3316

but this would  
take me too  
much time.

Gret taryng it is to telle

That Dares makes vpon his spelle.

But sicurly with-oute lesyng:

Sithen that god made al thyng, 3320

Suche a peple was neuere y-sene—

Off alle the tyme that hath bene—

To-geder broght at o samyng

Off kynges and knyghtes old and 3yng, 3324

And so fele schippis on o flete,

Sethen shippus 3ede with sail or sprete.

Certainly  
never was  
such a host  
together  
before.

¶ *Hic est numerus Grecorum vz. lxviij. Reges & duces. et de militibus hominibus ad Arma. viij C. M<sup>l</sup>.*

For sicurli with-oute lye [lf. 50.] 3327

Ther was vpon the o partye 3328

Sixti kynges and dukes also

And .viij. sikerly with-uten mo.

Fonde 3e euere in any story

To-geder suche a company 3332

Off kynges, dukes, and of princes,

That comen were fro here prouynces ?

And so fele men broght on hepe,

That hardi were, doughti, and 3epe ? 3336

¶ For whan thei were with-oute les

Gadered alle in Athenes,

Thei nombred—I vndirstonde—

Mo than .xviij. C. thousande, 3340

And mo by hundredes .xviij. or .xix ;

And so fele men—I dar wel sene—

Off men of Armes—permafay !—

To-gedre at ones <sup>1</sup> sene was neuere on o day, 3344

Sithen that god this world bygan,

Ne neuere, sithen that batel bylan ;

Ne neuere man in erthe schal se,—

As longe as erthe sene schal be,— 3348

Ne so fele schippus to-gedur y-set,

As ther were thenne to-gedur met,

¶ With doughti men gadered so.

Alas, Paris, what hastow do, 3352

When thou leddest away Eleyne !

So many gode knyghtes for hir schul be selayne,

And alle thi kyn to dethe was broght.

Alas, Ector ! he rewys my thoght, 3356

That he schulde dye for his disert !

So strong he was In armes apert,

Ne neuere wrong he wolde do.

Alas, that thi god Appollo g ij 3360

<sup>1</sup> MS. *atones*.

On the Grecian side were sixty-eight kings and dukes.

There were more than 1,800,000 armed men at Athens.

Alas, Paris, what woe have you wrought, by carrying off Eleyne !

Oh, that Hector should die for her, and all the others !

100 *The Poet's Lament on the act of Paris: Agamemnon calls a Parliament.*

<p>Oh, Paris, that Apollo had drowned you, before you brought Eleyne home!</p>	<p>Ne hadde<sup>1</sup> throwe the Er thow haddist broght hir hom! By Ihesu Crist of Nazareth! I wolde, thow haddist taken the dethe, When thow wentist to Tytharie, To here and se that melodye!</p>	<p>[lf. 50, bk.] 3361    3364</p>
<p>Alas, Priamus, Hectuba, Troylus, Pollexena, and Andromede!</p>	<p>¶ Alas, me rewes of Priamus, Off Hectuba, and gode Troylus, Off Pollexene, and Andromede! That Paris made brend In a glede, Whan thow leddest away Eleyne Out of the temple of dame Vyane!</p>	<p>3368   3372</p>
<p>Oh, noble Troy, thrown down by Paris's crime!</p>	<p>¶ A noble Troye, that was rial, A-doun is throwen with ston an[d] wal; That made Paris and his euel wit. And elles hit scholde haue stonde 3it As longe as Ierusalem, Ne hadde Paris ben and his fals drem. Now artow doun, and thi toures hye, For Paris ffals a-voutrye!</p>	<p>3376   3380</p>
<p>Agamemnon bids all the kings hold a parliament with him.</p>	<p>Afftirward vpon a day, When alle these kynges of gret noblay And the dukes were gadered thore, Princes and Erles that worthi wore, Agamenon, the Emperour, Bad vnto his banyour: "Thorow the toun that he schulde crye, That euery lord scholde faste hye With-oute the toun In-to the playn; For ther he wolde In certayn Holde with hem a parlement." When these lordes were afftir sent, Then dwelled thei not longe, When thei wiste whedur to gonge.</p>	<p>3384   3388  3392</p>

<sup>1</sup> *he* added above line, doubtful if by same or another hand.



Agamenon dede thanne fette	[lf. 51.]	3395	
Formes and stoles hem on to sette.		3396	
When thei were setyn alle a-doun			
In that playn with-oute the toun,			
<b>A</b> Gamenon seyde: 'lordynges,			Agamemnon
Dukes, Princes, and corouned kynges,		3400	addresses
Beth alle in pes—I þow pray—			them:
And herkenes me, what I say:			
¶ Sithen god Adam and Eue wrought			
And alle this world made of noght,		3404	' Never did
Saw I neuere suche peple samen—			more people
Nother in earnest ne in gamen—			come together
Off worthi lordis to-gedur infere,			than are now
As we ben now to-gedur here		3408	here.
Vpon o kyng to þeue a-saute.			
Loke, what schame the deuel him augthte,			
That to him-self hath suche bale brewed,			
That hath vs alle aþeyn him meued!		3412	
How scholde he now with-stande			How should
Vs alle that ben here sittande,			Priamus
Whan fyue of oure with lasse emprise			withstand us,
Sclow his fadir and alle hise,		3416	when five of
Wan <sup>1</sup> his touz with-Inne a throwe			ours slew his
And sette his paleis on a lowe?			father and
But wete þe wel and beth siker,			won his town?
That thei of Troye wote of this byker		3420	
That we on hem thenke to be-gynne			But certainly
And here Cite with fors wyne,			the Trojans
And are aboute bothe nyght and day			know of our
To gete hem help alle that thai may,		3424	intentions,
To withstonde alle oure myght.			and prepare
Wherefore I rede, if þe thenke right,			for war.
That we sende som messenger			
To Delos Ile that is here ner,			Therefore let
	g iij	3428	us send a
			messenger to
			Delos

<sup>1</sup> MS. *When*.

¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt Achillem ad Appollum deum Grecorum.*

—A litel fro Gregeis landes, [lf. 51, bk.] 3429

Ther god Appollo ther-Inne standes—

and ask  
Apollo, what  
will befall.'

And wete of him his gode consayl:

“What schal be-tyde of this batayl 3432

Off oure *propes* and oure *afere*,

And what schal falle, whil we are there?”

The lordes seyde also: “so god vs spede!—

The lords  
agree to send  
Achilles and  
his cousin  
Patroclus to  
Delos.It were good Achilles *3ede* 3436

Vpon that erande, if it lykes him,

And Patroclus that is his cosyn.’

Thei prayed him alle that *viage* to take,

To do so moche for her sake; 3440

And he gaunted as sone here bone.

He toké a schip and wente sone

To the see and sayled faste,

Til thei were comen atte laste 3444

To the temple of Apollo,

And Patroclus with him also.

When thei were comen, thei wente to lande

In Delos they  
sacrifice and  
ask Apollo  
to say them  
the sooth.

And made to him a riche offerande, 3448

And offered to him a gret quantite

Off riche gold and of her mone,

And kneled down and him be-soght,

That he wolde layne it noght, 3452

But say the sothe: “what scholde be-tyde

Off his Gregeis, if thei ride?”

He answers,  
that they will  
conquer Troy  
before ten  
years go by.**A** Pollo sayde: ‘Achilles, ffriend,  
To thi Grikes<sup>1</sup> *azeyn* thow wend!

3456

And say, that thei be not agast,

But treuly be syker and stedefast!

Or this x *3ere* go fully out,

3e schal Troyens with-oute dout 3460

Scle echon in fyght &amp; stoures,

And 3e of Grece be conqueroures.’

<sup>1</sup> MS. *grikes*, altered from *grues*.

- A wondir cas that tyme be-felle [lf. 52.] 3463  
 In the temple—soth to telle,— 3464  
 When Achilles his answerè had,  
 And Appollo go thenne him bad  
 And <sup>1</sup> to the <sup>2</sup> Grikes <sup>3</sup> telle his answerè,  
 What scholde be-tyde of ther werre : 3468  
 A noble Clerk, that het Calcas,— Calchas, a  
 Off hem of Troye bysshop was,— Trojan bishop,  
 In that Ile on londe lyght, arrives,  
 And to Appollo he him dyght 3472  
 And ȝaff him ȝiftes grete and fele,  
 And bad him that he scholde not hele,  
 But say him soth and sicurly : makes offer-  
 “ Who scholde haue the victory, 3476 ings to Apollo,  
 And whether schulde Mayster be, and asks the  
 Thei of Grece or Troye Cite ?” sooth, who  
 ¶ Appollo seyde : ‘ Calcas, be ware shall win.  
 That thow a-ȝeyn to Troye not ffare ! 3480  
 For sicurly I telle it the :  
 Or .x. ȝer passe, thou schat se  
 The kyng off Troye be lorn and schent,  
 And his toun be taken and be brent. 3484  
 But ffelawe the with wordes mylde  
 With Achilles In this Il[d]e,  
 And wende with him to his Gregeis  
 And dwelle with him, ther is pais ; 3488  
 For thow schalt haue to hem gret nede.  
 Be my counseyl, to hem thow spede !’  
 CAlcas was a-Grised sore Calchas is  
 Of these wordes that he herde thore ; 3492 afraid at first,  
 But whan he wiste and hadde knowyng,  
 That it was sir Achilles ȝyng  
 That In the temple by-fore him stode,  
 Wel curtesly to him he ȝode g iiij 3496 but then goes

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And his.*  
 another hand.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *to the* inserted above the line by

<sup>3</sup> MS. *grikes*, altered from *grues*.



104 *Calchas goes to the Greeks, and meets their Chiefs and Agamemnon.*

to Achilles and offers him his service.	And profered him to his seruise And euere to be on of hyse ; And seyde : " that god Appollo Bad that he scholde do so."	[lf. 52, bk.] 3497   3500
Achilles receives him friendly.	Achilles seyde on fair manere : " He was to him leue and dere ;" ¶ He was glad of his contenance And made him gret daliaunce.	   3504
They sail to Greece.	And ȝede bothe in-fere to the see And toke here schippis and here meyne, And sayled faste fro the cost, Til thei come to the Gregeys ost.	   3508
Calchas is introduced to Agamemnon ; Achilles re- lates Apollo's answers.	And broght Calcas by-fore the kyng And tolde hem alle of tho tithyng : " What Answer that thei bothe hadde." Then were the Gregeis wondir gladd ; Euery lord his feste made, For Ioye and murthe thei were glade.	   3512
The Greeks re- joice, and thank their Gods.	¶ When thei herde these tithandis, Then thei held vp bothe here handis And thanked her goddis of here wille, That thei wold hem not spille.	  3516
Calchas is rewarded.	Thei ȝaff Calcas many a ȝifte, And swor alle by ther thrifte : " That he scholde euere be on of thaires, And him avaunce and alle his aires Off riche londis, rentis, and fece, In the londe for-sothe of Grece."	  3520  3524
Achilles and Calchas meet Agamemnon in his tent,	And alle the lordes of here ost Loued him bothe lest and most. ON the morwe, whan it was prime, When Sir Achilles saw his tyme, He and Calcas to-gedur wente Vn-to Gamenouns tente.	  3528

¶ **Hic Achilles & Calcas ibant ad tentorium Imperatoris.**

Ther alle the lordes of Grece were than	[lf. 53.]	353 <sup>1</sup>	where all the
To-geder there with many a man ;		353 <sup>2</sup>	Greek lords
The lordis welcomed hem alle			are assembled,
And sette hem down in the halle.			
A-Mong the lordes and other kynges			
Calcas seyde : ‘ herkenes, lordynges,		353 <sup>6</sup>	Calchas blames
Kynges and dukes that now are here,			the Greeks for
Princes and Erles to-gedur in-fere !			tarrying so
Ne was 3oure entensioun,			long,
When 3e come furst to this toun,		354 <sup>0</sup>	
With 3oure naue to Troye to wende,			
3oure enemyes to qwelle and to schende ?			
Whi lye 3e here In pes so longe ?			
Hope 3e not, here 3ow amonge		354 <sup>4</sup>	warns them of
That Priamus has here many spies,			spies
That 3oure consayl to him [un-]wries			
And telle hem alle that 3e say ?			
Somer is passed ner-honde a-way ;		354 <sup>8</sup>	
3e do not elles but makes hem bolde			and of the
The toun a3eyn 3ow for to holde,			preparations
And steris the toun bothe nyght and day,			of Priamus,
And geten hem help alle that thei may ;		355 <sup>2</sup>	
For thei holde 3ow so sore agast,			
That 3e dar not with hem wrast :			
For it passes more than a 3ere,			
Sithen alle the lordes that are here		355 <sup>6</sup>	
Were gadered here to-gedur,			
And haue had right fair wedur,			
And durst neuere passe the see.			
What may thei wene, but it be		356 <sup>0</sup>	
For cowardise and gret ferdnesse,			
For feblenesse and arwenesse ?			
Let sette 3oure schippis forth on flote,			and admon-
Dromond, Caryke, barge, and bote,		356 <sup>4</sup>	ishes them to
			go on board

**P Hic nauigant versus Troianos.**

and not to  
render their  
Gods so angry,  
that they will  
hinder them  
from what  
they promised.

All the lords  
accept  
Calchas's  
counsel to put  
to sea next  
morning.

In the  
morning they  
weigh anchor  
and put to sea.

And sayle forth with-outen dwellyng, [lf. 53, bk.] 3565  
 So helpe 3ow god at 3oure endyng!  
 Ne tarieth not In 3oure goddys behestē!  
 I warne 3ow bothe most and leste, 3568  
 That 3oure fals hertes and faynt byleue  
 May 3oure goddis so moche greue,  
 That thei may bothe 3ow turne and lette  
 Off that thei haue 3ow hette. 3572  
 Therfore to-morwe, whan it dawes,  
 I rede 3e take the wawes,  
 Whil 3e haue wedur at wille,  
 That wyntir-wedur 3ow ne spille.' 3576  
 Alle the lordes that were thore  
 A-lowed<sup>1</sup> riȝth wel his lore:—  
 “And it was profitable,  
 And the tyme was fair and able 3580  
 To take the tyme with-oute drede;  
 Hit was schame—so god me spede—  
 That thei hadde dwelled so longe ther.”  
 Agamenon bad alle that ther wer, 3584  
 Lord and prince, Duke and kyng:  
 “That thei made hem redy In the euenyng,  
 That thei were redi erly at morwen,—  
 When thei herde him blowe his horne,— 3588  
 With schip and sail, spret and ore;  
 For ther wolde thei dwelle no more.”  
 N ight is gon, the Cok hath crowen,  
 Agamenon hath his horn blowen; 3592  
 And alle men thenne here schippis vnbonde,  
 And here Ankeres alle In-wonde,  
 And lefte the hauen and toke the see  
 With alle here schippis and here naue. 3596  
 Thei drow ther sayl vnto the top;  
 Here schippis sayled gay and prop,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *A lowel.*



In thei were comen in-to Troye listes.— [lf. 54.]	3599	
A <sup>1</sup> , Priamus, if that thow wistes	3600	Alas, Priamus,
The sorwe that comes to the and thine		
Off noble Troye the gret ruyne!		
Haddest thow don be Ectores rede,		hadst thou
Then haddest thow not be dede.	3604	done after
Now comes thi sorwe and thi wo,		Hector's
Alas, thi Ioye schal ouer-go!—		advice, thou
¶ These Gregeis saylen vpon a ras		wouldst not
Toward Troy with gret manas;	3608	have come to
The wynd was good to ther byhoue,		thy death!
Thei sailed on brod and gon by-loue,		
Til thei come to Troye land.		The Greeks
Thei saw an hauen by-fore ham stand	3612	sail to Troy,
With a Castel wondir strong,		
With walles hye and dikes long.		get sight of a
Al that flote thedur drow,		harbour and
For it was gret and mochel y-now.	3616	a castle,
To herbare alle here schippis In;		
Til thei come ther, thei nolde <sup>2</sup> blyn.		and intend to
¶ The men that in the castel were,		cast anchor
When thei saw Gregeis there,	3620	there.
Out of the Castel faste thei ran,		
Armed wel euery man;		The
To the see thei wolde wende,		inhabitants of
That the Gregeis wolde defende,	3624	the castle
That thei nedes mot on lande lyght;		attack them,
For therto dede thei al here myght.		
But thei were foles—that was sene,—		but are de-
For thei lefft not on of Troyene,	3628	feated.
That thei ne bere down and sclow hem alle;		
Afftir mercy myght thei not calle,		
For of hem hadde thei no pite,		
Thei brende her toun, bothe tymber and tre,	3632	The castle is
		burnt.

<sup>1</sup> MS. A.

<sup>2</sup> MS. wolde.

¶ *Hic Greci destruxerunt Insulam Thenodonis & ceperunt Castellum.*

And Toke here castel and threwe it doun [lf. 54, bk.] 3633

With alle the dyches enviroun.

And when thei hadde thus y-wroght

And the castel to grounde y-broght, 3636

Thei ȝode to schip euery man

And sayled forth to <sup>1</sup> Thenedam

That was fro Troye but six mile.

When thei were comen In-to that Ile, 3640

Thei lete doun saile and ankeres caste

And bounden here schippis ther wel faste,

And Armed hem and ȝede to londe

And sclow and robbed al that thei fonde. 3644

**A**T Thenedoun a Castel stode,

Strong &amp; styff, gret and gode,

With walles wroght wondir hye,

And dikes doluen depe and drye; 3648

So strong was non in that contre

Saue Troye self, that riche Cite.

It was ful of gret riches

Off alle the contre more and les; 3652

Thei dede here goodes thedur brynge,

When men tolde of Grues comynge,

And left hem ther for sekurnes;

And many a lady with hem is. 3656

¶ The Gregeis ben alande alle went,

Thei haue the toun taken and brent;

Vnto the Castel ar thei gon

And beseged it anon: 3660

Thei sette engynes al aboute,

And grete stones thei did In route,

And som sette laddres to the walle.

But thei with-Inne gert hem alle: 3664

Thei brak here neckis right on-sunder,

Thei sclow of Grece mo than an hunder.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *fro*.Then the  
Greeks sail  
farther on to  
Thenedon,where they  
land, to kill  
and rob.There was a  
very strong  
castle,where the  
Trojans had  
hidden all  
their richesand many of  
their ladies.  
The Greeks  
besiege itwith engines  
and ladders;but the  
defenders  
slay many  
Greeks.

With-Inne a while at that assault	[lf. 55.]	3667	Within a
That thei with-Inne so longe han faut		3668	while the
And were so chaufed In here Armure,			Trojans get
That thei myght not for feble dure,			tired and
Ne on ther feet on the wal stande,			feeble.
Ne holde her wepen In her hande.		3672	
¶ Then ȝede to dethe many Troyanes ;			
And ȝit mo died of Gryffones,			
For thei with-Inne greves hem sore,			
Als feble as thei wore :		3676	However, they
Thei bare Gregeis doun fro the walles			kill many
With grete speres and ledon balles,			Greeks,
And lefft hem lyinge in the dikes ;			
Echon of hem at other strykes,		3680	
Thei with-Inn and thei with-out.			
But then come eft a newe route			till a fresh
Off Gryffons felle, that hem assayled			band arrives,
And hem with-Inne so trauayled,		3684	
That thei moste dye or elles hem ȝelde ;			
For thei myght not hem-self welde			and they
For long fyghtyng and werynes,			cannot defend
Ne hem defende for feblenes.		3688	the castle any
<b>T</b> Hen clombe the Gregeis on the walles,			longer.
And some ȝede In at the wyndowes ;			The Greeks
Then were Troyens In mochel drede,			climb the
And some out ouer the walles ȝede ;		3692	walls ; the
For-sothe thei flow alle that ther ware.			Trojans are
Wiff ne childe nolde thei non spare,			put to flight.
Knyght ne squier, knaue ne boy,			The
Ne non that longed [vn-]to Troy.		3696	inhabitants
Alle the goodis that there wore			are killed,
Thei bare to schippis thore,			
And brende the Castel and threwe it doun,			the goods
That men myght se to Troye toun		3700	plundered,
			the castle
			burnt down.



	Ouer alle the hillis that were hye,	[lf. 55, bk.]	3701
	Off Thenedoun the Gret Cite.		
	¶ Thenedoun is down and take ;		
	It liggis down in the lake ;		3704
	That stod so stronge and so hye ore,		
	Now is it on the grounde thore.		
The Greeks rejoice.	The Gregeys were mery and glad		
	Off the Castel that thei had/		3708
Agamemnon commands that all the booty taken in Thenedon	¶ Agamenon dede comaunde :		
	“ That alle the Gregis In a laund		
	Schuld come and with him brynge		
	Catel, goodes, and alle other thyng,		3712
	That thei hadde wonnen at here pray		
	Off that Castel that ilke day ;		
shall be brought to him.	That no thyng schulde be with-holden,		
	Don a-way, ne fro him stolen —		3716
	As thei wolde haue lyff and lym ! —		
	But al to-gedur brynge to hym.”		
	And so thei dyd ilke a man :		
	Alle the good, that euere thei wan		3720
	Off the castel and of the toun,		
It is brought.	Thei broght with hem and laide adoun.		
He divides it among the most worthy warriors,	¶ And he delte hit aboute him thore		
	To hem that most worthi wore		3724
	And most hadde put her lyff In werre		
	And ffauzt fastest with her powerre,		
	The castel for to gete and wynne		
	And the godis that were ther-Inne.		3728
and bids all come to a parliament next morning.	¶ “ The morwe afftir at the sonne rysyng ” —		
	He bad — “ that euery lord and kyng		
	In that lond with him schulde be		
	With-oute drede, for ther wolde he		3732
	Holde a parlement general		
	With alle the lordis gret and smal.”		

¶ *Consilium Grecorum.*

- ¶ The morwe afftir In the dawenyng, [lf. 56.] 3735  
 Er the sonne be-gan to sprynge, 3736  
 Were comen to him—or it was day—  
 Alle the lordes that ther lay.  
 When thei were to-gedir met,  
 And echon down by other set, 3740  
 Agamenon seyde: 'lordynges,  
 Princes, dukes, and kynges!  
 Alle this world bothe ffer and ner  
 Spekes moche of oure Power 3744  
 And wot, that we are mochel of myght,  
 That no man may vs greue be ryght,  
 But we of hem vengauunce take.  
 But herkenes now alle for my sake! 3748  
 I holde that power good euery tyde  
 That is with-oute the vice of pride,  
 For ofte it falles many to wo.  
 And oure goddis hates hit also: 3752  
 He that loues pride, or hit haunte,  
 Ther-with wol thei not graunte.—  
 I wolde ther-fore, that no man sayde,  
 Ne that it come vs In vmbrayde, 3756  
 That we pride In oure doying,  
 Ne we with pride be-gon this thyng.  
 ¶ 3e wot alle wel, whi we are comen  
 And oure way hedur has nomen: 3760  
 To venge vs on kyng Priamus  
 Off the schame that he dede vs.  
 I wot also, how we haue brent  
 His castelles and his tounes schent. 3764  
 Wherfore, if he were oure fo ore<sup>1</sup>,  
 He hatis vs now wel more  
 And wolde now fayner take vengauunce,  
 If god 3aue him suche a chaunce. 3768

When they  
have met,

Agamemnon  
admonishes  
them not to  
become proud,

as that  
displeases the  
Gods:

'Priamus is  
now of course  
more angry  
with us than  
ever, after we  
have burnt  
his castles and  
towns.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ore*, altered from *ere*.

	And thei haue gotten hem gret pouste	[lf. 56, bk.]	3769
The Trojans know that their town is very strong;	And wote wel, that theire Cite Is bothe styff, stalworthe, and strong, Gret and mochel, large and long,		3772
	And ful of men and gode verroures, That bold and hardy bene in stoures. And thei that were lesse then we,		
they have the privilege of being in their own country.	Thei are at home In here contre, And that is tyme—so mote I thryue— A wondir gret prerogatyue :		3776
	For offte men In theire owne contre Scholde spede ȝow, ther were les then we ;		3780
	That is, men,—as mot I thrine— A wonder gret prerogatyue.		
But I don't speak so for fear, as we may well confound them.	But thenk not, that I say this For drede ne ffer—so haue I blis— That we may the Troyens spille And take the toun aȝeyn ther wille :		3784
	For ther nys no kyng so strong, Ne no toun so large ne long,		3788
	That we ne may hem confounde And keste his Cite to the grounde.		
But again :	¶ But sikurly and be my fay ! Herfore it is, that I say :		3792
don't be proud, as we were when we said "No" to Priamus's message to send Oxonie back.	If pride be non in oure nede, We schal be worthi mochel mede. ȝe wote alle wele that ben here, That Priamus sent his messangere And prayed vs alle curtesly, To sende him home dame Oxony ; And we with pride seyde "nay." That hem mysliked permafay !		3796
Had we sent her,	And hadde we thenne his suster send Home to him with-oute amend,		3800



¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios suos ad Regem Troianum.*

Off al the harme that we him dud	[lf. 57.]	3803	
Hadde now not this harme tud,		3804	the harm they
That thei dede vs in Thitarie ;			did us in
Thei hadde not made suche robrie,			Thitharie
Ne qwene Eleyne fro thenne led			would not
Fro the kyng that here hadde wed.		3808	have befallen
I wot neuere what wol be-falle ;			us.
I rede ther-fore, if 3e rede alle,			
That we sende oure Messager,			Therefore let
Wise and 3epe, on fair maner,		3812	us send a
And bid him wende to Troye Cite			messenger to
To Priamus and his meyne,			Priamus,
And bidde the kyng : " sende vs a-3eyn			
With-oute dwellyng the quene Eleyne		3816	and bid him
And make amendes of that Paris			send us back
In Thitarie dede amys."			Eleyne at
And if it be that he thus do,			once.
Oure worschepe is certis saued so ;		3820	
And we may home with-oute more wende,			If he do so, our
For we haue made a worthi ende :			honour is
We may no more aske by skyl,			saved ;
If thei wil alle this fulfil.		3824	
And if it be that thei wol noght			if not, we shall
Do that we haue hem be-soght,			fight him.
And elles we wil with hem fyght			
With alle oure power and oure myght ;		3828	
And men schal blame her wodnes			
And [praysen] ws ffor <sup>1</sup> oure meknes.			
<b>A</b> nd therfore, lordes, say me now :			What do you
Off this consail what thynke 3ow ?		3832	think of this
Some assented wel ther-to			counsel ?
And sayde, " it was wel to do ;"			Some assent,
And some helde it for a cowardyse,			
To make a pees In suche a wyse ;	hj	3836	some call it
			cowardice ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ws* and *ff* on erasure ; behind *ffor* a word like *seche* seems to have stood.

¶ *Hic ueniunt duo Reges Grecorum ad Regem Troianum.*

but at last all  
accept it.  
Diomedes and  
Ulixes are sent  
to Troy.

But atte laste thei alle assent. [lf. 57, bk.] 3837

And on this erand two kynges went,

That noble kyng Diomedes,

And his felawe, sir Vlixes<sup>1</sup>. 3840

**T**O Troye ben come these kynges

To Priamus with here tydynges

In-to his halle, ther he was set;

In Priamus's  
hall they  
make no  
obeisance and  
sit down  
fiercely.  
Ulixes speaks  
their message:

But non of hem thei ones gret, 3844

But sette hem down with semblaunt store

A-ȝeyn the kynges in-myddis the flore.

Lixes<sup>2</sup> sais: 'haue ȝe no meruayle,

That we, sir kyng, the nothyng hayle! 3848

For we knowe wel the for oure enemy,

And we be thin sicurly.

But herkenes, what we wol say,

And late vs wende on oure way: 3852

¶ Agamenon, oure Emperour,

That is kyng of gret fauour,

Sendes the word and biddis the

By this kyng & also by me: 3856

'Send back  
Eleyne, and

"Sende to him Eleyne the quene,

If thow wilt be with-outen tene,

make amends,

And make amendes to him holy

Off the schame and vylony, 3860

That Paris dede to his brother,

To him also, and to many other."

And but if thow wil, he sendet the word:

or die, and

"That thow schalt dye with spere and sword, 3864

And alle thi folk and thi meyne;

have Troy  
burnt.'

And riche Troye, thi faire Cite,

Schal be brent and doun ytrowe,

And thow and thyne be broght wel lowe." 3868

**P**Riamus was with hem y-tened,

Whan he saw what thei mened.

<sup>1</sup> V put before l by a later hand; cf. 3847.

<sup>2</sup> Lixes; cf. note 1.





words, and threaten to kill him ;	That Dyomedes, the Gregeys, Vn-to the kyng In his Paleys Spake thus foule and vilously. Many a Troien drow hem ney, With drawen swordes vengauunce to take Off him for his wordes sake.	[lf. 58, bk.] 3905
	¶ But Priamus him-self vp ros, And to his men wel sone he gos	3908
but Priamus prevents them.	And bad hem alle on lyff and lym, Not so hardy to greue him. Eueas, that by the kyng sat, Was an-angered sore for that ;	3912
Eneas says : ' Sir king, it were best to force him to make amends for his vile words ; and I should punish him, if you were not here.'	He saide : ' sir, if it were thi wille, Me thenke that it were gret skille, That he his wordes dere aboght, That 3ow and vs hath set at noght ; And ne were it drede of 3ow, He scholde this wordis abyenow.'	3916
	<b>D</b> yomedes 3af no tale Off alle that sat there In that sale,	3920
Diomedes challenges Eneas to meet him outside the town.	He sayde to Eueas al on hye : ' Thow that sittes the kyng so neye, God 3if grace, that I the mete With-oute the toun by styen strete ! I schal the qwhite wel thi mede Off thi gode wordes, so god me spede !'	3924
	¶ But his felawe Vlixes Bad him : " be stille and holde his pees And leue his fare and his Langelyng ;" Vlixes saith thenne to the kyng : ' We haue herd al that thow sais ; We wol now wende to oure Gregeis, And tydynges to hem fro 3ow bere Off thi saynge and thin answer.'	3928
Ulixes bids Diomedes be silent, and addresses the king : ' We shall now go to tell your answer to our Greeks.'		3932
		3936

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt magnum consilium.*

Thei toke here horses sone anon, [lf. 59.] 3939

And to the Gregeis gan thei gon 3940

Ouer downe and ouer dike,

As faste as thei myght prike,

Til thei come to Thenedoun.

They ride  
back to  
Thenedon  
and relate the  
answer.

Thei sayde to Agamenoun 3944

And<sup>1</sup> alle the lordes that ther wore,

What answer that thei ȝaff hem thore.

¶ The Gregeis were merueyled,

What myght it be that hem ayled, 3948

In wham thei hadde so moche trayst,

That thei were right not a-bayst.

Many a counsayl then thei sought,

How thei myght brynge hem to noght. 3952

**G**Ret consail and parlementes

Thei made ofte In her tentes :

How thei scholde do, and how to fete,

The Greeks  
hold many  
councils of  
war.

For Troye to wyne for that grete hete; 3956

And how thei scholde lyue, whil thei were thore,

And w[h]ere thei scholde haue her store.—

Vpon a day that emperour

Alle<sup>2</sup> the lordes of that honour 3960

In-to a playn dede clepe and calle;

When thei were comen to him alle,

¶ He seide : ‘lordynges, se ȝe alle wele :

The Troyens ȝeue of vs no dele; 3964

With fairnes wil thei not loute,

Thei ben of herte so stoute.

With myght and strengthe we mot conquere

Alle that in the toun are there,— 3968

And long also ben ȝeres ten,—

For thei ben alle doughti men;

And we may hem not assaile,

But if vs come ofte vitayle. h iij 3972

Agamemnon  
says :

‘ With might  
and strength  
we must  
conquer Troy,  
and so we  
must have  
much food.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *That*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And alle*.

¶ *Hic incipit bellum per Grecos contra Regem Cesile.*

Here is a lond with-Inne the see, [lf. 59, bk.] 3973

Off alle manere of good that is plente ;

I wene, men calle hit Cecyle.

If that it be ȝoure alleres wille, 3976

I rede : sende thedur oure sonde

To the kyng of that londe,

And bidde him, that he wol puruay

Mete and drynke by nyght and day 3980

And sende vs ouer with pees & reste ;

And thus me thinket, it were beste.'

When Agamenon hadde sayde thus,

Achilles and sir Thelaphus— 3984

That was Ercules owen sone—

Were chosen be eleccione,

To do this erande and wende ther way ;

And nother of hem seide ' nay.' 3988

Thei toke *with* hem, to passe the see,

Off doughti knyghtes thousandes thre,

And sayled faste vnto that land

And lete here schippus In hauen stand, 3992

And drow out horses and stedes

And here strong Iren wedes.

**W**Hen Theman kyng herd say,

That thei of Grece In suche aray 3996

Were upon his lond alyght,

He made him redi with hem to fyght ;

He broght with him to that batayle

Off men of Armes and other pedayle 4000

Thousandes fele and hundres als,

With swerdes and scheldes aboute here hals.

And whan Gregeis saw hem comande,

To putte hem thus out of that lande, 4004

Opon a res thei to him rode,

And thei to him with-uten abode.

If you agree,  
let us send to  
Sicily and bid  
its king pro-  
vide us with  
meat and  
drink.'

Achilles and  
Thelaphus are  
sent to Sicily :

They set sail  
with 3,000  
knights.

When they  
land, King  
Theman  
comes to fight  
them.



A gret batayle was be-twene hem tho,	[lf. 60.]	4007	A great battle follows.
For her enemys were wel the mo,		4008	
For sicur thei were suche thré			
Then Achilles & his meyné.			
On euery side thei fel thikke doun,			Many fall on both sides,
Some alle dede, and som in swoun.		4012	some dead, some in swoon.
Off hem of Grece ther died gret won,			
And of that other many on.			
The Gregeis were of gret power,			
Thei ne hadde endured in no maner,		4016	The Greeks would not have held out but for Achilles.
Ne hadde Achilles I-bene			
Agayn her foos—and that was sene.—			
He saw many that him assayled			
And his men wel thikke fayled ;		4020	
He loked wel faste In here fyghtyng,			
Where he myght se her kyng ;			
Where he faught, he was wel war,			
And Gregeis faste to erthe he bar.		4024	
<b>A</b> chilles then vnto him prykes,			Achilles strikes King
And many a strok to him he strikes,			Theman to the ground,
And threwe him doun to the grounde			hideously wounded.
With many delful hidous wounde ;		4028	
He thoght the kyng right ther selo,			
Or he wolde fro him go.			
¶ But Thelaphus that be-held			Thelaphus appeals to Achilles to spare Theman.
And kept that strok vpon his scheld,		4032	
He seide : ‘ Achilles, leue sire,			
For goddis loue, leue thin Ire !			
I pray 3ow for goddis ore,			
That 3e to him do harme no more ;		4036	
But 3eues me this curtais knyght,			
That 3e haue ouercome in fyght.’			
¶ Achilles sayde : ‘ what may this be ?			Achilles says : ‘ What ails you to ask
Thelaphus, what eyles the,	h iiij	4040	

mercy for your enemy?’	Off me to craue and aske mercy	[lf. 60, bk.]	4041
	Off him that is thin enemy?’		
Thelaphus replies :	Thelaphus seide : ‘sire, be my fay!		
	Al the sothe I schal 3ow say,		4044
	Now ar 3e hennes wende :		
‘He was my father’s friend; he did me much honour.’	This man was my fadir frende,		
	And gret worschepe to me hath done ;		
	By him, that made sonne & mone,		4048
	For him therfore mercy I craue,		
	The kny3tes body of the to haue.’		
Achilles says : ‘Take him and do with him what you please.’	¶ ‘Thelaphus,’ he seyde, ‘take him the,		
	I 3eue him the al clene fro me ;		4052
	Do with him al thi wille,		
	Whether thow wil saue him or spille.’		
	Thelaphus toke vp thenne Theman,—		
	For bledynge he was blo and wan,—		4056
	And sente him home to his dwellyng ;		
	Off here fyght made thei endyng.		
Theman prays Thelaphus and Achilles to come home with him, as he is dying heirless, and will make Thelaphus king of his land.	But Theman prayed sir Achilles		
	And Thelaphus with-uten les :		4060
	“That thei wolde home with him wende,		
	For he was ney at his ende ;		
	And Thelaphus wolde he kyng make		
	And his reme to him take,		4064
	For of his body hadde he non air,		
	To kepe that lond that was so fair.”		
	¶ To-geder bothe with him thei wente,		
The battle ends.	Whan the batayle was thus ente.		4068
	Whan thei come to his forselet,		
	And he was layde, and thay doun set,		
Theman sends for his barons and makes them do homage to Thelaphus.	He sente affter his baronage,		
	And dede hem <sup>1</sup> make to him omage		4072
	And corouned him by-forn hem alle,		
	To be here kyng, right In that halle.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hem*, altered from *him*.

And thus Thelaphus is mad her kyng	[lf. 61.]	4075	
And has that lond in gouernynge,		4076	
For Theman dyed in that stede			Theman dies
And beryed he was with mochel pride.			and is buried.
<b>T</b> Helaphus is now lord and sire			
Off al that lond and that empire		4080	
And alle the goodes that Theman hadde,			
And alle ben hise, for so he badde ;			
For he is ded and richely graven.			
And Achilles is In the haven,		4084	Achilles fills
And his schippus are richely fraught			his ships with
With flesshe and fysche and other aught,			victuals.
With corne and mele and tonnes of flour			
And gentil wyne of good odour ;		4088	
And maketh him redi forward to fare,			
And Thelaphus makes him al ȝare			Thelaphus
With him a-ȝeyn to the Gregeis go,			remains in
To Thenedoun that he come fro.		4092	Sicily, to pro-
¶ But Achilles to him says,			vide the
“That he scholde dwelle ther In pais			Greeks with
And puruay vitayles and store,			fresh victuals.
That thei may lyue, whil that thei ben thore.”		4096	
And Thelaphus dwellid stille			
At his byddyng aȝeyns his wille,			
And Achilles toke the see			Achilles sails
With his vitayles and his naue ;		4100	to Thenedon.
And sayled forth to Thenedoun,			
Ther he fond Agamenoun			
And alle the lordis of that ost			
Dwellynge stille in that cost.		4104	
¶ And when thei herde of his comyng,			Agamemnon
To him thei ran bothe lord and kyng			and the lords
And welcomed him deuotly,			are glad to see
Of his comyng glad were thei.		4108	him back.



He relates  
how they sped.

"How he hadde sped," he tolde hem alle, [lf. 61, bk.] 4109

"And of Thelaphus how it was falle,  
And dwelled ther stille and be lord and kyng  
And *puruay* hem vitayles of alle thyng;" 4112

He schewed the vitayles that thei hadde brought  
With him to londe, he heled it noght.

The Greeks re-  
joice at the  
virtuals and  
Thelaphus's  
kingship.

Then were the Gregeis Proude and fayn,  
That thei herde the *certayn*, 4116

That he was lord of that kyndome  
Fro whethen alle that riches is come.

Thei bad god ȝeue him blis,  
That so wisly him dud I-wys; 4120

For now drede thei no-thing,  
Nother of mete ne of drynk,

¶ Now hath Achilles hem vitayles brought.

Agamemnon  
thinks how  
best to besiege  
Troy.

Agamenon is In moche thoght, 4124

How thei schul Troye be-sege best;

Many a wyle and wit the[i] kest,

Whether thei wente by day or by nyght

And take the land with-oute syght, 4128

Whil thei of Troye were alle on selepe

And to hem wolde take no kepe;

But thei were ferd, if that thei went

By nyghtes tyme, lest thei were yschent 4132

And breke her schippus on cragges and stones,

And lost hem selff al at ones.

And so dwelled the Gregeys thore

A ful twelue monthe and more, 4136

That thei to Troye toke non hede;

So hadde thei alle of hem suche drede.

But Stace telles vs and says,

That thei lye so long in pays 4140

For drede thei hadde of Ector knyght,

So mochel thei dredde of his myght.

They are  
afraid to  
attack the  
Trojans by  
night, as they  
fear wrecking  
their ships on  
the crags.  
So they wait  
a year without  
heeding Troy  
—for fear of  
Hector, as  
Stace (Statius)  
says.

Then seyde Diomedes :	[lf. 62.]	4143	Diomedes says : ' How
'How longe schal we lye her In pes,		4144	long shall we
Gode men, kynges and dukes ?			lie here? We
Drede of herte vs alle rebukes !			so fear our
We ben so ferd of oure enemys,			enemies that
That thei bere vs to no prys ;		4148	they despise us.
We haue now leyne and rest vs here—			
3e wot alle wel—more than a 3ere,			
That we durst neuere be water ne londe			
Se ones Troye right at honde.		4152	
What may they wene but cowardise			
Off vs for-sothe and gret ffayntise,			
That we ben so of hem a-dred,			They think us
That we for drede ben al mad ?		4156	cowards.
¶ Alas that we so longe a-byden,			
That we ne hadde rather to hem reden			
And the toun myghtily assayled,			
Sicurlly it hadde vs a-vayled !		4160	
For now drede thei vs right noght,			They don't
For we haue noght to hem wroght,			fear us, but
But spend oure good and oure vitayle ;			gather new
And that doth vs noght a-vayle.		4164	forces, as we
And thei hem gete lordes kene,			may see our-
A-3eyns vs hem to mayntene ;			selves.
For we haue sene, sethen we come hidur,			
Many kynges comen thedur		4168	
With gret meyne and chiuallrie,			
To helpe wel her partie.			
¶ Gret schame it is—as hit is sene—			It is a shame
That we durst neuere Troye mene,		4172	that we dare
Ne neuere durst we hit ones se,			not yet attack
Kyng Priamus and his Cite !			them.
Whi dwelle we thus In suche manere ?			
I rede, dwelle we no lenger here,		4176	I advise you





- ¶ He gadered his schippus on a route, [lf. 63.] 4211  
 And bad hem gadere him a-boute 4212  
 And sayle besyde him euer nye,  
 And drawe her sayl wel on hye,  
 And sette here baneres on the mast ;  
 And sayle forth were thei not agast 4216  
 Toward Troye a wel gode pas.  
 And alle these other vpon a ras,  
 Euery lord—as he was boden,—  
 Now are thei toward Troye reden 4220  
 With gret thretyng and manas hard.  
 Prothesely hath the vanward,  
 The lond of Troye for to take ;  
 But furst schal he and alle hese qwake 4224  
 For drede of deth, or thei take reste ;  
 Er schal thei suffre mochel breste,  
 Or thei take bank or brynke ;  
 Thei tolde it not as thei thynke. 4228
- G**Regeis ben alle graythed 3are  
 To the touz of Troye to fare ;  
 Thei ar comen so ney her wones,  
 That thei se bothe toures and stones 4232  
 And the subbarbes al aboute ;  
 But thei hadde so moche doute,  
 How thei scholde on londe lyght  
 For hem of Troye whan thei hadde a syght ; 4236  
 For many a Troyen sen thei stonde  
 Armed wel opon the londe,  
 To put hem fro the water bankes,  
 That thei ne tok lond but ther vnthankes. 4240
- ¶ But sicurly when thei of Troye,  
 Kyng and quene, knyght and boye,  
 Say the Gregeys sayles long and large,  
 Eche man hente bothe sword and targe 4244
- They prepare  
 their ships and  
 sail to Troy.
- Before they  
 take it, they  
 will have to  
 suffer much.
- When they get  
 sight of the  
 town, many  
 armed Trojans  
 are standing  
 on the banks.

And drow forth hors and gret cou[r]ser, [lf. 63, bk.] 4245

And rode and ran to the ryuer

With-oute heste of here kyng

Or with-uten Ectoris wetyng; 4248

That Gregeys scholde no lond take

With-oute bale and mochel wrake.

Protheselaus  
sails against  
the Trojans,

¶ But Prothesaly the formast was

Off alle the schippis In that ras, 4252

Saw he not no better to do

Ne on no wise to come to,

But thorow strokes and fyght.

He sayled forthe to hem streyght 4256

With alle the schippis In his ledyng;

but by his  
great folly

But gret foly dede ther that kyng,

For he sayled In with a feble sayl

And þat was him to wrotherhayl: 4260

For the wynd was hard and store

he is driven so  
hard against  
the bank, that  
many of his  
ships are  
shattered, and  
the men  
drowned.

And so faste him to the lond bore,

¶ A3eyns the bank hem so droff,

That many a chippe<sup>1</sup> ther al to-roff, 4264

And the men fel out and sank

Dede and drowned by the bank.

And tho that on the lond dede lepe

Those who get  
on land are  
slain.

The Troyens leyde vpon an hepe, 4268

Thei bare hem doun and sclow al-weyes

Doun to grounde the Gregeis;

To sle hem the Troyens not belened,

In-to the sky the strokes dened. 4272

¶ The Gregeys 3olled and cried loude,

The air is  
thick with  
arrows and  
bolts; land  
and water are  
red with blood.

It was a-bouen hem lyke a cloude,

So fley the arwes to and fro

That the Gregeis dyed with mechel wo. 4276

Lond and water was al rede

Off hem that were slayn and dede.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *chippe*.

Sithen schippis 3ode<sup>1</sup> furst with sayl and wynd, [lf. 64.]

Might neuere man In book fynd, 4280

With so gret wo to gete land,

As the Gregeys dede, I vndirstand.

**P**Rothesaly hath his naue

Neyhondes lorn and his meyne 4284

Thorow his outrage and his vn-wit,

Opon the lond so harde he hit.

But than come sayland opon a rowe

Afftirward with sayles lowe 4288

A hundred  
fresh ships  
arrive, and by  
better skill

An hundrid schippis gret and stronge

With semely mastes fair and longe

In-to that hauen war and wisly,—

Ther other men were wel grisly, 4292

In the water swam and flotered,

And there schippis a-boute totered ;

And to the lond so sofft thei sette,

That thei were nothyng lette 4296

reach land  
without loss.

With bank ne cragge ne with ston.

But thenne come Troiens many on

To the bank to hem ful blyue,

Fro the lond hem to dryue. 4300

The Trojans  
try to drive  
them back, but  
the Greek  
archers bicker  
on them,

But in the schippis were goode archeres

With dartes and gonnes & Arb[1]asteres ;

The Gregeis thenne her bowes bent

And many an arwe thei hem sent, 4304

Many a darte was ther cast and schotyn,

And many a bodi ouer-floten.

The Gregeis were apert and quyk,

That arwes on londe thei dede styk, 4308

That many of Troye to dethe fell

With dynt of Arwe and of qwareff ;

Thei drow a-bak—so were thei hurt.—

The Gregeis on the lond sturt 4312

kill many  
Trojans,

and land.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *3owe*.



	And faught boldely and at devis	[lf. 64, bk.]	4313
	Upon the lond with here enemys ;		
	Thei helden Troyens hard and stale,		
The Greeks would never have held their ground but for Protheselaus,	But scholde thei neuere of bote herd bale,		4316
	Ne hadde ben Prothesaly,		
	T[h]e noble kyng of Filaundry.		
	<b>H</b> E sclow that tyme with-uten vmbre		
	Mo Troyens than I can numbre <sup>1</sup> ;		4320
who helps them and kills many Trojans.	Nadde he ben and his noblay,		
	Hadde neuere Gregeys passed a-way ;		
	For sicurly his doughtynes,		
	Alone his myȝth and his prowes,		4324
	Saued alle the Grwes that ther were		
	Fyghtyng in feld tho there.		
Still many Greeks are slain too.	But for alle his myth <sup>2</sup> that he hadde <sup>3</sup>		
	The Gregeis were so harde be-stadde,		4328
	That many on <sup>4</sup> on grounde lay,		
	For tho of Troye were mo than thay.		
	Hem were leuere dye than flee,		
	And to be drowned in the see ;		4332
	To theire schippis hadde thei no teynt,		
	Thei were so for-foghten and almost faynt.		
The Trojans again drive them back towards the sea.	The Troyens droff hem bak-ward		
	With harde strokes the see toward,		4336
	Than were thei dreven to the bank,		
	That many fel In the see and sank.		
	¶ But thenne come many a gret karik,		
	Ful of knyghtes wel ydyght ;		4340
Then Procenor and Archelaus rally the Greeks.	Kyng Procenor and Archelaus		
	Come then to helpe Prothesalaus ;		
	With alle ther men on londe thei wente,		
	With hardi herte and good entente		4344
	To socour her frendes: that was hem leff,		
	In dout of dethe that was In myscheff.		
		<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">But alle</div>	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *humbre*.      <sup>2</sup> MS. *myth*.      <sup>3</sup> The last four words by  
another hand, *myth* on erasure.      <sup>4</sup> MS. *manyon*.

- ¶ But alle thei were In drede of dede<sup>1</sup>; [lf. 65.] 4347 But all of them  
 Schuld thei neuere haue eten brede, 4348 would have  
 Not for hem alle ne Procenor,  
 Ne hadde not come the duke Nestor : if Nestor had  
 But he come then to the batayle, not come to  
 As faste as he myght sayle, 4352 their rescue.
- With many a schip and many a floyne;  
 For him and his schippis fil fair fortune,  
 And louely grace god to him sende,  
 That he and hise sauely des[c]ende<sup>2</sup> 4356  
 Opon that lond with-oute hurtyng,  
 With-oute harme or schipe<sup>3</sup> brekyng.
- ¶ Then myght men se speres schake,  
 And many a man for drede qwake; 4360 A terrible  
 Here swordes<sup>4</sup> thriffly to-gedur rang, combat  
 Eche a man on other dang; follows;  
 The arwes ȝede so thikke on hye,  
 That no man myght for hem se the skye; 4364 the arrows fly  
 Arwes and quareles thikke flewe, so thick, that  
 Euery man on other hewe; one can't see  
 Thei fel down ded on euery halue, the sky.  
 That neuere myght be heled with oyment ne salue. 4368
- T**Hen come a-londe kyng Alacris,  
 And Askalus with alle his, Then Alacris  
 With doughti knyghtes gode and fresche, and Ascalus  
 With grete speres of Oke and asche. 4372 come ashore,  
 Thei wounden the Troyens thikke,  
 And faught with hem wel quykke,  
 And thei of Troye bakward drowe;  
 And many fel ded In sowe. 4376 and put the  
 Trojans to  
 flight.
- ¶ But fele Troyens stode be-syde,  
 That hadde not meded of alle that tyde,  
 Ne neuere ȝaff stroke of al that day,  
 But by-held the batayle ay. i j 4380

<sup>1</sup> MS. The last two letters of *dede* by a later hand on erasure.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *defende*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *schip*.

<sup>4</sup> o corrected from e.

¶ *Hic venit ad bellum cum magno suo vlixes.*

The reserves of  
the Trojans  
come up, slay  
and wound the  
Greeks,

But whan thei sey her men hadde nede, [lf. 65, bk.] 4381

Thei come doun wel good spede;

Thei socoured here felawes egrely

And sclow the Gregeys bitterly; 4384

Thei wounded many in that poynt,

Ther was lorn many a Ioynt,

Many a leg and many a thyne,

Many an hond and many a kne; 4388

Some loste his nase and his lyppis.

and drive them  
back again.

Thei droff hem backward to here schippis,

For drede of dethe and myghtles

Thei were brouȝt al in distres, 4392

That thei hadde dyed with swerdes orde

Or drowned vnder schippis borde,

Ne hadde Vlixes comen then

With many a knyght and doughti men. 4396

Then Ulixes  
and his men  
land, and help  
the Greeks;

**T**He Gregeis myght hem not defende,

But Vlixes was then ner-hende

And toke the londe, and ȝede forth streyght

With alle his men to the fyght. 4400

The Grues toke herte In his comyng,

That thei that were be-fore fleynge,

they turn  
again.

Turned a-ȝeyn, and hertely ran

On her fomen, and ofte hem wan 4404

Off hem of Troye, be his helpynge.

Ulixes wounds  
many Trojans.

Vlixes then began to spryng

¶ A-mong Troyens anon,

In many stedis bare he hem don, 4408

And hurt hem sore and lefft hem bledande

With a spere he bar In hande,

And wounded many gode Troyene.

When Philo-  
mene sees  
this,

And that beheld kyng Phylomene, 4412

How he bare Troyens to the grounde,

Wondir many In a stounde;



- Him thought In-sonder his hert gnoue, [lf. 66.] 4415  
 That he dede Troyens so doun drowe ; 4416  
 He thought to him for to ride,  
 To se if he him wolde abyde  
 And made him of his dedis sese.  
 Philomene rode to Vlixes 4420 he rides up to  
 And 3aff him certes suche a poppe, Ulixes and  
 That he fel ouer his hors croppe. strikes him to  
 the ground.  
 ¶ But Vlixes anon vp ros, But Ulixes  
 And to the kyng a-3eyn he gos 4424 starts up,  
 Off that strok to take vengeance ;  
 He smot Philomene with his launce and so smites  
 Ryght euen In-myddis his scheld, Philomene in  
 That it flow out In the feld ; 4428 the throat,  
 He brast his Pisan and his coloret  
 And claff his vayn In his goriet :  
 Vlixes 3aff him suche a wounde,  
 That he fel dede almost to grounde ; 4432 that he falls  
 Alle the Troyens that ther wore down for dead.  
 Wende, he scholde haue dyed thore.  
 ¶ A gret wayment and hidous cry The Trojans,  
 Might men here then witterly, crying and  
 That the Troyens made y-wys weeping, bear  
 For the wounde of Philomenys. him away  
 Thei drow him fro his hors fete upon his  
 And leyde him sofftly and swete 4440 shield.  
 Opon his scheld with gret wepyng,  
 As he hadde ben selepyng,  
 And bare him faire of that stede,  
 That men ne hors scholde on him trede. 4444  
 ¶ That fel faire for men of Grece, This was a  
 Thei hadde elles dyed euery pece ; good chance  
 For certes ne hadde ben that combraunce, for the Greeks.  
 That ne hadde fallen that myschaunce, i ij 4448

¶ *Hic venit Imperator & omnes alij Reges Grecorum ad prelium.*

The Gregeis hadde neuere passed that place, [lf. 66, bk.]  
 But thei had dyed,—suche was here grace. 4450

**P** Hilomene was wounded ille.

Still the  
 Greeks would  
 have been  
 beaten,

The<sup>1</sup> Gregeis were In poynt to spille; 4452

Thei nyste what thei schulde haue don,

Ne hadde ben the kyng hurt so sone;

Thei hadde ben hewen euery a schrede,

But hem come help In that nede: 4456

if Thoas,

¶ For then come the kyng Thoas

With alle the naue that his was,

Thelamانيus,

And the doughti Thelamانيous,

Menelaus,

And with his schippis Menelaus, 4460

and Agamem-  
 non

¶ And the Emperour Agamenon;

Euery man the lond lepe on

And toke her hors and theder rode

With baneres blauwande bright and brode, 4464

had not  
 rescued them  
 and wounded  
 the Trojans.

And the Gregeis were rescued,

And many a Troyen ther thei bowed,

And bare hem doun upon the grounde,

With speres scharpe and with hidous wounde. 4468

Protheselaus  
 sits down to  
 rest;

¶ The noble kyng Prothesaly,

That alle that day so nobly

Hadde foughten ther In armes prest,

Sete be-syde to take his rest, 4472

Ther the batayle was ffurst by-gunne;

He saw the place was al by-ronne,

Spred with blod and dede bodyes,

he sees his men  
 lying in their  
 blood, and  
 weeps.

That ther lay sclayn that hadde ben hes; 4476

He saw hem sclayn and ligge ther,

He wepit for hem many a ter.

Then he goes  
 to fight again,

¶ He toke his stede by the rayne,

To the fight he zede a-3ayne,

Ful of woundes and of Ire; 4480

He brende for wo as any fire

<sup>1</sup> MS. *That*.

For his gode men that were slayn	[lf. 67.]	4483	
And al to-hewen <sup>1</sup> body and brayn.		4484	
He thought, her dethe wolde he venge,			
He sought the batayle euery reinge;			
Off strong ne feble toke he no kepe,			
He sclow hem doun, as it were schepe,		4488	and slays the Trojans like sheep.
Many gode Troyen that tyde			
Sclow that kyng with woundes wyde			
In his outrage and his wodnes;			
The Troyens were then myghtles.		4492	
¶ Vnto her help and here refute			To their help comes the King of Ethiopia.
A worthi kyng and ful deuoute,			
The noble kyng of Ethiope;			
Then was ther many a blodes drope.		4496	
When comen Ethiopenes,			
Gret hardines toke the Troyens,			
Thei Turned aȝeyn on ther fomen			
And sclow hem doun by nyne and ten,		4500	
And droff hem to the water efft.			
Ther schulde no Gregeis on lyue haue lefft,			
Ne hadde comen Palamydes			But then Palamydes comes to the rescue of the Greeks;
With many a scheld, with bond and fes;		4504	
With hors and man was he thanne boun,			
To that batayle he come soun			
And bar doun men as he were wode,			
And spilled faste the Troyens blode.		4508	
¶ A doughti Troyen he by-helde,			
That many a Gregeis In that felde			
Hadde slayn that day, sir Sygamon,			he kills Syga- mon, the brother of King Mennon.
The kynges brother gode Mennon.		4512	
With a spere—was scharp y-grounde,			
Better was non amonges hem all yfounded,—			
Palamydes to him rode,			
That thorow his sydes bothe it glode,	i iij	4516	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto hewen*.



¶ *Hic venit Ector cum populo suo ad prelium.*

That Segamon his liff for-ȝede [lf. 67, bk.] 4517

And fel doun ded by his stede.

He rod forth &amp; lefft him lygand,

To the batayle faste smytand; 4520

Palamydes  
slays many  
Trojans,

¶ He sclow the Troyens—as he were wod—

And schedde wel mochel of here blod,

That thei myght suffre no lenger;

Tho were the Grues wel the strengere, 4524

so that they  
begin to flee,

On euery a syde the Troiens flede;

Then thei were hard be-stede,

With mochel noye and wo thei fauȝt.

and the Greeks  
come nearer  
the town.

The Gregeis then toke a drauȝt 4528

Toward the touȝn ney halff a myle,

Many a Troyen died that while.

¶ The noyse was moche &amp; gret clamour;

Hector hears  
the noise of  
the battle,

Ector herde hem make sorow, 4532

For tene his herte began to bollen,

And bothe his chekes gret swollen;

dons his silver  
arms

He toke his armes and his atyre,

That were as bryght as siluer wyre; 4536

A better man was neuere on molde,

and golden  
shield,

He bar a scheld of rede golde,

With thre lyons paynted ther-In;

A delful note he thoght be-gyn. 4540

rides towards  
his men,**E**ctor<sup>1</sup> is armed, his stede be-strode,

He rod forth with-oute a-bode,

Toward his men gan he gange,

Him thoght he dwelled ther to longe. 4544

He saw the Troyens faste fleand,

He rod to hem faste criand

and bids them  
not fear.

And bad: "thei scholde a-ȝeyn turne,"—

'Drede ȝow not ȝoure enemys sturne!' 4548

Ihesu lord! what thei were glad,

When thei here noble leder had!

<sup>1</sup> MS. *EEtor*.

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Prothesalium Regem.*

- Was non so feble his voyce [did] here, [lf. 68.] 455<sup>1</sup> The Trojans  
But it amendid herte and chere, 455<sup>2</sup> are very glad  
And turned a-3eyn with hardi herte of Hector's  
A-3eyn here enemys wonder smerte. arrival, and  
turn again  
enemies.
- ¶ Ector rode In that batayle,  
Armes myght him non a-vayle; 455<sup>6</sup>  
Wo was him that he ful hit,  
For of his lyff was he quyt.  
He partid the Gregeis host in-sundir,  
Eche man of him hadde wondir; 456<sup>0</sup> Hector parts  
the Greek  
army asunder,  
Off suche a man haue 3e non herd!  
Alle that he hitte, to dethe thei ferd.
- ¶ As he rode<sup>1</sup> Gregeis thus sleande,  
A3eyns him mette he comande 456<sup>4</sup> meets  
Protheselaus,  
A doughti kyng, Prothesalye,  
That many of Troye that day dede dye;  
He smot him offte with his swerd naked,  
That many Gregeis afftir qwaked; 456<sup>8</sup>  
With his swerd Ector him smot,  
That he fel down anon fot hot;  
He cleff the body euen In halff,  
As it hadde ben a clouen calff. 457<sup>2</sup> and cleaves  
him with his  
sword to the  
middle.
- W**As non so bold, durst by him pas;  
Eche man asked, "what he was?"  
Thei fled fro him as fro the ded;  
Whom that he hitte, ete neuere bred. 457<sup>6</sup>  
The Gregeis pride Ector abasched,  
He sclow so fele, er he sesed,  
That alle were ferd that on him loked;  
He maymed many, and made hem coked 458<sup>0</sup>  
Off legge, of arme, of fote, or too;  
But 3it sclow he of hem wel moo.  
Alle made him way and lete him ride,  
Was non so bold durst him a-byde. i iiij 458<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> to inserted over line between *rode* and *Gregeis*.

Towards evening Hector retires from the battle- field.	The sonne goth down, it is ney euen, Many a stroke hath Ector ȝeuen, He was weri of men scleyng, Off ffyghtyng, and of strokes ȝeuyng, For he sesid neuere with-oute fayle,— And that was certes moche meruayle!— Fro the tyme that he by-gan, Off al that day he neuere belan.	[lf. 68, bk.] 4585        4588       4592
Achilles with his Myrmidons now comes ashore.	¶ Gregeis be-gan for to fle, And Ector rod to his Cite And leffte that other ther ffyghtande. Achilles cam thenne faste saylande With alle his gode Mirmydanes; With sword and spere and gret burdones Vnto that batayle he him hyed, The Gregeis thenne a-ȝeyn relyed; Thei hadde comfort of his comyng, On hem of Troye thei <sup>1</sup> gonne thryng.	4596        4600
The Greeks are again comforted.	<b>A</b> Chilles be-gan Troyens to felle, Some to wounde, and some to quelle; Thei died faste on bothe parties, He made aboutes him wayes and sties.	4604
Achilles with his 3,000 men slays many Trojans.	Achilles brouzt with him ridand Off men of Armes thre thousand; Then hadde the Troyens ful gret doute Thei fel doun dede ouer-al a-boute; For then were Gregeis alle on londe, With swordes and speres & staff in honde, Fyghtand faste In that assaut; The Troyens faste ther dethe laut, For Achilles wodely Sclow hem doun ful delfoly; Thei myght no lenger him with-stande, Thei turned the bak faste fleande,	4608       4612      4616

<sup>1</sup> MS. *i* inserted by a later hand.



Toward Troye to saue here lyues.	[lf. 69.]	4619	The Trojans
But Achilles afftir dryues,		4620	flee to the city;
He felde hem down on euery side <sup>1</sup>			Achilles
And lefft hem liyng with woundes wide.			wounds many
¶ Thei ffolwede hem to Troyes ȝate;			of them,
Wo was hem that come to late,		4624	especially
For he was sclayn with-oute pite,			those who are
That ther by tyme hadde non entre.			toolate to enter
It was hidous and right grisly			the gates.
Off Troiens thenne to heere her cry,		4628	
The fadres saw here children bold			
Lye ded In the strete Cold <sup>2</sup> ,			
Then was ther dele with-oute lauȝter;			
The Gregeis made of hem gret slauȝter,		4632	
And wounded hem in here fleynge.			
But thei were lettid of her entryng :			
¶ For then come ride the gode Troylus,			Troilus and
And his brother Dephebus,		4636	Dephebus
And droff a-ȝeyn the ffel Gregis			drive the
With strokes sadde and mechel vnpes;			Greeks back.
Hit was derk nyght by thenne y-wys,			
Achilles ȝede with mochel blys,		4640	Achilles and
With mochel Ioye and gret preȝsyng,			his Greeks go
With his Gregeis to here restyng;			to rest full of
And thei of Troye with barre & haspe			joy.
Spered the ȝates with many a claspe,		4644	The Trojans
That thei with-oute come not In			bolt their
With-Inne the nyght with scleyght ne with gyn.			gates.
<b>A</b> Gamenon lokes on euery syde			Agamemnon
A place couenable on to <sup>3</sup> abyde;		4648	allots places
He bad hem alle, her tentis sette;			for the tents.
Thei swore alle, "thei wold not lette <sup>4</sup> ;"			
Thei sayde, "thei wolde neuere that place let <sup>5</sup> ,"			
Or Troye were clene doune ybet."		4652	

<sup>1</sup> The last two words of this line, and the last three of the next, by a later hand, partially on erasure. <sup>2</sup> MS. *wol Cold*, a letter (probably *d*) being erased behind *wol*, and *Cold* added by a later hand. <sup>3</sup> MS. *onto*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Iecche lette*, *Iecche* being crossed by a later hand, and *lette* added by the same. <sup>5</sup> MS. *fyt*, but inserted by a later hand on erasure.

- ¶ Stedis was delyuered to euery a lord, [lf. 69, bk.] 4653  
 Thei ran alle to reste and cord,  
 To sette vp tentis, Pauylons to bylde ;  
 Thei reysed vp bothe halle and tylde, 4656  
 That riche were and mochel preysed ;  
 Many a tent was ther vp-reysed,  
 Long, and round, and eke square,  
 Semely dyght & faire to her sight thare, 4660  
 With eglis faire and riche In syght,  
 Off riche gold and mechel of wyght,  
 With pomeles bright—with-oute fable—  
 Brode baneres on euery gable. 4664
- ¶ Opon her tentis thei dede en-haunse  
 Euery lord his contenance ;  
 And thei that hadde no teld ne tent,  
 Scheldes and bowes faste thei bent 4668  
 And be-gonnen a-boute hem bygge,  
 That thei myght ther-Inne lygge.  
 To thaire schippis ffaste thei 3ede  
 And drow out vitayles good spede, 4672
- ¶ Thei drow out larder of venyson,  
 Salt beff, and salt bacon,  
 And other flesch bothe fresche and salt,  
 Cornes, wyne, mele, and malt, 4676  
 Grete tonnes ful of flour ;  
 Riche Armor of riche a-tour,  
 Coffres grete with stele barrells,  
 That were ful of gode quarelles, 4680  
 And other armes in gret tonnes,  
 Scheldes, helmes, darts, & gonnes,  
 And many other grete engynes ;  
 And tyed her schippis with ropes & lynes, 4684  
 And Ankeres grete kest on the sond,  
 That non of hem scholde wond.

The Greeks  
pitch a camp.

They go to  
their ships and  
fetch venison,  
victuals, and  
arms.

They anchor  
their ships.

Mules & hors bene put to cracche,	[lf. 70.] 4687	
And afftir that thei sette here wacche	4688	The Greeks set watches
With sicur men that wolde not slepe,		
On euery a side that ost to kepe ;		
Thei dede falle bothe oke and plane		
And made fir In euery a lane,	4692	and kindle fires.
That men myght se bothe ner and ferre		
Ouer-al a-boute In eueryche a corner ;		
¶ The fires 3euen a gret lyght,		
As of hit hadde ben day-lyght.	4696	
Mynstralles her pipes hente		The minstrels play the whole night.
And alle other of Instrumente,		
Thei nakered, piped, and blew,		
Vnto that the Cokkes crew.	4700	
¶ And thus was thanne the sege be-gonne,		Thus begins the siege of Troy, which lasts ten years.
That laste ten 3er, or Troye was wonne ;		
3it was it neuere wonne with fyght,		
With the Gregeis, ne with ther myght ;	4704	
Hit was be-trayed falsly—Alas !—		
With Antenor and Eueas.		
<b>H</b> It is day, the Cok hath crowen,		In the morn- ing.
Many an horn thanne was blowen,	4708	
Many an horn and many a pipe ;		
Thei be-gan her Armure gripe		the Greeks take up their arms and rear their banners [which are described].
Bothe In feld and In toun ;		
Thei rered many a gomfanoun,	4712	
Baneres brode of fyne asure,		
Grene, and white, of purpur pure,		
Some were rede as vermyloun,		
With pelotes, daunse, and Cheueroun,	4716	
Some with sauters engréle,		
And some with bastoun wouerle,		
Off sable some, of siluer fyn,		
And some of hem be-gan to schyn.	4720	



¶ *Hic Ector ordinat prelium suum.*Hector  
assembles his  
forces

¶ Ector bad his men ilkon, [lf. 70, bk.] 4721

That his meyne schold [brynge] echon

In-myddes Troie in a playn

Be-fore the temple in a champayn.

4724

His batayles ther Ector arayed,

With many gode knyȝtes wel assayed ;

He ordeyned them <sup>1</sup> in batayles nyne

With gode knyghtes &amp; eke fyne,

4728

And set aboue hem gouernoures,

Hardy knyȝtes and gode gyoures.

and divides  
them into  
nine batta-  
lions.The first, of  
2,000 men, is  
led by  
Glaunton,  
Theseus, and  
his son  
Archilogus,**T**He furst ost lad sir Glauntoun,

A kyng sone of gret renoun ;

4732

And Theseus, kyng of Tras <sup>2</sup> ;

And Archilogo, that his sone was ;

Two thousand knyȝtes gode and lele

Lad thei in that eschele.

4736

and has leave  
to march.

' I ȝeue ȝow leue,' saide Ector, ' with this,

To go &amp; come with mochel blis :

To ȝoure Enemys now ȝe hye,

And come a-ȝeyn with victorye !'

4740

The ȝate was open on a rees,

Thei passed forth out of that prees.

The second  
battalion  
(3,000) is given  
to Alkan and  
Antipe.

The secunde batayle lede Alkan,

The kyng Antipe, that doughti man,

4744

A douȝti knyȝt, a noble kyng ;

The[i] hadde with hem in here ledyng

Thre thousand knyghtes gode &amp; strong ;

Thei rode alle forth In that throng,

4748

With many doughti man hem myd.

He ordeyned then the batayle thrid,

Thre thousand of douȝti knyȝtes,

That were hardy at alle ryȝtes,

4752

And called gode Troyle, and to him spak

And seyde : ' brother, I the be-tak

The third  
(3,000) is led by  
Troylus, whom  
Hector  
counsels<sup>1</sup> MS. *then*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *Tars*.

¶ *Hic Ector et alii Reges Troiani ibant ad prelium.*

These gode men In thi kepyng, [lf. 71.] 4755

I praye oure goddis, a-3eyn 3ow bryng! 4756

But I praye the, my broder<sup>1</sup> dere,

By-fore these kyng[es]<sup>2</sup> & kny3tes here,

That thow be wyse and not sauage;

3if the not to outrage! 4760

not to be too  
eager or too  
rash;

I drede me sore, thi hastines,

Thi noble herte, and thi hardines

Schal make the bold and vs schent;

But thow take gode avisement, 4764

Vnto thi-self to-day take hede!

I pray oure goddis, that wel 3ow spede!’

**T**Royle sayde in fair manere :

‘3if my god me helpe, that is me dere, 4768

Ne haue 3e of me no doute,

I schal do 3ow ther aloute,

And do alle 3oure comaundement,

And kepe 3oure heste in good entent.’ 4772

Troylus pro-  
mises to obey  
Hector.

He toke his leue as curtais and hende,

To his Enemys he gan wende;

His armes were gode and newe,

His scheld was of Asure blewe, 4776

With thre lyons of gold schynand;

Out of that 3ate he 3ede passand.

¶ Aboute these batayles Ector him paynes,

The fourthe batayle<sup>3</sup> he ordeynes 4780

Of th[r]e thousand and hundres seuene,

Off kny3tes gode—by god of heuene!—

With many a-nother dou3ti man,

Vndir that dou3ti kyng Vpan; 4784

He was the strongest of that parti

Saue Ector him-self, but Dares ly.

The fourth  
battalion, of  
3,700 men,

is given to  
Upan—the  
strongest  
knight but  
Hector.

¶ The ffyft batayle then Ector made

Off stronge kny3tes and eke sade, 4788

The fifth  
battalion

<sup>1</sup> MS. *moder.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *kyng.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *batayles.*

is made up of  
giantlike men  
of Cesoygne,

Off doughti men with-oute ensoygne, [lf. 71, bk.] 4789

That comen were out of Cesoygne ;

Thes ilke men were wonder stronge,

As geauntes mochel and longe ; 4792

The kynges armes were blewe and blo,

With-oute other signes mo.

under Polimo-  
das.

¶ He called to him Polimodas,

A dou3ti kyng, that hardi was ; 4796

He made him lord and her leder,

And prayed god be her speder.

The sixth is  
led by Prose-  
men and Ste-  
repes : they  
are archers.

¶ The sixte batayle with-oute les

Ledes Prosemen and Sterepes ; 4800

Thei fau3t vn-armed in here atyres

With longe Arwes and scharpe vires.

Dephebus is  
attached to  
them, and so  
are Esdras

He cleped Dephebus that folk to lede,

And bad to hem to take good hede. 4804

He bad also to kyng Esdras,

Opon his heued his helm to las ;

and Philon.

¶ Kyng Esdras and kyng Philon

Bothe thei dede her helmes on, 4808

And wende to that batayle rude

With grete folk and multitude.

Philon's war-  
chariot is  
described.

**K** yng Philon a noble cart, A wonder werk, made hade gart : 4812

It was clene and al yvore

Bothe be-hynde and eke be-fore,

Siluer and gold on aythe[r] whele

Was layd aboute fair an[d] wele ; 4816

Al was be-gon, syde and hemmes,

Ful of riche precious gemmes ;

Suche a cart ne precious

Saw neuere man, ne so gracious. 4820

Piktagorasen  
is one of their  
leaders.

That batayle lad Piktagorasen,

With kyng Philon and kyng Esdrasen.



The seuenthe batayle led Eueas,	[lf. 72.] 4823	The seventh battalion's
A strong kyng In euery plas,	4824	leaders are
With a noble Amerale,		Eneas and
That hete Eufen—so sayth the tale.—		Eufen.
¶ The .viii. batayle led Paris,		The eighth's
That Alysaundre het also y-wys,	4828	are Paris and
With the noble kyng of Perse,		the Persian
As Dares telles In his verse.		king.
<b>E</b> ctor sayde to Alysaundre :		
‘ Off the come al this foule slaundre,	4832	
For thi wyffes foule rape ;		
I rede that thow wysly scape,		Hector coun-
That thow of hem be not dispised ;		sels Paris to
Come not among hem vn-avised,	4836	be wise and
Lete thyn ost be euer the by,		careful.
That thi fomen come the not ny !’		
Paris seyde thenne : ‘ so god me rede,		Paris promises
I schal do, as 3e haue seyde ;	4840	to be so.
I schal be euere at thin heste.’		
Thei ride forth with many a crest,		
With many a baner by the wynde,		
Some of sable, som of Inde.	4844	
¶ Ector called to him blyue		
Off hardy knyghtes thosandes fyue,		5,000 of the
The stalworthest In Troye born ;		best Trojan
When thei come him byforn	4848	knight's form
He made of hem the .ix. batayle.		the ninth bat-
As Ector coude, he arayes hem wele,		alion under
He bad hem be at his ledyng,		Hector and ten
Thei were wel glad of that biddyng.	4852	of his brothers.
Ten of his brether that were hardye,		
He dede In that companye ;		
Him-self <sup>1</sup> was armed In helme & bryny,		
His stede by-gan wel loude to hyny.	4856	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *selt*.

Gret Ioye was of Ector ffayrnes, [lf. 72, bk.] 4857

Off his strengthe and his goodnes.

Dars the heraud—I the be-hote—

Many meruayles of him he wrote. 4860

Hector takes  
leave of his  
father ;

**E**ctor sat on Galathea,  
The swyfftest hors that myght ga ;  
To his ffader Priamus

Rode he thenne, and seyde thus : 4864

‘ My lord, my fader leue and dere,

A thousand knyghtes I leue 3ow here

With alle the pedel better and werre,

That the Gregeis vs not sterre, 4868

To take oure toun with arte and seleght,

The while we In feld feght.

3e ben wyse, good, and able,

Loke 3e be gode and defensable ! 4872

I schal 3ow sende with kny3tes and knapes,

How the batayle with vs scapes ;

And afftir that I sende 3ow sonde,

Wele helpe 3e vs, if nede be-stonde.’ 4876

and will send  
him messen-  
gers from the  
battle-field.

Priamus says  
he relies on  
Hector alone,  
and will pray  
God to send  
him back  
whole and  
sound.

¶ Kyng Priamus a3eyn answeres :

‘ I prey god, that alle thyng weres,

Saue the this day fro dedly wounde

And sende the a3eyn hole and sounde ! 4880

God sende me gode tythandes & blys,

For in the now al myn hope is,

In thi wit and thi connyng,

In thi strengthe and thi gouernyng.’ 4884

At his fadur leue he toke,

And with his batayle forth he schoke.

Hector rides  
forth.

**E**ctor rode forth In gode vertuus,  
Strong kny3t, hardy and prus, 4888

So hardy kny3t was non a-losed ;

Wel offte was he harde be-closed,

{ Wt 3e Gregeis }

*Hic veniunt Greci ad Prelium.*

With the Gregeis alle vmbygon,	[lf. 73.]	4891	Hector is
That of his men hadde he not on ;		4892	often sur-
With hundres fele and thousandes bothe			rounded by
Thei swore his deth with many an othe.			Greeks, but
And he on fote, when his hors was sclayn,—			none dares
3it dar I for-sothe sayn,		4896	attack him.
That non durst on him hond lay,			
Ne non so bold come In his way.			
His armes were faire and bryzt of hewe,			His arms and
His scheld was of Asure blewe,		4900	shield are
In-myddes his scheld a lyon stode,			described.
As rede as any blode.			
¶ He markys him bothe body and brest			
With Appolyn that was to him trest.		4904	
At his wendying pan was he last,			
Alle his batayles sone he past,			
Til he was formest of hem alle.			
The ladyes 3ede upon the walle,		4908	The Trojan
Ther myzt thei se on euery syde,			ladies are on
How the batayle scholde betyde.			the walls.
¶ Ther was Eleyne, the faire qwene,			
Hectuba and Pollexene,		4912	
And hir sustir Cassaunder ;			
Opon the walles thei gan wander,			
For to se and to be-holde,			
How thei fau3t opon the wolde.		4916	
<b>A</b> Game[n]on In his de-vyse <sup>1</sup>			Agamemnon
Hadde ordeyned wel alle hise ;			divides his
He hadde on horse, with pedales,			forces into
Six & twenti grete batayles.		4920	26 battalions.
The formast warde ledde Patrodus,			
A riche duk and a glorious ;			Patroclus,
When he that batayle toke to kepe,			Achilles' in-
Him hadde be betre layn to sclepe.			timate friend,
	<b>k j</b>	4924	leads the first.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *de-gyse*.



146 *The Leaders of the separate Greek Battalions. A great Battle begins.*

	He was Achilles alyaunce,	[lf. 73, bk.]	4925
	And dede him gret greuaunce,		
	For he was his sworn brother,		
	So was that on to that other.		4928
The second is led by Diomedes, Menon, and Menescene, the rest by many kings and dukes now dead.	¶ The secunde ledde Diodemes, Kyng Menon, and Menescens. The thridde, the furthe, and eke the fift Lad many a kyng that neuere hadde schriffte ; Alle thei were dede, bothe duk and kyng ; To telle her names were gret tariyng.		4932
Then come Nestor and Makaon, and Agamemnon, their emperor and general leader.	¶ Then come Nestor duk, and kyng Makaon ; The laste of alle come Agemenon ; Off ther ost as an Emperour And ther alther gouernour.		4936
Achilles lies wounded in his tent.	¶ Achilles bar non Armes that <sup>1</sup> day, In his tent at home he lay For a wounde, In strong aray That he hadde cauzt that other day.		4940
	¶ Now haue thei take the feld large With helme, sword, and many targe, Lased streyzt in cote-Armures, Y-heled <sup>2</sup> with riche covertoures, Opon her stedes gaye trapped, With yren and stele that were wel clapped For dyntes of Arwes and schotyng ;		4944
	¶ Many man dyed at that metyng.		4948
A great battle rages ; many folk die.	¶ Many a baner was displayed, And many a stede aboute strayed Among that ost Maystirles, That ther lay ded, lyffles. Ther were schankes al to-schiuered, And many of his lyff delyuered, Bakkes broken, bones brosten, Many of here hors casten,		4952
			4956

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thar*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *y heled*.

¶ *Magnum bellum.*

- Many a cote on erthe trayled, [lf. 74.] 4959  
 Many a wyff her lord ther wayled, 4960  
 When thei alle to-gedir mette,  
 The archeres faste a-boute hem schotte,  
 Thei sclow and wounded many a score.  
 Ector rod his men be-fore 4964      Hector rides  
 And Priked his stede, as he were wode, in front of his  
 That alle his sides ran on blode; men.  
 So ful of yre as Ector was,  
 When he saw so many come a-pas 4968  
 Off so many Gregeis in his syght,  
 He wondred swythe, and so he myght.
- P**atroclus, a kyng gaylard,      Patroclus and  
 Was ledere of the vanward;      Hector fight;  
 Ector come as a lyoun, 4972  
 And Patroclus on a stede broun  
 Vnto Ector be-fore his men,  
 He strok his stede and dede him ren; 4976  
 He bar Ector thorow the scheld,      Hector's shield  
 But Ector faste his sadel held, is pierced,  
 In-to the flesche he him smot,  
 And Ector to him [went] foot hot. 4980
- ¶ He wex thenne wood and wroth I-now,  
 Out of his schethe his sword he drow,  
 He smot Patroclus on the hed,      but he kills  
 Styff ded he him leued.      Patroclus.  
 His strok with-stode no basenet, 4984  
 His strong helme, ne his palet,  
 He cleff his heued atwo,  
 And bad him smyte no more so. 4988  
 Doun on the grounde Patroclus fley  
 Off his hors, that many it sey.
- ¶ Ector saw his Armes schon  
 Off many a perle and riche ston;      k ij 4992

148 *Menon prevents Hector from despoiling the Corpse of Patroclus.*

When Hector attempts to despoil the corpse of Patroclus,	Doun of his stede Ector lyght That gode Armes to him dyght; He held his stede be the rayne, To spoyle the knyght that he hadde sclayne.	[lf. 74, bk.] 4993 4996
Menon,	¶ Mennon led the ward the secunde, He saw Patroclus on the grounde, He saw Ector him wolde dispoyle, But rather him thoutht with him toyle; For Mennon to him ryght With thre thousand knyghtis bryght; Er he myght that body dispoily, Michel wo was sikurly!	5000 5004
abuses Hector, and declares	<b>M</b> Ennon rode to Ector right euene And him myssayd with loude steuene, He spak to him wordes vnlede And seyde: 'thow wolff, thow art wel grede! Wenestow wyne that wyght raayne, Certes his harneys schal neuere be thyne; Off this pray schaltow not tast, For thow schalt se comande in hast Fyfftie thousand the to distroye, And alle thei thenke the to noye.'	5008 5012
he shall never have Patroclus's arms,	¶ When Mennon hadde him myssayde, Alle the hepe on him layde, Thei thocht his stede fro him reue, And him to sle and ded leue; ¶ Thei ȝaff him many a stroke to holde, Thei made his knes vnder him ffolde, With fyne fors thei made him knele; Ector tho loked as a deuile: Maugre her tethe vp he ros Aȝeyn the wille of alle his fos, He cleue hem with his swordis egge, As man doth the tre with wegge.	5016 5020 5024
The Greeks try to capture Hector's horse,		
and beat him to his knees;		
but he starts up again, and		



- Many a bale he al to-rit<sup>1</sup>, [lf. 75.] 5027  
 Many aboute kyng Menon flit; 5028  
 He toke his stede maugre her chekes,  
 And afftir hem he sekas, retakes his horse.  
 Opon his heued a strok to wynde,  
 A-mong his men ȝif he him fynde; 5032  
 In that prese hadde he him sene,  
 He hadde on him venged bene.  
 ¶ But then come kyng Theseus, Theseus and  
 And his sone Archilogus, 5036 his son Archi-  
 And thre thousand knyghtes with bren bryght, logus arrive  
 And Ector thei felle on right; with 3,000  
 But he that formast to him ran, Greeks;  
 For-sothe he was a fey man : 5040  
 ¶ Ector selow him hastyly, Hector slays  
 And alle other that come him by; the first of  
 The Troyens fauȝt with gret force. them, Cartays,  
 Ector rod to the ded cors, 5044  
 That he furst selow, that het Cartays,  
 To reue him his harneys;  
 The kyng of Grece,—I vndirstonde— and tries to  
 Come with knyghtes two thousande 5048 take off his  
 Aȝeyn Ector, and bad him let be : armour;  
 ‘Thow schalt not haue his Armes with the.’  
 ¶ Kyng Mennon come with moche route  
 And be-sette Ector al aboute, 5052  
 Thei putte him certes fro his thoght,  
 The harneys of him nedeth him noght;  
 Loke afftir that, was it no bote.  
 Ector whan he was on fote 5056  
 With many thousandes vmbysset,  
 An hondrid Gregeis on him bet,  
 As fele as myght him reche,  
 But Ector toke euere on hem wreche : k iij 5060

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto rit.*

In many syde his swerd bared, [lf. 75, bk.] 5061  
 And many an hed he of pared,  
 He was so laid with armes and legges  
 Als thikke as mire with segges, 5064  
 He smot of and maymed thore;  
 He was be-set with Gregeis sore.

who takes the  
 corpse up, and  
 bids his men  
 bring it to his  
 tent.

¶ Mennon toke<sup>1</sup> that ded body  
 And lyfft it fro the erthe an hy, 5068  
 And bad his men be-fore him lay;  
 And ther-with thei ride a-way  
 And bare it home to his tent,  
 For Ector scholde not haue his garnement. 5072

**E**ctor was strongly assayled,  
 But al therfore nought availed;  
 He wende he scholde not fro hem scape,  
 But of his swerd euere thei lape. 5076

Gorion tries  
 to slay Hector  
 and take his  
 horse;

Ther was a knyzt, sir Gorioun,  
 A stalworthe knyght, with sir Menoun;  
 An hundrid were at his assent,  
 To sle Ector, that was his entent, 5080  
 And fro him toke with-outȝ ȝift  
 His noble stede that was so swyfft.

but Hector  
 kills fifteen of  
 his men.

But Ector sclow of hem ffyftene  
 With-Inne a while with his swerd kene, 5084  
 He defended him douȝhtily  
 A-ȝeyn hem alle ful myȝthly.

A Trojan with  
 two spears  
 slays Gorion  
 and another  
 Greek.

¶ A Troyen stode be-syde lokande,  
 He hadde two speres In his hande; 5088  
 And sone he caste that on,  
 That hitte that kyng sir Gorioun,  
 That fro his body ȝede the soule;  
 Delfully then gan he ȝoule. 5092

¶ Another was on Ector brym,  
 That other spere cast he at him,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *toke*.

- Thorow-out his Armure gert he it flye; [lf. 76.] 5095  
 Then thei of Troye be-gan to crye, 5096  
 To held Ector he cried and grad  
 For that <sup>1</sup> perel that he was In stad.
- ¶ When Senabor, his brother, herde  
 That Ector thus In batayle ferde, 5100  
 He hied faste In al his myght  
 With al his ost In-to that fyght;  
 Thorow hem alle he to hem presed  
 And of that perel him relese. 5104  
 Off his strong men that were myghti  
 At his comyng were selayn thritti,  
 Off hem that hadde him vmbecast  
 Thritti were ded, er thei past. 5108
- ¶ Then delt Ector dyntes a-ryt,  
 Alle 3ede to dethe that come in his sight;  
 He wolde not longe dwelle In here dette,  
 He slow down right alle that he mette. 5112  
 Alle 3ede to dethe afftir that tyde,  
 That were so bold his strok to abyde;  
 He was with Ire so chaufed and het,  
 His armes were al blod & al wet; 5116  
 He dalte aboute him large lyuere,  
 Of his strokes was he so fre,  
 That alle toke part that come him ner,  
 Erle, duke, knyzt, & sqwyer. 5120
- ¶ Many a riche amerayle  
 Broght he that day to wrotherhayle  
 And at his dole, many a knyght  
 Toke her dethe with-oute respit. 5124  
 He fond no man wel many sithe,  
 On wham he myzt his wratthe kythe.
- T**Royle was on that other syde  
 And 3af the Gregeis woundes wyde, k iiij 5128

Senabor, Hector's brother, comes to his rescue.

Hector cuts down every one who comes near him.

His arms are wet with blood.

Troylus wounds many Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *For In that.*



152 *Troilus is taken Prisoner by Menescene. Meseres comes to the rescue.*

He smot hem on that yren hat, [lf. 76, bk.] 5129  
That ney the heued ofte it sat.

Menescene of ¶ Then come to batayle Menescene,  
Athens, with  
3,000 men, The noble duk of gode Athene; 5132  
comes against  
Troilus, Thre thousand knyghtes were with him,  
Sturne knyghtes and grym.

He saw Troyle fel hem of Grece,  
He rafft hem hondes, legges, and nece, 5136  
He 3aff hem many an euel pat,  
Menescen hadde dispite of that.

¶ He rode to him and hitte him lowe,  
unhorsos him, And bare him ouer his sadel-bowe, 5140  
That to the grounde doun of his stede  
—Nolde or wolde—Troyle 3ede,  
And for-stonet and wolde swouny.

Menescen made him po besy 5144  
With alle his men and his power,  
Troyle to haue to his presoner ;  
and takes him  
prisoner, He put ther-to suche bysynes,

That Troyle, that lay in duysenes, 5148  
Was drawen out of hors trede,  
And Menescen forth-with him lede  
With mechel folk toward his prisoun ;  
He wende, for him to haue raunsoun. 5152

Meseres,  
seeing this,  
calls upon the  
Trojans to  
rescue Troy-  
lus.

**T**Her was a kyng—het Meseres—  
Saw the duk of Athenes  
Hath take Troyle, the kynges sone :

“ Helpe him now, if that thei konne ; 5156  
3iff thei her leder refuse,

Iff he be taken In suche gyse.”

Echon loked thedirward,

Thei saw thei ledde Troyle thenward ; 5160

With loude voyce thei hem a-scryed,

And duk Mescene, he hem defyed.

- He rode to him that Troyle hath sayled, [lf. 77.] 5163  
 And with his spere to him taled : 5164 Meseres kills  
 He bare him thorow lyuere and longe, one of  
 He spak neuere afftir with tonge. Troylus's as-  
 sailants ;
- ¶ The kyng Antipe smot duk Mescene ; Antipe  
 Nadde his armes the strenger bene, wounds  
 Ne scholde he neuere haue spoken word, Menescene ;  
 Ne bred eten at no bord.
- T**hes kynges two with her power both deliver  
 Delyuered Troyle of that daunger, Troylus  
 Thei sclow of hem a gret parti ; 5172
- And Troyle was horsed with gret hy, and re-horse  
 He dede him horse amonges hem alle<sup>1</sup>. him.
- Then be-gan Mescene to calle 5176  
 Afftir help to Gregeis stale ;  
 But ther-of Troyle 3aff no tale,  
 But fro his power is he refft,  
 Ther to come thenk he not efft. 5180  
 I dar sothe say with-oute borwe :  
 Menescen hath then gret sorwe.  
 When he has thus his presoner lorn,  
 To his mouthe he sette his horn ; 5184
- ¶ In his horn blew he a blaste, Menescene  
 His men assemblent aboute him faste ; calls the  
 He prayed hem wel hertely : Greeks  
 "That thei schuld him helpe stalworthly, together and  
 To venge him on the kyng Troyene, bids them  
 He hadde don him schame and tene." take revenge ;  
 He strok forth as a dragoun  
 And felde Troyens be-fore him down ; 5192  
 As he rode In his wode res,  
 He met a3eyn him Meseres,  
 The knyght that made him Troyle tyne,  
 On him wodly he rolled his eyne. 5196

<sup>1</sup> This line follows the next one in MS.

154 *Meseres, Remus, and Menelaus are unhorsed, Merenes is slain.*

Menescene hurls Meseres	He felde him with a spere of Mapul Among the feet of many capul, He preked forth and lefft him thore, For he myght harme him no more.	[lf. 77, bk.] 5197 5200
and another Trojan to the earth.	Vnto another he tho turned, That of his hors sone he fondred.	
Four kings fight with one another.	¶ Then come he to helpe stalward With alle his men the toun toward, With alle his feloun Oripisus; A-ȝeyn hem come Archilaus With the kyng Procenore— Off wham I haue told of byfore;— Hard batayle ther was sene Off ffoure kynges hem be-twene.	5204 5208
Polimodas comes from Troy,	<b>P</b> ollymodas with-oute dwellyng With alle the men of his ledyng Afftir that <sup>1</sup> come out of Troye, With mechel ffairnes and mochel Ioye, With many an hors and on fote, Some to sclynge and som to schote.	5212 5216
and so does Remus;	Afftir that come kyng Remus, A-ȝeyn him come kyng Menelaus; Kyng Remus brought thousandes thre Knyȝtes gode to that semble,	5220
he and Mene- laus fight.	¶ Menelaus brought suche two And many man on fote also. These kynges two to-gedur rode With kene speres with-oute abode, Vp ȝede thair feet & heued down, To the grounde ȝede the croun.	5224
Polimodas kills Merenes, Eleyne's cousin.	¶ Pollimodas rod to Merenes, With his spere he him scles; He was of elde of twenti ȝere, And Eleyne Cosyn leue and dere,	5228

<sup>1</sup> MS. *tho that*.



In his ȝouthhed and his floures, [lf. 78.] 5231

Hardi, styf, and strong In stoures. 5232

¶ Menelaus saw that he was ded;

It was to him a carful red,

In his grete tene he smot Remus;

Opon his hed he smot him thus, 5236

That thorow his helme he cleue his veyne;

His men wende, he hadde ben sclayne,

He was smeten to the eye,

His men wende, he schuld dye; 5240

Thei toke here red then to fle

And wente her way and let him be.

¶ Polimodas hem made abyde,

He bad: "thei scholde aȝeynward ryde;" 5244

He seyde: 'it is ȝoure vylony,

Fle ffro ȝoure lord so schamfully!'

Thei turned aȝeyn at his byddyng,

Thei wolde haue ben wel Iangelyng 5248

At home with strokes seuene or eygte

Then ben there among that fighte.

A-mong the horses ther lord thei found

With mochel sorwe and hard stounde; 5252

Men helde him ouerthwert,

For he was brosed hed & hert;

Some toke abouen and some benethen,

Wel seke and sore bere thei him thethen. 5256

**T**Here was a kyng—het Cilydis—

The fairest man that lyued y-wys,

So fair a man was non on lyue;

His fairnes myght no man discryue, 5260

No man myght his fairnes say,

Ne with no colour hit portray.

Celidis smot Polimodas,

That Antenores sone was: 5264

Menelaus  
wounds Re-  
mus severely;

his men think  
him dead and  
leave him.

But Polimo-  
das keeps  
them back.

They bear  
their sorely  
wounded  
leader off.

King Cilydis,  
the fairest  
man that ever  
lived, smites  
Polimodas

¶ *Adhuc magnum bellum.*

He rode to him to his vnprowe [lf. 78, bk.] 5265

With a spere stalwo[r]the and towe,

¶ Polidomas to the erthe he bare

Off his hors, er he were ware; 5268

But Polimodas starts up again and kills Cilydis.

Polidomas ful wroth vp-sterter,

He pulled him by the skirthe,

He sette a strok vnder his choke,

That he myght neuere afftir loke; 5272

For men myght se his tethe al white.

He lay ther ded as a kyte.

Meanwhile Hector slays many Greeks,

**E**ctor fel[d] the while and sclow

Alle that euere aboute him drow, 5276

He felde and sclow the Gregeis euere,

Off al that day he sesed neuere;

He sesed neuere sethen he began,

He rod a-boute fro man to man. 5280

and is standing, as it were, in their blood.

If I durst say: the Gregeis blod,

That he hadde sclayn, a-boute him stod

In eche a batayle that he rod thorow,

As wynter water doth in forow. 5284

¶ Ther come a kyng ridyng a-cost

In help of Grece with alle his ost,

With many a knyzt hard & smert;

King Tentan wounds him sorely with a spear.

He toke Ector at discourte 5288

With a spere, was not lyght,

That made his mayles vnright,

It roff In-two and brast In-sonder;

It was a strok lyke a thonder. 5292

That yren was scharp and stalworthe,

With that strok Ector hurte he.

Hector bids him stand.

¶ Ector loked on him wrothly,

He cried afftir<sup>1</sup> him hertly:

'A-byde, thow coward kyng Tentan, 5296

For the love<sup>2</sup> of thi lemman!

<sup>1</sup> MS. *afftir afftir*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *lowe*.

- A-byde and stond a strok of me, [lf. 79.] 5299  
 As I haue don of the !' 5300  
 Tentan was so sore aferd,  
 He nolde abyde for al mydelherd, King Tentan  
 He prekyd away ouer the valowe is afraid and  
 As swyfft as any swalowe. 5304 flies.  
 ¶ As he rod affter walopande, Hector pur-  
 In his way mette he comande sues him  
 A riche lord, an Amerayle ;  
 Ector him felde—the sothe to tale— 5308 and kills a  
 He cleue his bodi In parties, Greek lord,  
 That ded of his [hors] he syes.  
 ¶ The Gregeis then sprede Ector wyde, but is then  
 Fyue thousand on euery syde, 5312 surrounded  
 Thei thocht him take or to sle, anew ;  
 Thei Iuged him alle quyk to fle ;  
 But he jaff not a flax-bete  
 Off alle her bost ne thaire threte ; 5316  
 With him was non that to him longed.  
 Many a strok thei of him fonged,  
 Many a body he cleff also, however, he  
 And many made he hedles ther-to. 5320 slays many.  
**T**Heseus was a kyng of Grece,  
 In euery syde Ector he sece  
 Alle with Gregeis stoute ;  
 He bad him : “ of that presse go oute ; ” 5324 Theseus warns  
 He bad him with wordes hende : Hector to  
 ‘ I warne the as thi ffrende, — leave the  
 That the mys-falle non euel hap, ’ — battle.  
 “ Ne that he fel In that trap, 5328  
 It were a los to alle that were,  
 Jiff that pat knyght mys-ffere.”  
 ¶ Ector him thonked with mylde mode, Hector thanks  
 For he was kyng curteis and gode, him mildly.  
 5332



	He thonked him of his gode wille ;	[lf. 79, bk.]	5333
	Ector loked his men tille,		
Seeing Mene- laus and Thelamانيus attack Poli- modas,	He saw the kyng Menelaus And the kyng Thelamانيus A-semble to Palodomas, That in the prese fer fro him was ; He herde mochel noyse & cry, Ector wiste wel ther-by,		5336
	Polydomas was feld and taken ;		5340
Hector dashes upon them,	He stroke his stede ouer the laken, Er he come ther, wold he not lette. With the Gregeis wel sone he mette, Polidomas thei were a-boute,		5344
	He ȝaff hem many a sore cloute.		
slays fifty Greeks,	¶ He sclow ffyfty <sup>1</sup> with-Inne a throwe, He ffelde hem ded as foules of snowe ;		5348
puts the others to flight,	Thei fled away that Power hadde, For fere of him thei were al madde ;		
and rescues Polimodas.	¶ Polidomas thei lete quyte go, Off his takyng schope hem gret wo.		5352
Menelaus, Thelamانيus, and Episcre- pus gather their forces	<b>T</b> Hen come the kyng Episcrepus With alle his men, and Menelaus,— Thelamonius before is named,—		
	Alle her men thei haue a-samed ;		5356
	With harde strokes thei hem assayled, The Troyens ther her myght fayled ; The saut was hard and so dredful, The Troyens saw it was nedful :		5360
and put the Trojans to flight.	For then thei fle and lefft the feld, Or elles be dede ther vndir scheld.		
	¶ Then anon with-out dwellyng Thei turned a-way alle fleyng,		5364
	Thei ne myght with-stonde that sauzt. Ector him-self a-ȝeyn hem fauzt ;		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ffyfty*.

**Hic Ector fecit magnum bellum<sup>1</sup>.**

The Gregeis cam thenne enviroun,	[lf. 80.]	5367	
¶ Ector ffaucht as [a] lyoun		5368	like a lion ;
Alle the hepe to him a-croched.			
For ther was non that him aproched,			they dare not
For who-so come with-Inne his swerde,			approach him
Sodan deth was his werde.		5372	or lay hands
Off alle the Gregeis that pursued first			on him,
Was non so bold, that ones durst			
Ones upon him hondes lay ;			
Alle his men were fled a-way ;		5376	
¶ Thei hadde sclayn his stede him vnder.			though he is
I dar wel say : he sclow an hundred,			on foot.
He reffte many bothe legges and thies,			
Hed and schuldres, armes & knees ;		5380	
Ther lay aboute him hondes & knokeles.			
As thikke as any honysocles,			
That In somer stondes In grene medes ;			
Many a wyff made he wedewes,		5384	He kills many.
Many a lady lordles ;			
He faucht with more and eke with les,			
¶ But he was euere liche ffresche.			
Alle at ones thei on him thresche,		5388	
Dartes kest and put with speres,			
But Ector euere his bodi weres ;			
Was non so bold, durst come him nere,			
The whiles he myght his armes stere.		5392	
<b>F</b> Als Gregeis, to 3ow I speke :			False Greeks!
If 3e ben ought, now 3ow a-wreke !			Now you are
Now may 3e 3oure strengthe kythe			able to show
On him that greues 3ow ofte sithe !		5396	your skill, you
He is on fote, his stede is sclayn,			are afraid !
On fote he wil not fle a3eyn,			
For al the gold of Galilee			
He wol not ffro 3ow flee.		5400	

<sup>1</sup> MS. This line in black, not in red ; in the right corner, not in the middle ; very small.

Ye are ten  
thousand  
against him  
alone! Shame  
upon you!

ȝe ben aboute him ten thousand, [lf. 80, bk.] 5401  
How may ȝe for schame lete him stand?  
A-ȝeyn ȝow alle on creature!  
Hit is ȝowre schame, ȝe lete him endure! 5404

¶ ȝe swore his deth at Thenedoun,  
Now is he amonges ȝow gon,  
Fyghtyng amonges ȝow alle;  
I pray god, that ȝow foule falle, 5408  
That may not don vnto him on!  
Gret schame is, if he thus gon!

¶ Alas Achilles, that wicked dede,  
That sclow him<sup>1</sup> so in vnmanhede!  
It was certes non honour,  
But reproue and gret clamour,  
That ten thosand myȝt him not falle,  
Ther he stode amonges hem alle. 5416

Hector's  
brothers miss  
him, and find  
him among  
the Greeks.

¶ The Troyens were fro Ector fled,  
His bretheren faste afftir him gred,  
Among her men faste him sought,  
But thei con fynde him nought. 5420  
A-mong the Gregeys thei him fond  
Be-set with mo then .x. thousand,  
That wold him take or elles qwelle;  
But Alle thei myght him not felle. 5424

His brother  
Damaderon  
hurls Duke  
Polirason  
down from  
his horse,  
seizes it,

¶ A-mong Gregeys the prese thei brake,  
Many an hed ther gan thei crake;  
His on brother Damaderoun  
Rode to a duk Polirasoun, 5428  
That rod on a stede mechel & strong;  
Damaderoun vnto him sprong,  
He ȝaff the duk a cruste of brede,  
That he fel down and lefft his stede. 5432  
Damaderoun was not ydel,  
He toke the stede by the brydel,

{Ther-with}

<sup>1</sup> MS. *him* very small over line.

Ther-with faste he him spede, [lf. 81.] 5435 and leads it to  
And to Ector he him ledde. 5436 Hector,

**E**ctor lepe on his stede ronke, who at once  
And seyde: 'brother, I can the thonke.' mounts it.

Dephebus come to that saut Dephebus  
With alle the men him was be-taut, 5440 then comes on  
With arwes brode, bowe and qwyuere; with his  
With him come many a man delyuere <sup>1</sup>. archers,

To that saut thei were wel rakel,  
Eche man made redi his takel, 5444

Bende her bowes and set her flone;  
Among the Gregeis thei gert hem gone.

¶ Many a Gregey was euel atyred, who slay many  
With brode <sup>2</sup> arwes al to-vired <sup>3</sup>; 5448 Greeks.

Thei wounded hem with arwes brode.  
The Troyens then forth rode  
With gret comforth vnto that fyght,  
That wel-ney before were discomfyght. 5452

¶ Dephebus wounded kyng Thentan Dephebus  
In his visage, that it wex wan; wounds  
Dephebus wounded him so sore, Tentan  
That he ther-on thought euere more. in the face. 5456

¶ Whyntelle and kyng Moderne Whyntelle  
Theseus kyng sey fro ferre, and Moderne  
Woundyng Troyens and sore bete, attack Theseus

And many on her lyff lete; 5460

Bothe thei swore with grete stryff,  
Thei wolde reue Theseus his lyff. and are about  
The ton rod to him with maltalent, to kill him,

That of his hors down he went; 5464

He fel down, and thei him toke,  
Thei thoght him sle with grymly loke.

But Ector bad: "thei schold late be,"—  
'Lete him go qwite he dede for me!'

1 j 5468

<sup>1</sup> MS. & delyuere.

<sup>2</sup> MS. browe.

<sup>3</sup> MS. alto vired.

when Hector prevents them, because he warned him before (see l. 5321 sqq.).



	¶ <i>Hic Cassibalanus Filius Regis Troiani occisus est.</i>	
Theseus thanks Hector, and rides to his Greeks.	Theseus was neuere so glad, As when Ector his men bad; He thonked him an hundred sithe, To his Gregeis he rode blyue.	[lf. 81, bk.] 5469 5472
Thoas then arrives with 5,000 Greeks;	<sup>1</sup> <b>T</b> Hen come thedir kyng Thoas, I-armed bright <sup>2</sup> as any glas; Fyue thousande knyghtes com with him wyght Off bolde Gregeis In-to that ffyght, With sword and spere, gaelok and staff. Many a strok Gregeis ther 3aff;	5476
he kills Cassibalanus,	Thoas smot Cassibalanus, That he fel down upon the danes.	5480
a bastard brother of Hector's,	¶ Ector was [right] sori than, When he sei ded Cassibalan; He was his brother borne abast, He saw him lye & had lost his tast. Might Ector Thoas haue reched, Schuld neuere man haue him teched, Not Ypocras with alle his scleyght; But Thoas fiede <sup>3</sup> with al his [myght].	5484 5488
and flees.	Ector sorow myght no man sclekke, He smot In-two many a nekke.	
Hector, en- raged, cuts down many Greeks. Nestor comes with 5,000 Greeks;	¶ Then come Nestor with thousandes ffyue,— As faste as he my3t dryue,— Off hardi kny3tes gode and bolde; Amonges hem alle was non suche holde, His <sup>4</sup> hore for elde waxen was gray; But he come thedur In good aray.	5492 5496
Esdras, Philon, and Reconitas oppose him.	¶ A3eyn him come kyng Esdras, Kyng Philon, and Reconitas <sup>5</sup> ; When thei to-gedur were then met, Many on was to grounde bet,	5500
A great battle.	Thei died faste on bothe sydes; But Philon thenne a-mong hem rides	

<sup>1</sup> *T* has been washed out, but is distinctly legible. <sup>2</sup> MS. *bright*.  
<sup>3</sup> MS. *felde*. <sup>4</sup> MS. *He is*. <sup>5</sup> MS. *reconitas*, *r* quite distinct, but cp. l. 5511, and the note on l. 530 (p. 16).

With his swerd In honde drawen,	[lf. 82.]	5503	
Many Gregeis did he on dawen.		5504	
The Gregeis vmbikest his cart			The Greeks take Philon's chariot and helmet,
With many a knyȝt hardi and smart,			
Thei toke Philon his helm vnased,			
The gold was of his cart defased		5508	
With grete strokes set ther-on,			
Thei hasted faste to seke Philon.			and are about to kill him,
¶ Iecomytas <sup>1</sup> was ful of wo,			when Reconi- tas and
That Philon scholde with Gregeis go;		5512	Esdras come to his rescue
He saith: 'Esdras, for him vs wrought!			
How thei of Grece—ne sese thow noght—			
Haue take Philon and led a-way?			
Helpe we him, if that we may!'		5516	
¶ The Troyens thanne at here callyng			
Among Gregeis made gret hurlyng,			
Thei delt strokes for her frendes			and deliver him.
And refft Philon of her bendes.		5520	
<b>E</b> Veas come with alle his folk,			Eneas and Eufren arrive;
With spere and swerd and gaulok,			
With alle his knyȝtes and his men,			
And her leder, duke Eufren.		5524	
¶ Ajax rode to Eueas,			Eneas fights with Ajax.
And he to him a gret pas,			
As harde as thei may ride;			
Wolde nother of hem lenger abide.		5528	
Thei stroke to-gedir with so gret myght,			
That bothe vpon here pol lyght.			
¶ Ector toke to Eueas hede,			Hector, seeing Eneas
And saw he hadde lorn his stede;		5532	unhorsed,
He rod to him faste prikande			
With his drawen swerd in hande,			
He dede Eueas his swerd take,			gives him his sword,
And sclow the Gregeis for Ajax sake.	1 ij	5536	

<sup>1</sup> I quite distinct in MS., but cf. l. 5498.

- Here armes wayled not an hoppe, [lf. 82, bk.] 5537  
 He smot In-two bothe chanel and choppe;  
 He sclow an hundrid then and mo,  
 Thei were so ferd, that alle tho 5540  
 Be-gan backward to fle,  
 Thei durst not ones with eye him se.  
 ¶ Ajax thought, he was be-swyked,  
 When his men a-way priked; 5544  
 In his hert hadde he gret wo,  
 He wiste not what for to do;  
 He loked on bak toward here stale.  
 but gladdens, So mery was neuere Nightyngale 5548  
 Syngand In no hasel-crop,  
 Ne no child playing with his top<sup>1</sup>,  
 As Ayax was that ilke tyde,  
 When he hadde loked him be-syde: 5552  
 ¶ He saw be-hynde him stondyng right  
 A ffresche Gregey, that was neuere aflyght  
 Out of that stede, toward that fyght  
 with fresh troops, With twenti thousand rekened aryght; 5556  
 Ther was the flour of chialrye  
 Off Grece certes and Thesalye.  
 Vnto that batayle come thei hard  
 With baneres brode and here standard; 5560  
 Ayax schewed his men that sight  
 And bad hem for schame fyght.  
 the King of Cassedone and two other kings. **T**He kyng come then of Cassedone,  
 To helpe Ayax with-oute essoyne; 5564  
 He broght with him to that poyne  
 Off gode knyghtes thousandes tweyne.  
 ¶ The same tyme come thedur also  
 With bothe her osten kynges two, 5568  
 With hem come thousandes seuene;  
 3et lefte be-hynde twyes eleuene

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thop*.

That al the day thenne hadde rest ; [lf. 83.] 557<sup>1</sup>  
 Off hem of Grece were thei the best. 557<sup>2</sup>

- ¶ Then were the Troyens wel weri,  
 Thei myght not <sup>1</sup> for weri hem steri,  
 Thei were so for-fouȝten, that hem was wo ;  
 Thei thoght alle awayward go. 557<sup>6</sup>
- ¶ But Paris come thenne with his tropel <sup>2</sup>,  
 With alle his knyghtes hardi and fel.  
 Kyng Philicais Ector a-vised,  
 How he Gregeis sclow & bursed ; 558<sup>0</sup>  
 He rode to him with tene & hate,  
 To dere Ector come he to late ;  
 To Ector with his spere he soughte,  
 But Philicais that strok boughte, 558<sup>4</sup>  
 Ector rod to him aȝeyn  
 And smot him thorow the bak and brayn,  
 That he neuere afftir grunt ;  
 He was ded afftir that dunt. 558<sup>8</sup>
- T**Hen come [to] the batayle kyng Humere <sup>3</sup>  
 With many a cheld and brod banere,  
 With alle his knyȝtes, and Vlives  
 That alle that day hadde rest in pes, 559<sup>2</sup>  
 So did the kyng sir Humelyne ;  
 With him come many dredful hyne.  
 Kyng Pollidari and Macheroun,  
 With alle his ost Agamenoun, 559<sup>6</sup>
- ¶ The kyng of Cypre, kyng Rody,  
 Come with many a man þat was mody ;  
 To ffyght come kyng Henes,  
 With alle his men Philotenes, 560<sup>0</sup>
- ¶ Kyng Heneus and many other,  
 Diodemes with his brother,—  
 Al that day stode as oxe in stalle,—  
 Now be thei comen to batayle alle. 1 iij 560<sup>4</sup>

The Trojans  
are weary,

but Paris  
comes up.

King Philicais

tries to cut  
Hector down,

but is killed.

The Greek  
kings, Humere,  
Ulixes, &c.,

with Diomedes,  
his brother,  
and many  
others, arrive.

<sup>1</sup> MS. now.    <sup>2</sup> MS. torpel.    <sup>3</sup> MS. humore, but cf. ll. 5705,  
5709, 5718, 11391.



	Agamenon he was the laste ;	[lf. 83, bk.]	5605
	Now ben thei alle to batayle paste.		
The Trojans would have been spilt, if it were not for Hector.	But Ector helpe, the Troyens ben spilt— I telle hem,—elles alle be kylt,		5608
	But doughti Ector hem rescowe ; Many of her bakkes now schal bowe, For sixti thousand ther ben or mo <sup>1</sup> Off ffresche Gregeis to batayle ago.		5612
Paris kills the King of 'Frese.'	<b>P</b> aris smot the kyng of Frese, With alle his mayles he gan lese ; He smot him with a spere off þeche, That he fel down with-oute speche.		5616
	Ther was del with-oute play, Mechel cry and weylaway, The Gregeis were for him ful wo ; Vlixes thrette Paris to sclo—		5620
Ulixes threat- ens to slay Paris, the King of 'Frese' being his cousin ;	The kyng of Frese was his cosyn, He was of Vlixes kyn,— He rode to him with gret envye, To take on Paris Maystrye :		5624
he kills Paris's horse.	He sclow his hors, he fel to grounde, That was better than an hundrid ponde.		
Troilus smites ¶ Ulixes on the face,	Troyle saw Paris feld, In poynt of dethe, or elles him ȝeld ; In his front he him smot, The blod start out fot hot, He set on him a foule seme ; By his face ran down the strem Off rede blode, but not-for-that Vlixes In his sadel sat, Of his hors fel he not down,		5628
	He smot to Troyle with gret randoun, And In his visage he him smyt, A wicked strok—he him hit.		5632
and Ulixes does the same to him.			5636

<sup>1</sup> MS. *or now mo.*

Ector rode euere to and fro,	[lf. 84.]	5639	
He made Gregeis blak and blo;		5640	
Alle that day aboute he rode			
Fro ost to ost, he neuere abode;			
He loked to his owne eschele,			
He saw the Gregeis with him dele,		5644	Hector sees his own division driven back by the Greeks.
¶ He saw hem dreuen out of that place.			
Ector seyde tho: 'Alace!'			
Al that day hadde thei ther ben,			
Might thei her mayster not sen,		5648	
Out of the feld gan thei hem dresse,			
Thei hadde so fouȝten, thei were mygh[t]les.			
Whether he were wroth, myght no man aske;			
He rode to hem bothe wode & thraske,		5652	
He spak to hem wordes mylde:			He incites them to think of the villainy done them by the Greeks,
'Louely lordes, god it schilde,			
Fer to fle; what haue ȝe thoght?			
Haue ȝe for-ȝete, ne thenke ȝe noght,		5656	
What schame the Gregeis haue ȝow don?			
Helses now alle quyk & soun <sup>1</sup> ,			
Turnes aȝeyn boldely with me!			and to return to take revenge.
I schal ȝow venge, so mote I the!		5660	
I schal a-saye—be seynt Loye,—			
Thei nede neuere so moche Loye.'			
And whan here lord was to hem come,			
Thei wende wel rather to be for-nome,		5664	
Thei swore to him that—so helpe hem god—			
Thei schal neuere [fle] for euene ne for od.			
<b>E</b> ctor brew the Gregeys bale,			Hector and his men
He ledde his men down by a vale		5668	
A-gayn quayntly to the batayle;			
Thei be-gan the Gregeis to assayle;			attack the Greeks anew,
To þe Gregeis ffresche and so quykly,			
That thei died thanne thikly;	1 iiij	5672	and kill many of them.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *som.*

- For Ector thenne euere hem to dethe wounded, [lf. 84, bk.]  
 With-uten ende he hem confounded. 5674
- Thoas is as-  
 sailed Thoas, that sclow Cassibalan,  
 Among the Troyens<sup>1</sup> he rode and ran, 5676  
 As hundes doth vpon his pray,  
 He did gret harm opon hem that day.
- by Qwyntelyne ¶ Qwyntelyne hadde him aspied,  
 and Loude to his bretheren he cried : 5680  
 'That is the theff, oure brother sclow,  
 Sele him anon amonges 3ow now !  
 Let him not go now al quyt  
 With-oute dethe or som dispyt !' 5684
- other brothers ¶ Thei rod alle to kyng Thoas,  
 of Cassi- Hem was ful loth to lete him pas ;  
 balanes, Thei bare him down, his swerd was broken,  
 and is thrown down. As he amonges hem was loken ; 5688  
 His hed was bare, his helme was rached,  
 Thei scholde for euere him haue tached,
- But Menescene comes to his aid, and un-  
 horses Qwyntelyne. ¶ He smot Qwyntelyne opon the hat,  
 His hors bak he loste with that,  
 Aboute Thoas for he was most ;  
 He<sup>2</sup> felde another with-oute bost. 5696
- P**aris than be-gan to hale  
 A strong arwe vp to the vale,  
 To Menescen he drow that flot,  
 In-myddis his ribbes wel sore he smot. 5700  
 Duk Menescen therfore ne lefft,  
 Til he hadde Thoas fro hem reff[t],  
 With many woundes and many a clyt  
 Ther the bretheres hadde him hyt. 5704
- ¶ Kyng Humere was almost wode,  
 That Ector spilt so moche blode ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *gregeis*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *A*.

¶ *Hic venit Priamus Rex ad prelium.*

He cleff Gregeis as men do swyn, [lf. 85.] 5707

He made of hem gret moryn. 5708

¶ Humeres<sup>1</sup> bowe was redy bent,  
Him hadde ben better, it hadde ben brent;

Humere  
wounds Hector  
with an arrow,

A scharp Arwe ther-Inne he set  
And so to Ector he hit schet, 5712

He hitte him euene In his visage;

But Ector quyt him his wage,

but Hector  
cleaves him to  
the heart.

He hitte him on his helme aboue,  
Hit roff to-gederes as a gloue; 5716

The strok ȝede to his herte colke,

Humere fel down a-monges his folke,

He bente neuere affter arblast ne bowe,

To schete ouer hilles ne ouer lowe. 5720

¶ The Gregeis hadde gret angryng,

That thei myght not him<sup>2</sup> to dethe bryng,

With her men so foule he ferd;

Thei hadde him oft amonges hem spered, 5724

Ther were knyȝtes aboute him kene

Hundres mo then ffyftene;

But he was not of hem abast,

Opon him-selff mechel he trast, 5728

To make him way who-so nolde,

And wende away euere whan he wolde.

**E**ctor lefft ffyghtyng al to-gedur

And wente hom to his fadur, 5732

And bad: "he scholde with-oute distaunce

Hector leaves  
the battle-  
field, goes to  
his father,

Come with alle his puryaunce,

That were leff[t] with-Inne the walles."

Priamus then his men calles, 5736

He brought thre thousand fresch & rested,

Among the Gregeis In thei thrested;

Thei selow ther many a gret sire,

gets 3,000 fresh  
men and  
returns with  
them to  
the battle.

When thei were comen In that toptyre. 5740

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Humeŕ*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *hem*.



170 *Hector and Ajax unhorse each other. Some Commanders are slain.*

Hector and Ajax meet and hew each other down.	Ajax rod to Ector fast, That bothe his speres In-sonder brast, Ther hors fel down and thei zede ouer, Bothe were besy up to couer.	[lf. 85, bk.]	574 <sup>1</sup>
Menelausslays a Trojan.	¶ Menelaus selow that tyde An <sup>1</sup> Emerayl on Troyens syde ;		5744
Celydonias slays a son of Thoas.	Ector brother Celydonias Selow the kynges sone Thoas ;		5748
Madon slays Ced.	His half-brother Madoun of Clare Smot kyng Ced upon the bare, He smot him so upon the snoute, That bothe his eyen wenten oute.		575 <sup>2</sup>
Sadolle slays a noted Greek.	¶ His other half-brother, Sir Sadolle, A riche Gregay smot In that soille, That his harneis & his hatereñ Opon the grounde al bloody fell.		5756
Margariton fellsThelamon, and he him.	Another of hem, Margaritoun, Felde the while sir Thelamoun ; But Thelaman at that Iustying Made the blode out of him spryng.		5760
Famel strikes Procenor down.	¶ Famel bare Procenor doune, He hitte him sore vpon the croune.		
Duglas and Menescene fight ;	¶ Duglas ran to Menescen With gret envye and Mechel ten, He hitte him with a stalworthe spere, But he myzt him not down bere ; Menescen smot a-zein Duglas With his swerd In-myddes the fas,— His viser vayled not worth a pese,— He wounded him in-myddes the nese.		5764 5768
Diamor comes to rescue Duglas,	¶ Diamor saw his brother blede, He thought quyte Menescen his mede, He smot him vndir his hors bely ; Then he was ferd, hit was no ferly :		577 <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And.*

- For then come the brother thridde ; [lf. 86.] 5775 and so does a  
Menescen hadde than mys-be-tydde, 5776 third brother.
- Ne hadde Tentan come to his socouryng,  
He hadde be brouȝt to his endyng. Tentan arrives  
to aid  
Menescene.
- ¶ Menescen was feld, but op he ros,  
He faught faste aȝeyn his fos, 5780  
He fauȝt aȝeyn hem alle thre,  
But myght it not so longe be,  
For on his scheld was many an hole,  
He myȝt not longe that trauayle thole. 5784
- ¶ Tentan saw his grete myscheue,  
He was In poynt of-euel prœue,  
Menescen myght was almost wast,  
Tentan rod to him In hast 5788  
And halp Manascen, that fauȝt sore,  
Aȝeyn Duglas and Diamore.
- E**ctor saw, that Tentan was  
Comen to helpe a-ȝeyn Duglas, 5792  
He thought hem bothe to encombre ;  
Him hadde ben better In-myddes Humbre,  
Then he hadde it at his wille,  
Thei myȝt haue rongen here soule-knylle. 5796
- ¶ Ector was with him ful wroth ;  
Thei hadde dyed for-sothe both,  
Ne hadde y-come Ayax ;  
And In his hond he brouȝt an ax, 5800  
The schafft was bounden, long was the bit,  
Many a strok smot he ther-myt.
- ¶ A Thousand knyghtes alle at ones  
Fel on Ector as bryddes in grones<sup>1</sup> ; 5804  
To saue Menescen and kyng Tentan,  
For that sauynȝ died many a man.
- ¶ Ector him hew as flesch to pot,  
The Gregeis died as schep In rot. 5808

<sup>1</sup> MS. *groues* (?).

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Regem Merionem.*

He was Iustice, deth was her dome, [lf. 86, bk.] 5809

Ector made aboute him rome,

Then fel gret encombraunce

For Tentan kyng delyueraunce. 5812

But the Greeks ¶  
flee from  
Hector,

The Gregeis turned and fro him fledde,

Thei were so sore of him aferde,

Thei myght no-thing a-ȝeyn him stonde ;

He slow that tyme a ful thousande. 5816

who slays  
a full thousand  
of them.

Merion<sup>1</sup> kyng come In his way,

Hector meets  
Merion

Ector him smyte he thoughte asay,

(Menon), who  
rescued the  
corpse of  
Patroclus,

For he bar Patroclus him fro,

His lyff he dede ther for-go. 5820

**E**ctor saw, that it was he,

He swor by his godis dygnite :

“ He schuld neuere afftir him chide,

He schal a-bye his foule Pride ! ” 5824

abuses him,  
and

‘ Say, thow fals faytour,

Thow losenger, thow fals traytour !

Now is comen thin endyng-day,

Thow that bar Patroclus a-way ! ’ 5828

He rod to him and made him stoupe,

He bar him ouer his hors croupe.

¶ Ector lyght a-down In hy

smites off his  
head.

And smot his hed fro the body ; 5832

He saw his armes delytable,

Fair, and clene, and amyable,

When he tries  
to take his  
arms,

Ector stod and hem vndid,—

Sixti thousand, & he In-mydd. 5836

Duk Menescen ther-of was war,

How he Meriounz dispoyled thar ;

Menescene  
wounds him  
sorely.

He rode to him and smot him depe,—

For Ector toke to him no kepe,— 5840

With a spere he him trauersed,

That alle his armes thorow he persed ;

<sup>1</sup> Cp. l. 4997 sqq., where his name is Mennon.

He 3aff Ector an hidous sore,	[lf. 87.]	5843	
Menescen fley ther-fore,		5844	Menescene flees.
He nolde not Ector longe abyde,			
Away he gan faste ryde.			
<b>E</b> ctor wiste him hurt he feled,			Hector binds up his wound,
He rod on-syde and him keled ;		5848	
So wisly his wounde he bond,			
That no blode ther-of wonde.			
He rode a-3eyn to that baret,			rides again to the battle, and
And many a man to dethe he bet.		5852	kills many.
¶ For Dares telles In his bokes,			Dares says
As man may se that ther-In lokes :			
Or euere he belan after the wounde,			
He sclow of kny3tes In a stounde		5856	Hector slew more than 1,000 in an hour.
Passyng mo than ten hunder ;			
Off man was neuere so moche wounder.			
¶ The Gregeis were so for-dalled,			
So for-fou3ten, and so for-palled,		5860	
Thei hadde no wil hem to defende,			
To dye echon ful wel thei wende.			
The Gregeis flow vnto here tentis,			The Greeks flee to their tents ;
Mochel sorwe and wo thei hentes,		5864	
For Troyens hem folwed thorow tent & hale			the Trojans follow,
And bare a-wey harneys and male.			
¶ Thei robbed clene al that thei founde			and pillage them,
And sente To Troye many fair sonde		5868	
Off gold, siluer, & riche druri,			
That thei fond In coffres and ty ;			
Thei leffte ther nother pot ne panne,			
Dische ne dobler, cuppe ne kanne,		5872	
Pece ne Maser, ne riche Mesures,			
Thei fond ther wel riche armures ;			
¶ Thei myght onethes a-wey wagge			
With siluer and gold, walet & bagge,		5876	



¶ *Hic Greci ffugerunt Ectorem.*

	With riche gold and other vessel,	[lf. 87, bk.]	5877
	A-wey thei bere hit euerydel.		
They set fire to the ships.	Thei sette ffir In schip and ffine;		
	The Gregeis made a rewful dune.		5880
	That day the Troyens were glad,		
	Lord! the Loye that thei mad!		
But Hector has no fortune this day; he might have had the victory,	¶ But Ector was that day vnblest,		
	Off grace certes that day he myssed,		5884
	He myght that day the batayl haue ent		
	And alle the Gregeis clene haue schent,		
	That thei schulde neuere haue passed the see		
	With lyff ne lym to here contre;		5888
but destiny sometimes hinders men, when they speed best.	But destene, that fortune ledes,		
	When he beholdis that men best spedis		
	With sicur traist of wel spedying,		
	He makes hem leue somtyme a thyng		5892
	That he may haue at his wille,		
	That he schal neuere come ther-tille.		
	<b>M</b> E rewes of Ector namely,		
	That myght that day wel sicurly		5896
	Haue sclayn alle his enemys,		
	And hem scomfited at [d]euys,		
	And al on-hap <sup>1</sup> haue put a-way		
	Fro him and his, euere and ay;		5900
	For I haue herd offte say,		
	That he that wil not whan he may,		
	When he wolde, he getis it noght,		
	Then hit were ful faire be-sought,		5904
	Som tyme, as good hap nere,		
	That comes not ones In seuene ȝere.		
	¶ Ector forsoke this grace also,		
	Ne myght he neuere come ther-to;		5908
Fortune is fickle: a fool is he who is loyal to her!	But fortune is fficul and frele,	¶ <i>Exempla</i> <sup>2</sup> .	
	He is a fole that hath hir lele;		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *op hap*. <sup>2</sup> The sign in blue, the word in red paint, in MS. in the left margin.

Many a body hath sche a-mayed	[lf. 88.]	5911	Fortune
And many a man hath sche be-trayed.		5912	dismayed
I holde it certes a gret folye			many:
To truste on here trecherie,			
For sche is wonder variable,			
Sche was neuere to no man stable;		5916	
The man that sche somtyme most likes,			
Alther-sonnest sche be-swykes.			
¶ With Alisaunder how dede sche,	¶ Alixander <sup>1</sup> .		Alexander,
Whan he was most In maieste?		5920	
Al this world did sche him wynne,			
And alle the kynges that were ther-Inne;			
Sche hated him and thoght tresoun,			
And 3aff him drynke foule poysoun;		5924	
And sche that kyng loued mechel,			
Loke, how fals sche is and ffykel!			
¶ Iulius Cesar, that so was douted,	¶ Julius Cesar <sup>1</sup> .		Julius
That al the world to him louted,—		5928	Caesar,
When he his trust opon hir hadde,			
Sche sclow him foule with a ladde.			
¶ How did sche sithen with kyng Arthure?	¶ Arthure <sup>1</sup> .		King Arthur,
Sche was to him bothe sicur and sure,		5932	
Sche made him wynne In-to his hand			
Northway, Wales, and Scotland,			
Irlond, Denmark, and al Burgoyne,			
And ouercome hem of Saxsoygne,		5936	
Bretayne, Gaskoyne, and al Fraunce,			
And al hath thorow hir gode chaunce;			
Sche halpe him wel with Real & Rok,			
And at the Castel of Bestok,		5940	
¶ When he fauzt with douzti Frolle,			
Ther he smot on-two his polle.			
And the Romayce senatore,			the Roman
Tyberius, kyng of gret valoure,		5944	king, Tiberius,

<sup>1</sup> The signs in blue, the words in red paint.

- Thorow here sclow he Romayns. [lf. 88, bk.] 5945  
 Som-tyme sche loues, & somtyme refrayns :  
 Off the kyng then sche filled,  
 Wel foule then the knyzt sche spilled, 5948  
 His sustersone sche made his bane,  
 When sche hadde a-zeyn him tane.
- and many ¶ Thus hath sche do with many mo,  
 others. For certeyn sothe with alle tho 5952  
 That euere sche loued or euere schal ;  
 Sche turnes & trendeles as doth a bal.
- Hector never ¶ With Ector certes fel hit right so :  
 after was He myght neuere afftir come ther-to, 5956  
 able to do That he that day myght haue don ;  
 what he might Fortune turned fro him thus son,  
 havedone now. For he that day his hap refused ;  
 He was afftir therfore arused. 5960
- When he **A**S he rode chasyng hem of Grece,  
 chases the And myght haue hewen hem to pece,  
 Greeks, And saued him fro alle perel
- he meets ¶ That him and his ther-afftir fel, 5964  
 Ajax, his He met azeyn him comyng right  
 cousin, the son His Aunte sone, that Ajax hight.  
 of Thelamon In the tyme of Lamedon  
 and his aunt His Aunte was rauysched with Thelamon ; 5968  
 Oxonie. He held here longe In payrement  
 And gat sir Ajax verament.  
 He knewe Ector, and Ector him,  
 He hadde elles for-gon his beste lym. 5972
- Hector invites ¶ Ector seyde : ‘ my dere cosyn,  
 him to Troy. Come to Troye and se thi kyn :  
 Kyng Priamus, that is thin em,  
 And his Baronage, and his barnetem. 5976  
 Gret worschepe—so god me saue !—  
 Shaltow In Troye amo[n]ges hem haue.’

Ther-with-al

¶ <b>Hic Ector concedit Ajax</b> [ <i>sic</i> ] <b>petitionem suam.</b>			
Ther-with-al seyde Ajax: 'nay!	[lf. 89.]	5979	Ajax says 'nay,' but prays him
But, dere Cosyn, I the pray,—		5980	
As thow me louest and art curtais,—			
No more harme do thes Gregeis!			to do no more harm to the Greeks.
But let hem be this day in pes,			
And bid thin men that thei wol ces!'		5984	
¶ Ector thanne with mochel vnsele			Hector grants this
Graunted his askyng euery dele:			
Ector bar a litel ruet,			
Vnto his mouth his horn he set,		5988	and calls his troops back.
Twyes or thries ther-In he blew;			
Wo were his men, when thei hit knewe,			
Thei leff[t] her chase and schippis brennyng,			
And come to him faste rennyng		5992	
With sorwe & kare and mochel wo,			
That thei ne myght the Gregeis slo.			
¶ Thei rode the Cite than tille,			They return to Troy,
And sikurly this was the skille,		5996	
The victorie that thei for-ȝede			
And myght neuere afftir so wel spede;			
Ne hadde he graunted Ajax prayere,			
Schuld neuere Gregeis hadde powere,		6000	
Off he were comen of his blod,			
That euere he wolde be so wod.			
<b>T</b> Royens hadde here ȝates stoken,			and bolt the doors.
With barre and bolt wel y-loken,		6004	
Wel sekur arre thei wel kept,			
That, when men were In bedde and slept,			
The Gregeis scholde hem not brest			
And wake hem so of her rest.		6008	
In here bed slept thei not longe,			
The Troyens, when the day spronge,			In the early morning they go again to the battle-field;
Were Armed alle and redy dight,			
To wende aȝeyn to that fyght.	<b>M j</b>	6012	



178 *A Truce granted to the Greeks ; they bury and burn their Dead.*

but the Greeks demand a truce for eight weeks,	But Gregeis hadde ther-to no nede, Thei sent to Troye & asked and bede, If that her consail wolde hit loke, Treis to haue an .viij. woke.	[lf. 89, bk.] 6013 6016
which is granted.	¶ Priamus and his consayl Graunted the treus with-oute fayle, And swor to holde hit stable and ferme The treus in pes lastyng the terme. Gregeis were fayn of that grauntyng, For thei hadde nede of soiornyng ; When thei hadde treuse, thei sought the feld, Ther thei hadde foughten ; thei be-held The bodyes <sup>1</sup> that ther ded lay, That hadde be slayn In fight that day ; Ther come of hem a foul sauour And smot to hem a gret rancour. But thei did wele and wrought wisly Off the bodyes that were grisly, Thei wrought best to here be-houe, Tho that thei wolde thei toke and groue, And alle the other with fyr thei brent ; Many a man his frend be-ment.	6020 6024 6028
The Greeks collect their dead,		
bury some, and burn some.		6032
Achilles be- wails Patro- clus,	<b>A</b> Chilles made both euen & morwe For Patroclus wel mochel sorwe, But it was longe, or his del sclaked ; A riche tombe for him thei maked, And layde ther-on that cors present With gret wepe and wayment <sup>2</sup> . Thei made also of Marbul gray Another tombe, ther-on to lay ¶ The doughti kyng Prothesalye, That Ector sclow In his folye ; With gret worschepe and reuerence Thei made aboute him gret dispence.	6036 6040 6044
and builds a rich tomb for him ;		
they make another tomb for Prothese- laus.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *boydies*.    <sup>2</sup> The last four letters added by another hand ; the careless copyist saw the rhyme-words of the next lines and wrote *way* only.

- ¶ And thei of Troye that wounded wore, [lf. 90.] 6047 The Trojans  
Thei heled woundes lesse and more, 6048 heal their  
The while the trewe be-twene hem last,  
Thei toke medecyn and heled hem fast ;  
By that the treus were al gon,  
Thei were amended euerychon. 6052
- ¶ But Priamus myght not drynke ne ete,  
For he myght not for-gete  
Off his sone Cassibalane,  
He cursed faste that was his bane ; 6056  
He dede make a tombe I-wys  
In the temple of Veneris,  
Crafftly coruen and wel endent <sup>1</sup>,  
And layd him In that monument 6060  
With carful herte and sore mornyng ;  
Hit refft him many a nyghtes sclepyng.
- T**He terme is gon now of treus,  
Some it likes and some it reus ; 6064  
Thei ben bothe y-dyght In feld & toun  
With helm and scheld and haberioun,  
To the fight a-3eyn to fare ;  
Off bothe parties thei ben thare. 6068  
Agamenon was gretly carked  
In his office, his men he 3arked  
Euerychon vnto that fyght,  
Thei ben alle armed & redy dight. 6072
- ¶ The ffirst batayle lad Achilles,  
The secunde Diomedes,  
Menelaus lad the thridde  
With many dou3ti men him mydde, 6076  
The furthe batayle lad Menesenes  
That was lord of riche Athenes,  
And that other he wel ordeyned  
And with his goddis he hem sayned, **M ij** 6080
- The Trojans  
heal their  
wounds ;  
  
Priamus be-  
wails his son  
Cassibalanes,  
  
and buries him  
in the temple  
of Venus.  
  
After the end  
of the truce,  
  
both parties  
take the field.  
  
Agamemnon  
arrays his  
battalions ;  
  
Achilles,  
Diomedes,  
Menelaus,  
  
Menescene,  
  
and others  
are their  
leaders.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ed* inserted after *endent*, very dim and indistinct, as if blotted out at once after writing.

	And bad hem gon In here name, [lf. 90, bk.]	6081
	Here foos to schenschip and to schame.	
Hector arrays the Trojans ;	<b>E</b> Ctor was besy and tentyff,	6084
	To ordeyne hise, to saue her lyff :	
Troilus is leader of the first battalion.	The furst batayle In kepyng hadde	
	Doughti Troyle, so Ector badde ;	
	In alle that other gouernayle	
	Ordeyned he, as most myght avayle.	6088
	With his goddis he hem merked,	
	And alle his men he forward ferked	
	Out of the toun toward that place,	
	Ther thei scholde fight with sword & mace.	6092
	The Gregeis were with-oute the dikes,	
	With swerd and staff [&] with pikes ;	
Achilles and Hector meet ;	Achilles led the formast warde,	
	As is als it were a lyparde.	6096
	Ayther of hem knewe other wele ;	
	Thei rode <sup>1</sup> to-gyder as men vnsele,	
	Thei were bothe mychel and strong of myzt ;	
	Thei rod to-gederes at aff ryzt	6100
	With kene speres and wel y-grounde,	
they unhorse each other.	That bothe thei fel on the londe.	
	But Ector start vp anon	
	And to his sadel he gan gon,	6104
Hector re- mounts,	¶ Ector lepe on his hors bak,	
	He hadde vertues with-oute lak ;	
	He sclow of the Gregeis many a score,	
and slays many Greeks, as before.	As he hadde ydon before,	6108
	He woundes and sles & maymes many,	
	Vnnethes he leues stondyng any	
	In any stide ther he may mete ;	
	Thei caste at him and arwes schete,	6112
	A thousand men on him smyte,	
	But sword on him wol non bite :	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Thei rode*.

Fro stide to stide aboute he wynces,	[lf. 91.]	6115	
He slees kynges, dukes, & princes;		6116	
Thei fle fro him as ffox to hole,			
No man may his strokes thole;			
He is so wete with blode of men,			
That no man may his armes ken.		6120	
<b>A</b> Chilles ros vp afftirward,			Achilles re- mounts after- wards,
He toke his hors & lepe vpward,			
To hem of Troye gan he gange,			
Him thocht gret schame he lay so lange;		6124	
Among Troiens did he gret harm,			and kills many Trojans,
He wounded hem in body and arm,			
He ran amonges hem as a roo,			
He sclow manye & wounded moo,		6128	
He hurt hem som & nolde not spare.			
As he rod thus, he was ware			
How Ector ferde with his Gregeis,			
He wounded <sup>1</sup> hem and sclow al weys;		6132	
¶ He thocht he wold efft with him Iuste,			He and Hector meet again;
He hadde to Ector a ful gret luste.			
But Ector 3aff him suche a but,			
And fro his hors Ector him put,		6136	Achilles is un- horsed.
That he fel to the grounde as a cat,			
Wel euen vpon his ketil-hat.			
¶ Ector wolde his hors haue sesed,			Hector is prevented from capturing his horse,
But so fele men aboute him presed,		6140	
Ther were so many his hors to defende,			
That Ector myght not come ther hende.			
¶ Achilles ros and gret dele made,			
For he his hors lorn hadde;		6144	
His men his stede to him broght,			so that Achil- les can remount.
Ne hadde thei y-be, he ne hadde him noght;			
He taketh him and on him lepes,			
And sprong azein among the hepes	M iij	6148	

<sup>1</sup> MS. wounded.



¶ *Hic Ector et Achilles pugnaverunt.*

Off his Gregeis, ther Ector stode; [lf. 91, bk.] 6149

Fauzt so faste, that stremes of blode

Ran in forwes ther of leyes,

Many a man be-fore him dyes. 6152

With alle the myght that euere he wan

Achilles smites  
Hector on the  
head,

Achilles smot to Ector than,

With bothe his handes, with sword naked,

He smot Ector, that his hed craked, 6156

That with the strok Ector enchyned;

but Hector  
does not move.

But Ector not his stiropes tyned,

Noght In his sadel ones Iched,

Noght for that ones he quycched. 6160

¶ His hert gret angur surmounted,

That Achilles was remounted,

And suche a strok sithen him 3aue;

He thoght he scholde another haue: 6164

He turned his hors wel smartly

And smot to him wel hertly,

Hector wounds  
Achilles sorely  
on the head.

He smot him on his hed on hy,

The blod ran down by his eye; 6168

He brak his helm and his hed als,

The stremes of blode ran by his hals.

¶ Ayther on other began to hewe,

Here strong myght on other to schewe; 6172

A delful fight was ther by-gonne,

Hadde thei hadde rome, thei hadde not belonne,

Vnto thei bothe, or that on,

Hadde ben hewed as flesche and bon; 6176

Hadde no man comen hem be-twene,

Then scholde men the better haue sene.

Diomedes  
separates  
them.

But then come thedur Diodemes

And saw that no man myght hem ces; 6180

With alle his men he neuere bylynned,

Til he hadde hem a-twynned<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *at twynned*.

Certes I holde he did synne,	[lf. 92.]	6183	It was a great mistake to part Hector and Achilles, before one had beaten the other.
That he hem parted so atwynne,		6184	
Vnto the ton hadde the gre,			
When thei were bothe In her pouste,			
And that men myght haue sey in doute,			
Whether scholde of hem to other loute.		6188	
¶ But Diomedes was ful sicur,			
Hadde he Achilles leff[t] In that beker,			
That he scholde haue had no pouste,			
Ne qwik with lyff ne grace hadde be.		6192	
<b>T</b> Hen come thedur ridyng Troyle,			
A-mong Gregeis he gan to royle,			
When he com, he did meruayles.			
Diomedes him assayles,		6196	Diomedes fights with Troylus ;
And Troylus him assayled also,			
Litel loue was be-twene hem two ;			
Thei reden to-gedur with speres so faste,			
That bothe were doun of hors caste ;		6200	both are unhorsed ;
Vnto Troyle faste he ȝede,			
Ther he sat opon his stede.			
¶ He smot to Troyle opon his fote,			
But Troylus did ther-In bote,		6204	
He smot his stede thorow the haunche,			Troylus kills the horse of Diomedes.
He myght no more afftir launche ;			
His stede fel doun, and he him by,			
Thei fauȝt to-geder with envy,		6208	
But thei were horsed a-ȝeyn vp bothe ;			Again they are mounted and fight together.
Not-for-thi thei were so wrothe,			
That eyther of hem to other sought,			
When thei were on horse broght ;		6212	
Many a strok was be-twene hem cast,			
But Diomedes atte last			
Troylus toke with gret violence ;			Troylus is captured by Diomedes,
But many of Troye In his defence	M iij	6216	

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Beotem & Archilogum.*

but rescued  
by the Tro-  
jans.

Battle between ¶  
Menelaus  
(Henes and  
Theseus) and  
Paris.

A young Greek  
knight, Boetes,  
engages with  
Hector;

and is cloven in  
two by him.

His cousin,  
Archilogus, to  
avenge his  
death,

At that tyme ful smartly stryues [lf. 92, bk.] 6217

In gret aventure and drede of here lyues,

And delyuered Troyle out of his hand,

Thei come strikand on the sond. 6220

¶ To that batayle come Menelaus,

Kyng Henes, and Theseus ;

Azeyn hem come of Troye Paris

With other kynges and alle his. 6224

At that batayle-died mechel folk,

Eche stede stod ful, bothe plasch & polk,

Of mennes blode that died there.

Ful sicurly Ector lefft neuere 6228

To selo Gregeis, and hem confounde,

Thei fled fro him as hares fro the hounde.

**T**hat saw an hardy newe-made knyzt

Off hem of Grece, Boetes hyzt, 6232

That no man myght make Ector leue ;

This Boetes thoght, he wolde that reue

With a spere stalworthe and towe,

But [Ector] at that strok lowe 6236

And seyde to him : ' what hastow don ?

Wolde thow wynne on me thi schon ? '

He 3aff no more of his smytyng

Then of a flyes bytyng, 6240

But he smot him azeyn so sore,

That fro his heued down to his schore

He cleue him down by the chyn,

As it hadde ben a lard swyn ; 6244

¶ He sent his stede Into his In.

Archilogus was of his kyn ;

When he his cosyn ded saw,

Him lyked noght with Ector plaw, 6248

He thoght him venge, if he moght,

He drank ful ille, and that was noght ;

Him hadde ben better, he hadde ben than, [lf. 93.] 6251

When he Ector smyte be-gan, 6252 attacks  
Hector,

For him saued not his riche croun ;

He carf a-two bothe flesche and bon, but is cloven  
in two parts.

He culpunte him <sup>1</sup> as he <sup>2</sup> were an ele,

<sup>3</sup> 6256

¶ He smote euen In-two his myddel

Ryght euen at his gerdul,

That half fel doun, and half sat stille,

His armes myght not do ther-tille. 6260

Hit was a wondir sight to se,

When pe hors be-gan to fle,

A-mong the prese whan he ran,

Op-on his bak with half a man. 6264

**P** Rocenor was that kynges Cosyn ;

His cousin  
Procenor,

When he saw his witer-wyn

Hadde him <sup>4</sup> sclawe, sore him rewed,

For-sothe ther-fore his bale he brewed,— 6268 to revenge him,

The body was ther freli kut,—

And smot to Ector so ful but <sup>5</sup>,— attacks

He rode to him euen sydilyng—

Vn-til grounde he him bryng ; 6272 and unhorses  
Hector ;

He smot him euene vndir the cheke,

That he made him the ground to seke.

Off him was not Ector perceyued,

He was of him wel sore disceyued ; 6276

¶ Opon his hors lepe tite Ector,

He ouer-toke kyng Procenor,

He set a strok vpon his heued,

That he ete no more bred, 6280

He cleff him euene in two parties ;

On eyther syde his hors he lyes,

As it hadde ben two clouen stikkas,

Or of a swyn two clouen flikkas. 6284

**Hic Ector occidit Procenorem Regem <sup>6</sup>.**

<sup>1</sup> *h* altered from *b* in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *here*.

<sup>3</sup> No gap in MS.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *by*.

<sup>5</sup> *b* altered from *h* in MS.

<sup>6</sup> This line in red paint ought to be the head-line, cp. special note. The head-line is erased.



**A**Chilles saw his strokes echon, [lf. 93, bk.] 6285  
 In his herte made he gret mon,  
 Procenor was of his lynage,

A riche kyng of gret parage; 6288  
 He saw alle dye, bothe duk and kyng,  
 That come or ȝede In Ector goyng.

Achilles bids  
 his men attack  
 Hector, saying  
 that

¶ Achilles seyde: 'if he lyue longe,  
 Here is non of vs so stronge, 6292  
 That euere schal wynne fro him lyue<sup>1</sup>;  
 Ther bees sat neuere so thikke on hyue,  
 Ne corn In lond is<sup>2</sup> thikker sawen,  
 That he ne scles oure men and ouer-thrown.' 6296

¶ Achilles maketh alle his men redy,  
 And kynges to of his contrey,  
 And seide: 'se ȝe<sup>3</sup> not, lordynges,  
 How Ector here to dethe brynges 6300  
 Alle that cometh vndir his hand?  
 I se no man<sup>4</sup> his strok with-stand!  
 If he laste longe In his outrage,  
 He sclees vs alle bothe lord and page. 6304

¶ But of this world if we mowe  
 Deliuere him! but I not howe:  
 Iff we myght be so quaynte and scly,  
 That we vn-armed come him by. 6308  
 For iff he take vntil vs hede,  
 I wot wel we schal neuere spede;  
 Go we alle vpon a ffrusche,  
 Opon the erthe we schal him crusche, 6312  
 We schal him sle and al to-colpen;  
 But we do thus, we ben not holpen.'

if he lived  
 longer, he  
 would slay all  
 of them.

But Hector  
 does not mind  
 their attack.

¶ Thanne strok to Ector alle that rabel,  
 But he ȝaff nouȝt ther-of a babel, 6316  
 For he was war of hem comyng  
 And of here malice and here thynkyng.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *on lyue*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *In his lond*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *ȝe se*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *no man*.

¶ *Hic Achilles & alij Reges Grecorum ffugierunt.*

Thei smot on him, as thei were wode, [lf. 94.] 6319

But Ector euere here strokes stode, 6320

He smot of heuedes with basenettis,

Ther is no bote, ther he his strok settis.

¶ Achilles fley with alle his ffrape,

He was ffayn that he myght scape, 6324

He thought wel longe he dwelled there,

He wolde haue ben he roght neuere where.

For Alle Achilles trecherie

Thei wolde not sen his ffisnamye, 6328

But fled a-way to her tentis,

For many of hem ther her hed of-hentis ;

¶ For Ector euere hem schased,

Helm and Coyffe he of-rased, 6332

And sclow hem bothe 3onge and olde,

As wolues don schep that ben In folde.

Hadde thei had dayes lyght,—

But sicurly it was nyght,— 6336

That non of hem myght other chese ;

Ne Ector wolde not his men lese,

¶ Affter his men he be-gan to blowe,

For non of hem myght other knowe ; 6340

And that fel faire for the Gregeis—

What-so-euere any man seis—

Thei hadde elles ben bounden In thral,

Or thei scholde haue dyed al. 6344

¶ For witnes beres her-off Dares,

And Tites also with-oute les,

On ayther syde were thei heraudes,

In wham myzt be no fraudes ; 6348

Thei were ther bothe euen & mo[r]ne.

Dares was of Troye borne,

Kyng Troyen and kyng Frigais,

Tites of Grece, and kyng Danais ; 6352

Hector puts  
Achilles and  
his army to  
flight.

Night coming  
on, Hector  
calls his  
troops back ;

or all the  
Greeks would  
have been  
taken or slain.

My witnesses  
are Dares the  
Trojan and  
Dites the  
Greek ;

- they were in  
the field the  
whole time,  
as Guido  
relates, who  
found both  
their books,  
and translated  
them from  
Greek and  
Trojan into  
Latin.  
In the night  
the Greeks  
bewail their  
dead,  
and call down  
curses on him  
who led them  
there.  
They say :  
'Nobody can  
withstand  
Hector's  
strength;
- Thei were with hem euere In the feld, [lf. 94, bk.] 6353  
 Whan thei stode and whan thei fled.  
 So saith the noble Clerk Cuydo,  
 He fond her bokes bothe two 6356  
 With-oute lesyng or variaunce  
 In siker *proses* and no romaunee,  
 And he translated wel and fyne  
 Bothe her bokes In-to Latyne, 6360  
 Bothe of Gru and Troye langage;  
 Heuene be his heritage !  
**H** It was nyght, the sterres gan schyne,  
 The Gregeis made gret dele and dyne 6364  
 For her ffrendes that were sclayn,  
 And was be-reued blode and brayn ;  
 For her frendes that died that day  
 Ther was cry and weylawey. 6368  
 Thei swore by god In firmament :  
 ' If Ector lyue, we are alle y-schent ;  
 Schal non of vs aȝeyn him pas,  
 Kyng ne knyȝt, more ne las. 6372  
 Waried worth hem vs hedir broght !  
 For here we lese, and wynne noght ;  
 ȝit schal we lese and drye more  
 Oure lyues alle by goddis ore.' 6376  
 ¶ Agame[n]on herde that playnt,  
 He saw his men were alle ataynt,  
 For her frendes thei made care,  
 Thei seyde : " thei scholde alle to deth fare " ; 6380  
 Thei cried and seyde euerychone :  
 " That he him-self sclow mo alone  
 Than alle that other of his parti " ;—  
 ' Who may with-stonde suche An enemy<sup>1</sup> ? 6384  
 ¶ It was neuere man ȝaff<sup>2</sup> suche strokes ;  
 Off a man were mad of okes,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *An enemy*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *thaff*.

- Off Marbil gray and grete stones, [lf. 95.] 6387 even a man  
And yren and stele were alle his bones, 6388 made of oak  
He wolde hem al to-cleue<sup>1</sup>— and stone  
By him that made Adam and Eue !' would be  
cleft by him.'
- ¶ Agamenon with care was cold,  
He wiste neuere, how Gregeis to hold, 6392  
That thei a-ȝeyn to Grece ne ferde ;  
Whan he that playnt a-monges hem herde,  
In his herte he then kest,  
To sle Ector, how myght he best. 6396  
A-non he sende his sonde  
To alle the kynges vpon that stronde,  
As thei loued here lyues dere,  
And prayed him in alle manere, 6400  
That thei wolde come for his loue alle  
With-oute dwellyng In-to his halle.
- ¶ These lordes qwyk with-oute dwellyng  
Come to him In that euenyng, 6404  
Thei come to his paupyloun,  
Duk, prince and kynges with croun ;  
Thei set hem down vpon the des,  
Thei hoped wel with-oute les, 6408  
Whi that thei were afftir send ;  
Hit was for-sothe right, as thei wend.
- A** Gamenon seide : 'lordyngis,  
This man Ector to schame vs brynges, 6412  
Ther is of him gret noyse and cry,  
ȝe here it wel, and so do I ;  
Iff he lyue longe and goth forth thus,  
He wol sle oure men and alle vs, 6416  
He schal not leue with-Inne two ȝere  
Off vs lyuande that now is here ;  
ȝe se wel alle, how he fares,  
He chases vs as hound doth hares ; 6420

Agamemnon  
decides to kill  
Hector,

and calls the  
kings to a  
meeting.

When they  
come to his  
tent,

he addresses  
them :

'Hector will  
slay all of us,  
if things go on  
as they do  
now.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto cleue*.



¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium ad occidendum Ectorem.*

How hath he smetyn thes kynges and schorne! [lf. 95, bk.]

But he be ded, we ben alle lorne, 6422

Off we be fele, and thei ffewe;

We shall not  
win Troy,  
so long as  
Hector lives.

We schal neuere no maystrye schewe 6424

Off hem of Troye, ne Troye wyne,

The while that he this world is Inne.

¶ Him-selff alone hem alle saues,

Kyng and knyzt, sqwyeres and knaues, 6428

And he vs alle him ones greues.

By him that In oure god leues!

We must  
slay him with  
sleight.'

But we sele him with som quayntise,

We schal neuere In other wyse 6432

Off hem of Troye oure Iornay spede,

But we myght qwyte him his mede!'

They deliber-  
ate.

**N**ow are these kynges In a-visement,

And eche man seith his Iugement, 6436

Many a resoun is ther y-schewed,

Bothe of lered and of lewed;

Eche man telles his reson

Afftir his beste discrecion. 6440

Now sitte thei alle, and taken here rede,

Agamemnon  
says:

Now the Emperour vnto hem sede:

¶ 'Alas, that 3e were mad knyztres!

3e scholde sitte and wake nyghtes, 6444

As hauke on perche that sittes in mewe;

A knyztres deth 3e can rewe.

Now are the knyztres hardi and strong,

'Why don't  
you slay him  
by treachery,  
as you see  
him every  
day?'

And euery day he is 3ow among; 6448

Whi ne sele 3e him, and make him die

With som tresoun and ffelonye?'

¶ A Ector, thin ere auzt to glowe,

For thou hast now fouzten y-nowe; 6452

Wold god, Ector, hit were the sayd

How thei haue thi deth purvayd!

- Thow scholde be saffe at devys, [lf. 96.] 6455  
 Iff that thow wolde be war and wys 6456  
 And kepe the fro alle her gyn,  
 Thow woldest be war to come ther-In.
- ¶ Thes lordes ben alle In gret stody,  
 Some are pale, and some rody, 6460  
 And some sittes in a dwale,  
 For pure angur thei wax al pale ;  
 Alle haue at Ector dispyte,  
 That he were ded with-oute refyte. 6464
- ¶ Thei prayed Achilles for her sake :  
 "That he wolde that charge take,  
 For ther was non so wele couthe  
 In al the world by northe ne southe, 6468  
 Ne non that myght stonde strokes thre  
 In al this world of him but he ;"
- ¶ 'For-thi we pray the with herte large,  
 On the thow woldest take that charge, 6472  
 And the owe best this nedis to do ;  
 'For if he leue and come the to  
 And dele with at his layser,  
 Ther saues the nother kyng ne kayser, 6476  
 That thow ne schalt thy lyff for-go,  
 For he the hatis and thenkes slo.
- ¶ Fro him ful wel war the ought,  
 Opon thi strengthe truste thow nought, 6480  
 But on thi wit and on thi scleyght,  
 And holde the euere fro him on heyght ;  
 Whan thow him sees in a myscheef,  
 Than schaltow him dedly greef 6484  
 By thi strengthe and thi wit ;  
 So schal we of him be qwit,  
 And alle these other schal we kylle,  
 Sele and take at oure wille.' 6488
- They ask  
 Achilles to  
 take this  
 charge upon  
 him,
- only he must  
 not trust to his  
 strength, but  
 to his sleight.

The council is  
ended, the  
Greeks go to  
sleep.

And thus haue thei her consayl ent, [lf. 96, bk.] 6489  
And eche man is hamward went,  
To ete and drynke and take her rest,  
And to slepe, whan hem likes best. 6492

In the morning  
the Trojans  
rise and take  
their weapons

**H** It is now day, thei haue slepen,  
The Troyens risen & tok her wepen,  
Her armes al byfore hem fecched,  
Some ben gode, and som ben wrecched, 6496  
For many an hole and many a clyfft  
The day be-fore on hem was lefft;  
And dede on helm and basenettes,  
Plates and mayle with gode horettes, 6500  
Mayle of bras, and goode colers<sup>1</sup>,  
Aketones and genuleres;  
Thei ordeyned hem and made hem graythe,  
And thret Gregeis with wordes laythe. 6504

and horses.

¶ Now the sonne is vp rysen,  
Thei brought forth bothe Mule and Fryson,  
Hoby, stede, and gode rounsi;  
Thei alle ben goynge and alle redi 6508  
Toward the Gregeis with-oute the gates,  
For thei wolde haue the fight al-gates.

Hector is the  
first, and slays  
many Greeks.

¶ Ector was be-fore al-weyes,  
He belan neuere to sle the Gregeis, 6512  
He cleues hem, and thorow strikes,  
And throwes hem In clyf and dikes,  
He makes here hedes naked and bare,  
The bodyes cleue In-to the schare, 6516  
He drow here scheldes fro here nekkes,  
Ther aketons ferd as toren sekkes;  
Off his scheld made he present  
To alle that wolde ȝeue strok or hent; 6520  
His sword was wel with alle a-kuoynt<sup>2</sup>  
With kyng, and duke, and prince anoynt;

{ Men were }

<sup>1</sup> MS. *coters*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *a knoynt*.

**Hic Greci et Troiani fecerunt magnum bellum.**

Men were alle ferd of his loking. [lf. 97.] 6523

Men wolde seye "hit were lesyng," 6524

Iff that a man the sothe sayde,

What men that day to grounde layde.

¶ Achilles holdes him euere asyde,

Achilles is  
waiting aside.

He maketh him redi to wayte his tyde; 6528

As fische is dreven to the bayte,

So waytes he him at som defaute;

T[h]er-vpon he euere duelles,

For he atentis to no-thing elles, 6532

For whan he may his tyme se

Opon Ector venged to be.

**P**aris come with hem of Perse,

Paris and the  
Persians join  
in the battle.

With many a baner diuersé, 6536

With bowys gode wel y-strenged;

A-mong Gregeis whan thei were manged,

Thei schotte many thorow bak and brest,

That neuere spak aftir with prest. 6540

¶ Agamenon on syde houed,

With gode Armes and wel y-gloued;

He saw Paris was thedur y-comen,

That fro his brother his wiff hadde y-nomen; 6544

He was to him wel greuous,

For he hadde wedded his brother spous,

Him were leuer than alle Lorynge,

That he myght his brother venge; 6548

¶ He come to him ful wel batayled,

Agamemnon  
attacks him,

And with his ost Paris assayled.

Ector saw that Emperour

Was comen doun In-to that stour, 6552

He lefft alle other and rod to him,

And 3aff him certes woundes grym,

but is wounded  
by Hector.

He smot him thorow his gode hauberk,

Thorow his scheld and his serke,

**N j** 6556



In-to the body and threwe him ouer; [lf. 97, bk.] 6557  
 Hit was gret wonder he myght couer.

¶ But Achilles was In a-gayt,  
 He come anon bothe stout and st[r]ayt, 6560  
 With many a lord and many a knyzt,  
 When he saw him In suche a plyzt.

Achilles with  
 his men  
 surrounds  
 Hector,

Ector was his men with-oute,  
 Achilles closed him al aboute, 6564  
 That non of his scholde to him come;  
 But he zaff not ther-of a throme,  
 He layde upon hem dyntes grete,  
 That sicurly thei made him swete; 6568  
 Thei were many and held him hote,  
 Wherfore he ran al on swote.

to whose  
 rescue Troy-  
 lus and  
 Eneas come,

¶ Then come Troyle and Eueas  
 With [sword] & scheld and gode anlas, 6572  
 Dryuand doun to helpe Ector;  
 Achilles was wel wroth ther-for.

But Diomedes  
 wounds Eneas

¶ When Diomedes saw Eueas,  
 A stalworthe spere to him he tas, 6576  
 Wel ney his flanke his strok he teeles,  
 And strikes him with spere and pricles,  
 And he ran forth as foule that flies.

But Eueas be war, he abyas 6580

The bolde wordes that dede sclyng,  
 'When that thow sittes by the kyng';  
 For he reuyled him so vylenslye,—  
 He thoght right wel, he scholde aby,— 6584

When he was sent In message;  
 But he be war, he getis his wage.  
 So soffte sailes nother schip ne bote,  
 As he rod thedur and to him smote; 6588

severely.

He zaff Eueas a grisly wounde,  
 And bare him down to the grounde;

- Out of his sadel he him selong [lf. 98.] 6591  
 Vilonsly among the throng, 6592
- ¶ And seide vnto him his gole :  
 ' Welcome be thow hedir to me !  
 Thow art the kynges conseler <sup>1</sup> ;  
 Iff I may mete the efft her, 6596  
 And thow this batayle efft haunte,  
 I schal the teche for to chaunte,  
 I schal the teche bothe burdoun and mene,  
 Ne be thow neuere so wroth ne wrene !' 6600
- A** Chilles fau3t with Ector 3et  
 With-oute wordes & with-oute flit,  
 Ther were dou3ti dyntes deled  
 With al the myght that thei weled, 6604  
 Ayther of hem on other layd ;  
 Ther men my3t se wel hard brayd  
 Be-twene two kny3tes of hardi mode,  
 Thei fau3t to-gedur as thei were wode ; 6608  
 Strongur was neuere be-twene two kny3tes.  
 Ector sore Achilles dighes,  
 Opon his helme is many a score,  
 Many an hole, and many a bore ; 6612  
 So ney the deth Ector him dryues,  
 That his vertu fast vnthryues,  
 For sorily hadde he him dight ;  
 Ther my3t men se bothe her myght. 6616
- ¶ Ector was for-fou3ten al day,  
 And he dede not but wayted him ay,  
 To stele on him as a theff,  
 When he fond him at myscheff. 6620  
 He wende then haue don him of dawe  
 And his lymes al to-drawe <sup>2</sup> ,  
 But for al his quaynt thoght  
 He was almost brought to nought ; **N ij** 6624

Diomedes  
taunts Eneas.

Achilles fights  
with Hector.

Achilles is  
badly  
wounded.

<sup>1</sup> Last *e* altered from *a* in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *alto drawe*.

¶ *Adhuc Bellum.*

	His myght was al-most y-don,	[lf. 98, bk.]	6625
	Nadde him come help son,		
	Ector hadde y-taken him elles;		
	In many a stid his blod out quelles.		6628
Theseus	¶ Him to helpe come Theseus kyng,		
	A strong knyzt In alle thyng		
	Als come thedur pricande sone;		
	He swore by him that sat in throne:		6632
	"That him were leuere be al quyk flayn,		
	Then Achilles were take or slayn."		
and Diomedes come to help Achilles;	¶ Diomedes saw also,		
	That Achilles myzt not do;		6636
	Ector was on him so hidous,		
	So ful of wrathe and greuous,		
	That he was dryuen so ney the prikke,		
	That he myght not his lippis likke.		6640
they attack Hector	¶ Thes kynges thanne to Ector goth,		
	And swor his deth, as thei were wroth,		
from both sides;	And layd on bothe halues tho,		
	And 3aff him strokes y-nowe & mo.		6644
	But Theseus son to him lepe,		
	As knyzt that was good and 3epe,		
Theseus stuns him by a sad blow.	And 3aff Ector a stroke vnride,		
	That the blod be-gan out glide;		6648
	The strok was huge and gret,		
	Men myght ther-with haue slayn a net;		
	The strok was smetyn with gret folye,		
	He barst of his mayle thre & thritye,		6652
	¶ He barst of hem mo than an hundur,		
	And persed his Armure, that hit was vndur;		
	Al he to-rent his armure,		
	That it come to his flesche pure;		6656
	Afftir the strok the blode out sprong,		
	He hadde a strok a schafftmon long.		

But Ector 3aff ther-of but lytel :	[lf. 99.]	6659	But Hector
Diomedes he 3aff a titel,		6660	does not mind
And with his swerd a comyssioun,			it ; he attacks
That of his stede he fel a-doun,			and unhorses
That men myzt se his yren breche ;			Diomedes.
He 3aff not of hem a leke.		6664	
¶ Then come theder Menelaus,			All the other
Vlixes kyng, and Theseus,			Greek kings
The du3ti kyng Palamydes,			come up,
Ermules, and Polymetes,		6668	
Neoptolomus, and kyng Schelene,			
The noble dou3ti duk Menescene,			
Duk Nestor, and kyng Thoas,			
With alle his men Philocoas ;		6672	
¶ The kynges alle with here Meyne			and join in the
Come doun alle to that semble,			fight.
With kny3tes, squier, Erle and swayn,			
Was non be-hynde—soth to sayn ;—		6676	
That were tho that strong be-sted,			
The blod was mochel that ther was bled.			
<b>T</b> He Troiens saw hem come doun alle,			The Trojans
Opon her men then gon thei falle,		6680	encourage one
Than seyde the Troyens : ‘go we echon,			another.
Go we to hem, go we gon !			
We schal of hem to grounde warpe <sup>1</sup>			
With swordes bryght and speres scharpe.’		6684	
Than was ther a woful metyng :			A direful
Many a wyff made thei wepyng,			battle ;
Many a gaylard knyzt and gay—			
When thei were met—dyed that day.		6688	
¶ I Trowe, sythen men couthe wepyn bere,			never died so
And hors bere sadel and other gere,			many men at
Herde neuere man telle In boke ne rede			one time.
So manye at ones lye dede,	N iij	6692	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *wrape*.



Description of the wounds:	At on Iornay lye and deye. [lf. 99, bk.] 6693
	Some were smeten thorow the eye, Some to the brayn vn-to the crowe, Some In-to the body, and some In-to the mawe, 6696 Some the schuldres, & som the mylte, Off bothe the parties were many on spilte. Eche man on other schetis, As thikke as heryng fletis; 6700
Limbs are lost.	¶ Many a legge lay on that sond, Many on loste bothe arme & hond, Many an hed was smeten of thore;
Men's cries are heard a mile off.	Thei cried and jelled as boles rore, 6704 Men myght here the cry a myle Off hem that dyed ther that while. The brethe thei blew stode lyke a smoke, Hit ros ouer hem as the roke <sup>1</sup> , 6708 Hit ferd a-boute hem as a myst.
Many bite the dust.	Many man to grounde ther dist With mouthe and nase, al her vnthonkes; Ector hewes of legges and schankes, 6712 Many a man doth he to dethe, He seses neuere, whil he hath brethe.
Hector fights best;	O ff alle the men that euere god wrought I haue most meruayle In my thought 6716 Off Ector certis and of his dedes, And so haue alle that of him redes :
all flee from him;	Ther dar non stonde of him a box, Thei fle fro him, as hen doth fro the fox. 6720 ¶ I trowe, god made neuere suche a knyzt, Ne 3af neuere man suche a myzt, That euere was borne In toun or port, But it were only to Sampson fort, 6724 For he [was] seker with-oute pere Off alle the men that euere were.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *reke*.

Off Sampson hadde ben ther that tyde [lf. 100.] 6727 even Samson  
And al that day hadde reden him be-syde, 6728 could not have  
He ne myȝt haue don no more then he done greater  
For al his myȝt and his pouste. deedis than  
he did.

Red I neuere of knyȝt ne man,  
That born was of womman<sup>1</sup>, 6732  
That dede the dedis that Ector did;  
Alas, that euere him mys-be-tid !

**A** Gamenon and kyng Pandale Fight between  
Thei rode to-gedur in that dale, 6736 Agamemnon  
Ayther of hem made other tumble and Pandale.

Bothe on fyngur & on thumbe.

Menelaus saw Paris;

Off him wold he not mys; 6740

His spere was strong, the hed wel steled,

He smot Paris, that he doun reled

Ouer & ouer, as were a snayl;

He bare him ouer his hors tayl. 6744

¶ Paris ther-of gret schame thocht,

That he to grounde so sone was broght;

He ros vp ful pale and wan

For schame he hadde of fair Eleyne,

He was ther-of wel sore aschamed,

That he of Eleyne schulde be blamed,

That sche saw so foule a falle,

Ther sche was set In castel walle. 6752

¶ Vlives rod to kyng Arastre,

Thei fauȝt to-gedur In that plastre,

Strong batayle was be-twix hem two,

But atte laste be-tyd hem so, 6756

That kyng Arastre so sore was priked,

That his eres the grounde likked;

¶ Vlives toke the stede by the rest,

And sende him hom, he dede the best. N iiij 6760

Fight between  
Agamemnon  
and Pandale.

Menelaus  
unhorses  
Paris.

Paris is  
ashamed for  
Eleyne's sake,  
who is sitting  
on the wall.

Ulixes strikes  
down Arastre,  
and captures  
his horse.

<sup>1</sup> In the margin, by another hand, much faded, very indistinct:  
'*Druiyng hour (?) I pray the to . . . my well ordered.*'

- ¶ Polidomes and kyng Hupoun [lf. 100, bk.] 6761  
 Eyther of hem barst other vpon,  
 That bothe here speris <sup>1</sup> barst,  
 Polimodas kills Hupou. That kyng Hupoun was ded doun cast; 6764  
 Afftir that strok his tonge neuere wawed,  
 Hit was with him wel euel dawed.  
 Hupoun was a man of elde,  
 Palamydes that strok be-held, 6768  
 He saw the kyng ligge & dye  
 Right ther be-fore his eye.  
 S Ayd the kyng Palamydes:  
 'Thow schalt abyge, Palidomes!' 6772  
 He strok him so sore sidlynge,  
 Palamydes unhorses and kills Poli-  
 modas, That of his hors fel that kyngge,  
 As it were a clewe of thred;  
 Ne ete he neuere afftir bred. 6776  
 Now lyst thow ther on thi syde,  
 The deuel made the a stede be-stride,  
 For litel myght is In thi lymes.  
 Palamydes Hupoun vp nymes, 6780  
 And sent him to his Pauyloun  
 With mychel lamentac[i]oun.  
 ¶ Afftir that Neoptolomus  
 Rod to kyng Archilogus, 6784  
 Ayther 3aff other suche a kayl,  
 That thei flowen ouer the hors tayl  
 Opon that playn, as it were two rattes,  
 Thei lay ston-stille as two cattes. 6788  
 Carras is killed by Schelene. ¶ Carras rod to kyng Schelene <sup>2</sup>,  
 Him hadde be beter at home to bene,  
 For Schelene 3aff him suche a balle,  
 That of his stede he made him falle, 6792  
 He 3aff him suche a benedicite,  
 That he fel dede opon the ble.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *stedis*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *schenele*.

- ¶ Afftir that kyng Philomene [lf. 101.] 6795 Philomene un-  
 Fel to ride to kyng Mescene, 6796 horses Mene-  
 But Mescene rod ouer his cropere  
 And lefft his stede, that was him dere ;  
 Philomene sende him vnto hise,  
 For he him [wan] with valyauntise. 6800
- ¶ Philocoas and kyng Remus 6795 Philocoas and  
 Rod to-gedur wel irus, Remus un-  
 That to the grounde rode bothe kynges, horse each  
 As euen as thei were drawen with strenges. 6804 other ;
- C** Ariolus, a kyng corowned,  
 And Theseus kyng to-geder routed  
 With speres scharpe, that men myzt here ;  
 When thei to-geder met In-fere, 6808  
 Here speres brast al In-sunder,  
 As it were a blast of thonder ;  
 The strokes were strong, here bakkes bent,  
 Ne hadde the speres a-sonder went, 6812  
 Thei schuld haue dyed at my wenyng  
 Bothe to-geder at that metyng.  
 Here mayles barst, her aketons rofe,  
 The yren In-to the flesch drofe, 6816  
 The blod gerd out, as were a gote,  
 Thei tombled ouer bothe hed and throte ;  
 Thei lay ston-stille In that plot,  
 As it hadde ben an erthe-clot. 6820
- ¶ Ector bretheren were mechel to prayse,  
 Many a doughti man thei reyse  
 Out of here sadles and bere hem bak,  
 And lefft hem ligge as a sak 6824  
 With grisly wounde and al ded lefte,  
 That thei come neuere to batayle effte.
- ¶ The doughti kyng sir Thelamon  
 Saw ther a kyng,—het sir Padon,— 6828

so do Cariolus  
and Theseus.

Hector's  
brothers fight,  
and wound  
and kill many  
Greeks.



- To him he wolde [faste] ride, [lf. 101, bk.] 6829  
 He smot his hors and made him glide  
 Ouer forow and ouer falow  
 As swyff[t] as any swallow, 6832
- Thelamon and  
 Sir Padon  
 (i. e. Sarpedon)  
 meet,
- Til he him met atte speres ende ;  
 Sir Pedoun a-ȝeyn him gan wende :  
 ‘Thow semest,’—he sayde,—‘no lyuande creature,  
 In my god I the coniuere ! 6836  
 And if thow be the deucl Sathanas,  
 I schal the mete In this plas.’  
 Thei riden to-gedur with-oute fayle,  
 That thei fel doun top ouer tayle ; 6840  
 Thei mette so wel, that nother fayled,  
 That the blod fro hem rayled ;  
 Thei fel doun vpon the grene,  
 That men wende ded thei hadde bene. 6844
- and knock  
 each other  
 down.
- A** Boute Ector euere thei rayled ;  
 The Gregeis euel he assayled,  
 He hewys hem offte alle to grotes,  
 He falles hem thikker, than the motes 6848  
 In somer-tide flyen In the sonne,  
 He spares nother qwik ne donne,  
 Lord ne lady, riche ne pore,  
 Strong ne feble, stiff ne store. 6852
- Hector kills  
 many Greeks.
- ¶ Achilles clepes to him Thoas,  
 A douȝti kyng,—his cosyn was,—  
 He sayde : ‘Cosyn, I haue meruayle,  
 We are not worth a schayle 6856  
 A-ȝeyn that man, that ȝonde fyghtes  
 Vndir vs alle with myght & scleghtes ;  
 He sles oure men by fyue and six,  
 He countes hem as thei were a kex ; 6860  
 He weries not, ne belynnes nere,  
 But lastes euere In his wode gere,
- Achilles and  
 his cousin  
 Thoas resolve  
 to attack  
 Hector,

Ryght as it were enchauntément ; [lf. 102.] 6863

Many a knyzt hath he schent. 6864

Go we to him on a closter,

Oure myght on him let vs now muster !

For now I hope and wot right wele,

His myght be passed som dele ; 6868

I trowe now wel, he be myghtles,

Or oure godis be not rightwes,

And he of myzt is more than thay.

Go we and loke, what we do may ! 6872

And so schal we on him be wroken !'

When Achilles hadde thus spoken,

**T**Hese kynges two with-oute abode

As-tide thei to Ector rode, 6876

And layde on him as lytherlynes<sup>1</sup>

Many a strok the two cosynes,

Achilles and kyng Thoas ;

Thei roffe his helme In that cas, 6880

That hadde ben made of tre or lether,

Hit greued not him of a feder ;

Thei brast his helme In many a stede,

And made his blode aboute him sprede. 6884

¶ Thei did bothe certis ther myght,

To him sle or take In that fyght

With many a knyght bothe fat & megre.

But kyng Toas was on him egre, 6888

Off Ector heued his helme he drow ;

But Ector 3aff him strokes y-now,

With tene smot he that lorer,

That he brast helme and his viser, 6892

And halff his nase he did of-kerue,

Off suche a seruice he did him serue ;

Thoas fel to grounde thore,

For he was wounded swythe sore. 6896

as they think  
he is now tired.

They fall  
upon him,

break his  
helm,

and wound  
him in the  
head.

Hector is  
angry with  
Thoas, and cuts  
off half his  
nose.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *lytherhynes*, but the down-stroke of the second *h* is crossed.

Hector's  
brothers  
come to his  
aid,

**E**ctor brether come then alle, [lf. 102, bk.] 6897  
Thei saw Thoas by Ector falle,

Thei ride to him and alle that other  
And help right wel Ector, her brother ; 6900

slay the  
Greeks,

Thei fauȝt with Gregeis meru[el]ously  
And bare hem down dispitously ;

¶ Achilles wolde no lengur abyde.

take Thoas  
prisoner,

Thei toke Thoas In al his pride 6904

And ladde him to Troie to here prisoun,

Thei caste him In a depe dongoun,

Thei thrat him alle, tho he was tan,

For ther brother Cassibalan, 6908

That he hadde selayn with glad spede,

Thei him be-hight In alle mede.

¶ Antenor and Dephebus

Lad him to Troye ful greuous

6912

Of his woundes and his takyng,

And also of his presonyng ;

Thei lefft him ther In secur warde,

And went aȝeyn to her standarde.

6916

and wound  
Thelamon.

¶ Kyng Thelaman at that rescous

Was born to grounde as a mous,

The bretheren him threw to grounde tho,

For he assayled Ector also

6920

With kyng Thoas and Achilles ;

Him hadde ben better haue ben in pes,

For suche a wounde thei him be-tauȝt,

That he lefft bothe mayn and mauȝt.

6924

Thelamon is  
borne to his  
tent.

Thei bare him to his Pauyloun,

Til he come ther In a ded swoun.

Menelaus kest al his wit,

How he myȝt Paris best hit ;

6928

¶ Paris saw wel his waytyng,

He was war of his laykyng,

- Off his euel wil was Paris war; [lf. 103.] 6931  
His bowe he bente al redi thar, 6932  
He set ther-In a kene beket  
And to Menelaus he hit schet;  
That hed was mad with foule venym.  
Paris wel euene schot at him, 6936  
And he fel down, as he scholde dye,  
The blod ran out of his eye.
- ¶ Paris at him euel taysed;  
Fro the grounde his men him raysed, 6940  
And bare him home to his hale,  
And laide him down In-myddes the sale.  
To him come sithen surgiens  
And other noble ficiens; 6944  
His wounde ful wisly then he soghte,  
When thei were to him broghte.
- ¶ Thei 3af him drynke & gode medecynes,  
And slaked him then of his pynes, 6948  
Thei schof aboute wel soffte his flesche,  
With good wateres thei him weche,  
Thei greythed him gode oynement.  
When he was dyght, his stede he hent, 6952  
And rod azeyn to that stour,  
And sought Paris with semblant sour;
- ¶ He swor by goddis dyng[ne]te,  
He schuld on him wel venged be. 6956  
When Paris hadde with him thus toyled,  
Off his Armes he him dispoyled,  
He cast of al his armure,  
And fauzt with him In cors pure, 6960  
With bowe and arwe fedred with po,  
He wroght amonges hem mechel wo.
- ¶ Menelaus was wel war,  
That Paris thenne non armes bar, 6964
- Paris wounds  
Menelaus in  
the eye with a  
poisoned  
arrow.
- Menelaus is  
brought to his  
tent,
- where his  
wound is  
dressed.
- He attacks  
Paris anew,  
who now  
fights without  
armour.



- But was al naked In his clothes ; [lf. 103, bk.] 6965  
 He swor his dethe with gret othes,  
 A stalworth spere to him he kipped  
 With stelen hed that wel was tipped. 6968  
 I hope wel Paris ded hadde ben,  
 Ne hadde Eueas gon be-twen,  
 That he myght not Paris come to,  
 For no-thing that thei myȝt do. 6972
- Eneas separates Menelaus and Paris,  
 and leads Paris home. ¶ Eueas thanne hath led hom Paris  
 With mochel folk to Troye y-wis,  
 That Menelaus met him not with,  
 For he nas y-armed nother lym ne lyth. 6976
- Ector saw al that fare,  
 How he was lad to Troye al bare.  
 To Menelaus ȝaff he tent,  
 To scle his brother how he hadde ment ; 6980  
 Ector therfore was sore greued,  
 Ther-fore his helme In-two he cleued,  
 Thorow his coyfe his gode swerd bot ;  
 Menelaus ther-fore not flote, 6984  
 Ne hadde no wordes him to speke,  
 Ne hadde no myȝt him-self to wreke.
- Hector wounds Menelaus,  
 and would have captured him,  
 if many Greeks had not come to his rescue. ¶ Ector wolde haue taken him fayn,  
 He put ther-to myȝt and mayn ; 6988  
 But ther come many a moder barne,  
 Duk and kyng,—I the warne,—  
 With alle her knyȝtes, him to rescowe,  
 For he lay stille as a sowe ; 6992  
 Ther come mo knyghtes to his defence  
 Than ben now In alle Tarence.
- ¶ On Ector alle thei gan leye,  
 Many a body he did ther dye, 6996  
 Many a man to dethe gos,  
 For thei lette him of his purpos ;

¶ *Hic Greci ffugerunt.*

He sceles hem & falles that he reches, [lf. 104.] 6999

Delful strokes he hem be-teches, 7000

He maymed hem and ouer-al sleeves,

That he hadde neuere more pees,

Many a man he ther spilles;

The Gregeys fleis ouer dales & hilles, 7004

As faste as thei may ride,

Toward her tentis on eche a side.

**E**ctor affter euere chases,

At eche a lepe his stede vnbrasis, 7008

Thei fledde him as hare doth hound;

Men myȝt haue filled a gret dromound

With bodijs that he sclow chasand,

And euere he folowed manassand. 7012

He swar here deth by bok and belle,

He nolde neuere sese hem to qwelle;

Scholde neuere man ne creature

Haue went fro<sup>1</sup> that batel sure, 7016

¶ Hadde thei of Troye had day-lyght,—

So were thei ferd and discomfyght;—

But sterres ros vpon the sky,

Ector lefft his chase for-thi 7020

And turned hem to his Cite,

With kyng, duk, and his meyne;

And did sone off hem her harneys

& set hem down on benche & deys<sup>2</sup>, 7024

And made her bones nesche and souple,

For ther was many a worthi couple,

For gret traunyle that thei hadde had

Off thaïre restyng were thei glad. 7028

**N**ow is Ector comen to halle,

And the stedis stabeled alle,

Thei ar vndight and set In stable;

Then was reysed many a table, 7032

But Hector  
puts the  
Greeks to  
flight,

and only night  
ends the  
battle.

The Trojans  
return to  
the town.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *for*.      <sup>2</sup> This line written in the margin very neatly, but by the same hand.—The last line of this MS. page (not printed here) is repeated there on the back of the leaf as first line.

The Trojans go to supper.	<p>The bordes were layd, the clothes spred <sup>1</sup>, [lf. 104, bk.] 7033</p> <p>And thei are set and richely fed</p> <p>With mete and drynke, gret plente,</p> <p>With vernage, Cret, and clarre, 7036</p> <p>With other drynkes and riche metes.</p>
Priamus bars the gates.	<p>¶ But Priamus no-tyng for-ȝetes</p> <p>To make thaire ȝates fast—</p> <p>He was of the Gregeis so sore agast,— 7040</p> <p>With many bare and many a croke,</p> <p>And men y-nowe the ȝates to loke,</p> <p>That alle men that were trauayled</p> <p>Schulde, when Gregeis hem assayled 7044</p> <p>With noyse or cry or any affray,</p> <p>In thaire bed [be] ther thei lay.</p>
His men feast.	<p>¶ The ȝates he keped, and thei ben sere</p> <p>To ete and drynke and make gode chere, 7048</p> <p>To ete &amp; drynke can thei not sese,</p> <p>Thei were serued with many a messe,</p> <p>With many noble diuers rost,</p> <p>With mete bakyn, sothen, and tost. 7052</p>
They go to sleep.	<p><b>T</b>He clothes were drawn, when bei had eten ;</p> <p>Kyng and duk, and alle that ther seten,</p> <p>Layd <sup>2</sup> be-side hem bothe gerdel and pouche,</p> <p>And wente than alle to thaire couche, 7056</p> <p>And held hem vnder couertoure,</p> <p>And slepte wel a gode mesure,—</p>
In the morn- ing	<p>Til nyght was gon, and sonne schon wyde,</p> <p>That men myȝt se on-eche a syde. 7060</p>
Priamus tells them to rȝst that day.	<p>¶ With mechel noyse thei hem atyred,</p> <p>Thei hadde long slept and were en-yred,</p> <p>And as thei her armure held In hande,</p> <p>Kyng Priamus sente his tithande, 7064</p> <p>That thei schulde be that day In pees</p> <p>And make hem alle wele at es.</p>

Priamus send

<sup>1</sup> This line is in the MS. a repetition of the last line of the preceding page, where only *leyd* is written instead of *layd*. See footnote 2 on preceding page.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *layd*.

- ¶ Priamus sende his messageres, [lf. 105.] 7067 Priamus con-  
And afftir his priue counseleres, 7068 vokes a parlia-  
To kyng and duk and to Ector, ment.  
And afftir Troyle and Antenor,  
Til Dephebus and Eueas,  
Paris and Polamydes, 7072  
That thei scholde come to his Paleis,  
To here his consayl ther alweis.
- ¶ Thei spedde hem faste euerychon :  
Thedir is comen kyng Monnon, 7076 The sons and  
Gode Ector, and many another, privy coun-  
Troylus, and Dephebus his brother, cillors of  
To Priamus that were priue, Priamus  
What he wolde, to here and se. 7080  
When thei were y-comen alle come to his  
To Ylion In-to the halle, hall.  
Thei sat hem down on that days,  
Thei were stille and held her pays; 7084  
Saue Priamus, that kyng corouned,  
Was non of hem that o word souned.
- H**E spak to hem with glad chere  
And seyde : ' lordynges, 3e are me dere; 7088 He addresses  
With-oute 3oure wil and 3oure assent them :  
Wol I not do, so haue I ment.  
I schal 3ow telle myn herte wille,  
What is my resoun and my skylle, 7092 ' I'll tell you  
Whi I haue sent afftir 3ow ; why I sent for  
Sittes stille and herkenes now ! you :
- ¶ Me thinketh oure goddis speciale  
And haue vs 3euen gret riale, 7096  
For vs haue thei mechel wrought ;  
To honour hem ful wel we ought.  
Thei loue vs wel specially,  
And worchin for vs rially, O j 7100

We must  
thank our  
gods much,



	Ther-fore schal we on alle wyse	[lf. 105, bk.]	7101
	Do to oure goddis sacrificise		
	With riche offerand and gret dispense,		
	And hem worschepe and do reuerence.		7104
	¶ We mot nede hem glorifye,		
that they gave us our foe, Thoas, as a prisoner.	That hath vs sent oure enemye		
	And schamely lyght In oure prisoun,		
	That vs hath don gret tresoun		7108
	With force and armes and cruelte,		
	That wolde sle bothe ȝow and me,		
	To robbe oure goddis, and oure Cite brenne,		
	And oure wyues ledde henne,		7112
	And make oure childer thral and cherles,		
	That schulde be kynges, dukes, and Erles ;		
	And we hem ones greued,		
	By alle the gode non ther leued !		7116
I think it right to put him to death.	¶ Me thinketh by resoun, and ȝow thynk als,		
	That this freke and traytour fals		
	Be ȝoure consayl and Iugement		
	With-oute the toun be ybrent,		7120
	Or fle him quyk al by the lawe,		
	Or with wilde hors him to-drawe,		
	Or elles hong him on galowe-tre,		
	That wolde distroye ȝoure Cite ;		7124
	And so schal alle these other drede.		
What do you think of this ?	What sey ȝe now, what ȝe rede ?		
	¶ Lete se now, what dethe demes,		
	Wheche deth of thes him best semes ?		7128
	Schal he be qwartered <sup>1</sup> with a knyff ?		
	To se him ded, were al my lyff !		
	Ther was no kyng that croune bered,		
	That Priamus that tyme answered		7132
	With word, whan he was demand ;		
	But sat stille as dere on the land,		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *qwarteler*.

- But were of that strong stonayd, [lf. 106.] 7135 All are  
Of hem alle no word thei sayd. 7136 astonished and  
silent.
- E**ueas was wis, witti, and lered,  
To speke than was he not fered,  
He saw the kyng hadde wratthe I-tane  
For the dethe of Cassibalane, 7140  
The kynges sone, he loued best ;  
For wratthe him thoght his herte brast.
- ¶ By-fore the kyng Eueas stode,  
And spak to him with milde mode, 7144  
And sayde to him as the wyse :  
'Nolde god, that any of thise  
Schamful dethe that to him deme !  
Hit is wel better that ȝe him ȝeme 7148  
Hole and sound In gode sauete,  
For we wot neuere,—no more wot ȝe,—  
What may be-falle som tyme to ȝoure,  
How it wol schape to vs and oure. 7152
- ¶ The doughtiest man that euere was born  
May falle, be tan, or elles lorn  
Among his fos be chaunce and happe.  
God made neuere so douzti a schappe, 7156  
That was so michel of strengthe & myght,  
Geaunt, champioun, ne other knyght,  
He mot be take In batayle ;  
Al day we sene it, no meruayle ! 7160
- ¶ Ther-fore, sire, I do not rede  
That ȝe do thus Thoas to dede,  
For ȝe wot wel, my lord the kyng,  
That kyng Toas and his ospryng 7164  
Is comen of alle the beste lynage  
Off hem of Grece that ben of age ;  
Alle the gret blod of Grece  
Ben some his Emes, and some his nece, 7168
- O [ij] 7168
- Eneas answers :  
  
'We must not  
do such a  
wicked deed,  
  
as we do not  
know what  
may happen to  
us and ours.
- Thoas is a  
relative of  
almost all the  
Greek nobles.

Alle of his kyn, and to him longe, [lf. 106, bk.] 7169  
 Ther is non gretter hem amonge.  
 So thei wolde do to oure frende,  
 Iff any come In here bende, 7172  
 And 3iff vs the same Iugement,  
 The beste of vs if thei mowe hent;  
 Off som of oure hit myght be-tyde,  
 3e wold not for al the world wyde 7176  
 Se him haue suche a chaunce  
 For al þe lond of Spayne & Fraunce<sup>1</sup>.  
 ¶ I rede therfore, kyng Thoas saue;  
 The same a-3eyn 3e mowe it haue, 7180  
 3e may 3it kyng Thoas chaunge  
 For on of oure or for som strange.  
 Ther-fore, lord, if I durst it say,  
 I wolde 3ow rede and also pray, 7184  
 That 3e wolde kepe kyng Thoas wele;  
 Hit may be-quyt 3ow euery dele.  
 ¶ Gode Ector, assente ther-to  
 And rede thi fader, to do right so!<sup>1</sup> 7188  
 He radde his ffader "that consail holde  
 That Eueas hadde ther tolde";—  
 'I holde his consail gode and trewe.  
 Iff 3e him scle, hit may 3ow rewe; 7192  
 For if any of 3oure be y-take,  
 We may him chaunge and so pees make.'  
 Priamus held him not payde,  
 That Ector thus to him sayde; 7196  
 In his entent 3et he leffte  
 And sayde to Ector wrothely effte:  
 'And if we do with Thoas thus,—  
 What schal oure enemys saye of vs, 7200  
 That we haue of hem suche awe,  
 That we dar not do the lawe?

If one of ours  
 should come  
 into the same  
 case, you cer-  
 tainly would  
 not like him  
 to be judged  
 thus.

Therefore I  
 advise that we  
 keep him as a  
 prisoner, in  
 order to  
 change him  
 for one of our  
 folk, if oppor-  
 tunity should  
 arise.

Hector  
 supports this  
 counsel.

Priamus says:  
 'They will  
 deem us  
 cowards if we  
 do so.'

And therto amonges hem be wel ffawe<sup>3</sup>;  
 . . . . .<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This line inserted in the margin, like l. 7024.

<sup>2</sup> The last word, *ffawe*, on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> No gap in MS.

Thei schal drede vs the lesse	[lf. 107.]	7205	
And holde vs ferd and hertlesse.			
But not-for-thi! a-3eyn my wille,			But notwith-
I schal assente 3oure consail tille."		7208	standing, I
And so was Thoas saued fro ded			will assent to
Thorow gode Ector and Eueas red.			your advice.'
And Eueas 3ede to Eleyne, to se			Eneas goes to
That curtays quene of gret bewte.		7212	Eleyne.
<b>K</b> yng Thoas herte be-gan to qwake,			
He wende to be hanged al nake;			
But Ector wolde he were saued.			
Priamus wolde that Troye hadde be paued		7216	
With hethen hond and euery a membre;			
That he hadde bended or Septeimbre,			
If he myzt haue had his wille;			
But Ector wold not lete him spille,		7220	
And thus hadde thei that conseil ent.			
The nyght is comen, the day is went,			When night
¶ Euery man to his In owe,			comes,
The wayte be-gan nyght to blowe.		7224	
Mone ne sterre saw man non,			
The cloudes haue hem ouer-gon;			
It wex al dym with derk cloude,			
The wynde be-gan to blowe loude,		7228	the wind
The wynd turned In-to the west,			begins to blow
Hit made a wonder gret tempest.			hard,
Among Gregeis blew many a blast			
And alle ther tentis to grounde cast;		7232	and a great
So wonderly the wynd it blewe,			storm beats
That alle here tentis ouer-threwe;			down the
Al 3ede to grounde bothe tent and hale,			Greek tents.
Here ropes vayled not of a schale.		7236	
Wo is hem In here <sup>1</sup> sclepes,			
The wynd brast bothe tre and ropes,	O	[iij]	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hem*.



	Ther was no stake that fast held,	[lf. 107, bk.]	7239
	Nother of Pauyloun ne of teld.		7240
	Hit was as derk as helle,		
	Might no man se—the sothe to telle,—		
	To set a-3eyn teld ne tent;		
	Thei were almost with wedir schent.		7244
It thunders,	¶ It be-gan dredly to thunder;		
	Thei hadde nouȝt to hele hem vnder.		
rains, snows,	Hit blew, it rayned, and eke snewe,		
	Thei turned for cold bothe hide & hewe;		7248
hails,	It thundred loude, it ffres, hit hayled,		
	Michel wo that nyght hem ayled;		
and lightens,	It lygthned vp In the firmament,		
	As al the world hadde y-brent;		7252
	Hem thought, the sky had y-brend al opon,		
and the Greeks are very much afraid.	In-to the erthe thei wolde haue cropon		
	For sorwe, and wo, and gret turmentes		
	That thei hadde of the elementes.		7256
	<b>A</b> fter that be-gan it rayne,		
	As al the world scholde be sclayne;		
	As water rennes In a goute,		
	The sky gan falle hem aboute.		7260
	Vp In the sky thei it hadde lade,		
	Men myght with-Inne a wyle wade		
	A-mong the hors vp to the hamme,		
	Than lefte no man synge his gamme;		7264
They think Noah's flood has come again.	¶ Thei were a-ferd of Noye flode		
	Hadde comen a-3eyn, thei vndirstode.		
	Al was fir in the firmament,		
	As it scholde the world haue brent;		7268
	The stedes starte out of here stalle		
	And ran aboute faste with-alles,		
	Men wende, that thei hadden ben wode;		
	The sky was as red as any blode.		7272

- Hem self to helpe thai ne myȝt, [lf. 108.] 7273  
 I-wis thei hadde a vile nyȝt ;  
 It myȝt haue ben no worse wedur,  
 Off heuene & erthe hadde gon to-gedur. 7276
- ¶ Thei banned & cursed alle tho,  
 That made thedur hem for to go  
 Fro thayre gode and fro ther wiff,  
 To lede ther so karful lyff. 7280
- Lord, the sorwe that hem was with !  
 That nyȝt hadde thei non other grith,  
 Thei quok for cold, thei were al wete,  
 Thei longed sore afftir hete. 7284
- I**N sorwe and wo the Gregeis are,  
 For drede of dethe thei droupe & dare ;  
 That thei come ther ful ofte thei playn,  
 Thei hopeth ful wel to be a-tayn 7288
- To neuere se thing that thei owe,  
 Wiff ne child, moder ne mowe.  
 Thei sorwe thus, til hit be day ;  
 "And her ffrendes"—thei seyde ay— 7292  
 "That lay ther dede, and som were roten,  
 Some smetyn, & some were schoten ;"—
- ¶ 'Alas !' thei seyde, 'this foul vnwit,  
 We were with sorwe so combred and knyȝt ! 7296  
 Whan that we passed the Grekysche see,  
 We knewe ful lytel Ector poustee ;  
 Hadde we knowen,—as we do now,—  
 Than hadde we wrought afftir oure prow, 7300  
 And saued vs, and we dispende ;  
 For now may vs no man amende,  
 Thes wederes done vs mechel tene.  
 What wonder is, of we vs mene ? 7304  
 We leue oure lord and oure frende,  
 And we ligge here in stormes and schende ; O iiij

The Greeks  
curse those  
who made  
them go to  
Troy, and  
leave their  
wives,

whom they  
will never  
see again.

They bewail  
their sad fate.

Er we wende hen, we schal be slayn ; [lf. 108, bk.] 7307  
 Litel wondir is, of we vs playn. 7308

**A** Ector, that we ne hadde knowen  
 Thi douȝtines, er we hadde sowen !  
 , Schulde neuere kyng ne Emperour,

Duke ne knyȝt, ne vauesour, 7312

Haue made vs passe the salte strem

For alle the gode of Ierusalem !'

Thei made gret del and playnyng ;

But it be-gan to leue raynyng, 7316

When the  
 storm ceases,

¶ The wynd sesid the gret blast,

The snewyng then no lenger last,

The tempest then be-gan to sese,

The thonder slaked & held her pese. 7320

Thei were glad of the sesed tempest,

Thei were ful glad to cacche rest.

¶ The nyȝt is gon, the cloudes with-drawe,

next morning

The day be-gan for to dawe,

7324

The sonne schon, the wedir cleres ;

the Trojans

The Troyens then with brode baneres

¶ Were redi armed In the feld,

On stedes stronge, with spere and scheld ; 7328

The ȝates were open, and thei rod out.

and the Greeks

The Gregeis of hem hadde gret dout,

But not-for-thi thei hadde no nede,

prepare for  
 a new battle.

Thei armed hem with mechel spede,

7332

And made hem redi to the fight—

With alle her power and here myght—

¶ A-ȝeyn Ector, that thei drede sore,

With alle here men bothe lasse and more

7336

Here strengthe to kythe, her myȝt to proue

Off hem of Troye that thei saw houe

In-myddes the feld, and hem abode.

When bothe parties to-gedur rode,

7340

¶ *Hic Rex Hupōn Troianus mortuus est.*

Delful dyntes thei deled and dalt; [lf. 109.] 734<sup>r</sup>

Many in his armes swalt,

A direful  
battle.

Er euen come and day was gon.

Suche batayle was ther neuere non 7344

Betwene two kynges on lande ne se,

Neuere was, ne neuere schal be.

**B** Othe parties ben y-dyght,  
With scheld and spere and brynes bryzt, 7348

In playn feld on gode aray;

Ther is no speche of no loue-day,

For eche man wol on other be wreke,—

What bote is than of loue to speke? 7352

Achilles with his Murmindones

Achilles leads  
the first  
battalion;

Passed ouer dales and dounes;

He rides ouer dounes and dales

With alle his men out of his hailes, 7356

With baneres brode and many a sygne,

With many a worthi knyzt and digne.

¶ The furst batayle sir Achilles

To lede that day for-sothe ches; 7360

Out of his tent he is now yssed,

To kyng Hupoun was he wel wyssed,

he meets with  
Hupon,

A douzti knyzt of gret a-fere;

But him thocht euel that he come there: 7364

Hupoun was michel and long,

Hey and brod, mechel & strong,

He was mechel as a geaunt;

But him hadde ben better to haue ben at Gaunt 7368

Or haue leyn seke in his bed,

who had  
better have  
been at Ghent  
or in bed.

Then he that day batayle hadde led.

¶ Achilles smot him with a spere,

That al his Armes gan to-tere, 7372

He smot him thorow bothe flesch & bone

And thorow his armes euerychone;



218 *Hector kills Octomene. A Fight between Diomedes and Antipe.*

Hupon is unhorsed.	Thoow he were mechel and long, Out of his sadel he him selong.	[lf. 109, bk.] 7375 7376
Hector fights with Octomene,	¶ To Ector rod kyng Octomene With hate and moche tene, He come to Ector faste fleande With a stalworthe spere In hande, He smot Ector, that his spere barst. 'The deucl the honge hard and fast!' Seide Ector, 'what eyles the? Whi hastow thus smetyn me?'	7380 7384
	¶ Ector was with him ful wrothe, He drow his swerd and to him gothe, And smytes him on a-nother manere; Of his scheld a ful quartere He carff a-wey at that strikyng; The stroke was smyten at his lykyng, He smote him doun vnto his chyn, That men myȝt se the tethe with-In.	7388 7392
and kills him		
Diomedes and Antipe fight	<b>D</b> iodemes and kyng Antipe, With-oute trompe or pipe Or any other Melodye, Thei redyn to-geder with gret envye; Here speres brast In splentes, But thei fel not with here dentes, With that Iustyng ne that Iornay. But thei ȝede not quyte a-way:	7396 7400
	¶ Thei drow here swerdes of here scauberkis And smot on scheldes and hauberkes, The rynges barst, the nayles out, Thei were strawed al a-bout; Her woundes bledde, her flesch was tamet, The holdest of hem ful sore was lamet. But at the laste be-tydde it so, That Diodemes smot In-two	7404 7408
and wound each other.		

Thorow douȝtines duk Antipe gorge,	[lf. 110.]	7409	
With his swerd—was fair of forge,—			
That he fel ded on gresse and rote,			Antipe is slain.
Off that wounde he hadde no bote.		7412	
<b>G</b> Lorious kyng lord Ihesu !			
Who-so hadde sen Ector vertu,			Hector slays many Greeks.
How he the Gregeis ther reuerced <sup>1</sup> ,			
Helmes and hauberk how he persed,		7416	
How he hem sclow by two and on,—			
He wolde haue sworn by Peter and Ion,			
By Marie bryzt and persones thre :			
That god that is In vnite		7420	
Made neuere man that was so goode,			
Ne so many schedde of mannes blode,			
Ne non so strong as Ector was.			
By him myȝt no man pas,		7424	Nobody can escape him.
That he myȝt take or hent,			
That the lyff a-way ne went.			
Ector sles the men of Grece,			
Thei dyed thikkere then men dryues gece		7428	
To chepyng-toun for to selle ;			
It is a wondur for to telle,			
What men he sclow In felde,			
A-mong his foos how he him welde.		7432	
<b>T</b> Her come two kynges In that batayle,			The brothers Episcropus and Cedius attack him.
That saw Ector aboute rayle,			
As faucoun flees afftir drake,			
A-mong Gregeis gret murdir make ;		7436	
He made hem fle for drede a-ferd,			
As hound dos dere of his herd.			
That on was kyng Episcropus,			
That other his brother Cedyus ;		7440	
Thei rod to Ector bothe at ones,			
For to cleue him bothe flesch and bones.			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *reuerted*.

Episcopus  
defies Hector;

But Ector 3aff off hem rizt nou3t, [lf. 110, bk.] 7443

Thei fond bothe that thei hadde sou3t; 7444

Episcopus, that ape and owle,

Spak to Ector wordes foule,

He called him "fitz-a-putayn<sup>1</sup>,"

And seyth: "he was a cherl velayn." 7448

¶ Than seide Ector: 'as I am kny3t,

Thow schalt of me haue a foul dispit,

Of me, thow kyng Episcopus,—

Thow hast defouled me thus!' 7452

**E**Episcopus Ector defies.

'Fals ataynted traytour, thow lyes;'

Hector  
answers him,  
glorifying  
himself and  
his descent,

Saide Ector, 'I was neuere thral,

I am fre, and my kynde al; 7456

In al my kyn is no throle,

But kyng and duk, kny3t & erle;

My ffader is a gentil kyng,

Suche is non In thyn ospreyng! 7460

¶ Fyftene kynges, genteler than thow,

Doth him omage and fewte now;

And I, his sone, kny3t, and Air,

Vndir me is man and mair, 7464

Duke and Prince, and kny3tes strong,

And alle that euere to him long.

My moder is a gentil quene,

A trewe lady, and euere hath bene; 7468

¶ Sche did her lord neuere falshede,

But euere was trewe In word and dede.

It semes wel thanne, that I am fre,

I may be skyl no cherl be! 7472

And that thow schalt wite, if I the take,

Thi proude wordes schal I slake.

I drede neuere man of thi nacioun,

Whi scholde I now fle a glotoun, 7476

and  
threatening  
Episcopus.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *fitz aputayn*.

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Episcropum Regem et Cedium Regem.*

Suche a caytyff, suche a wrecche! [lf. III.] 7477

I holde the not worth a fecche!'

¶ Then was wroth Episcropus

That Ector spake to him so spitous; 7480

Disputusly Ector he myssayde,

And sadly to him he layde

With al his strengthe and al his myght,

With Ector sone he gan to fyght. 7484

Episcropus that schrewe vnorne

Might not his word performe;

¶ Ector sone to him gan take,

He thought him venge of that wrake; 7488

Ector bare his sword on hye,—

For he hadde no spere him bye,—

He 3aff the kyng Episcropus

Suche a recumbentibus, 7492

He smot In-two bothe helme & mayle,

Coleret and the ventayle;

He carff him down In-to his vent,

That to the deth sone he went. 7496

¶ 'Thow art now dede and ouer-thrown,

Thi bostful wordes that thow blowen,

Velenly thow hast thi mede;

To myssay thow efft take hede!' 7500

**C**edius saw his brother sclayn,

The swot ran down—so doth the rayn—

And of his eye down by his lere,

For his brother that was him dere. 7504

'Alas,' seide he, 'that euere I was born!

I se my brother In-sonder schorn,

I schal him venge—what-so be-tydes—

Thoow my hert brest out at my sydes.' 7508

A thousand knyghtes that douzti were

Cedius hadde with him there;

Episcropus  
replies, and  
begins fighting  
with Hector.

Hector cuts  
Episcropus  
down,

kills him,  
and scorns  
him.

His brother  
Cedius, who  
has 1,000  
knights,  
resolves to  
avenge  
Episcropus's  
death.



Alle he called to him tho, [lf. III, bk.] 7511

And many other Gregeis mo; 7512

And asked him: "what was his wille?

Whi he so called and cried him tille?"

¶ Thei asked of him: "what him ayled?"

Cedius tells his  
Greeks that he  
must take  
revenge on  
Hector for his  
brother's  
death,

And he seide: "his lyff him ffayled, 7516

No-thing In erthe myght do him bote,

Er he saw Ector on his fote,"—

' For he hath selayn my dere brother, 7520

Episcopus, and many other;

And him folwe I thus aboute,

To seche Ector among the route,

and kill him.

And leue him not, vnto he be founde,

Ded or selayn, or cast to grounde.' 7524

¶ Cedius then with-oute lesyng

Souȝt Ector faste with gret sikyng;

A thousand  
knights ride  
with him;

A thousand knyȝtes rod with him than 7528

With many another douȝti man,

To sele Ector and him wounde.

they find  
Hector,

Thei ȝede him to seke & sone him founde,

And of his stede thei bare him down,

And ȝede to Ector alle en-viroun; 7532

And that me thenke no meruayle,

For he wist not of here consayle.

unhorse and  
surround him.

**E**ctor was to grounde I-bet,

A thousand knyȝtes thei on him set, 7536

To sele him ther thei aff hadde thoght,

For her euel wil ful thei boght.

Cedius strikes  
many blows at  
him.

Cedius strok to him wel offte;

Ector saw his arme on loffte 7540

Al redi him for to strike,

Then gan Ector sore myslyke;

¶ Than seide Ector to Cedyus:

' Wenestow to sle me thus? 7544

- I sette at nouȝt alle thi Coueye, [lf. 112.] 7545  
 Whil I may se ȝow with myn eye!'
- ¶ Ector ȝaff kyng Cediuss on Cedius's arm  
 And cleff a-two his schuldir-bon, 7548 is cut off by  
 That hond & arme bothe fley a-way; Hector.  
 The kyng fel a-down, and ther he lay.
- T**Hen come thedir Menelaus, Most of the  
 And also the stronge Archilaus, 7552 Greek kings  
 And also the stronge Thelamon now come  
 With many a knyȝt, & kyng Makaron, together  
 The noble kyng Diodemes  
 With many a thousand, & Vlixes; 7556  
 Ther come also the riche Athene,  
 The noble man Duk Mescene.  
 The riche kyng ther Emperour,  
 That was her alther gouvernour, 7560  
 He comē down with the rerwarde  
 Strong and yrus as any lyparde.
- ¶ These kynges comes with here batayles,  
 Eche man thanne Ector assayles; 7564 and assail  
 Thei died faste on euery syde. Hector.  
 Alas now! how schal Ector abyde A great battl.  
 These kynges alle and her power,  
 Whan hem come socour fer and ner? 7568
- ¶ Prime was past, hit was Midday,  
 And ney-honde none—as I ȝow say.  
 Whan alle that armes bere myght—  
 Off hem of Grece thei fayled lyght— 7572  
 Were comen doun to that batayle  
 With men & hors and pedayle,  
 With bowe and Arwe and alblast;  
 Then were the Troyens sore agast, 7576 the Trojans  
 For thei hadde fouȝten for the best are much  
 Al the day with-outen rest. afraid.

¶ *Hic Achilles interfecit Phillum Regem.*

For then were comen the kynges alle [lf. 112, bk.] 7579  
 And begonne on hem to falle, 7580

The Greeks  
 are fresh, the  
 Trojans weary.

Thei were ffresch, these other wery.

Then were the Troyens al sory ;

Thei keped the Gregeys not-for-thi

And stode a-ȝeyn strongly ; 7584

But thei myzt not endure so longe,

The Gregeis were that tyme so stronge,

The Trojans  
 are put to  
 flight.

That thei be-gan so to fle.

It myght with hem no better be, 7588

So weri thei ben and ouer-charged,

Here socour foule fro hem targed.

¶ Achilles folwed and alle hise,

Achilles slays  
 Phillus.

He ouer-toke the kyng Philluse ; 7592

Phillus turned and with him fauȝt,

But suche a stroke Achilles him rauȝt

With his hondes sicurly,

That he fel dede ther sodanly. 7596

**E**ctor saw that Phillus was ded,

‘ Alas ’—seide he—‘ that I ete bred

That euere was mad of corn of whete,

That I schulde se my men so bete ! 7600

I may not longe it suffry

Off that Achilles with his sculkery.’

He turned and loked his men toward :

Thei flowe the while faste a-weyward, 7604

Thei wolde not bide be doune ne dale,

For that the Gregeis were so fale.

¶ Then myzt men se the Gregeis ride,

Hector is  
 surrounded by  
 the Greeks  
 under Alpenor  
 and Doryus.

Thei closed Ector on eche a side, 7608

Some be-hynde and some be-fore.

Ther was a kyng—het Alpenore—

Another also het Doryus,

Thei were to Ector enyous ; 7611

{ On eche }

- On eche a side Doryus him strikes, [lf. 113.] 7613 Doryus and  
With his spere ful harde he prikes; several other  
Ector deled aboute lyueray Greeks strike  
To alle that euere come In his way. 7616 at Hector.
- ¶ Then men myȝt se swordes drawe—  
Thikkere then trees by wode-schawe—  
A-boute Ector, to bere him down;  
Thei thoght he scholde neuere come to toun, 7620  
But leue ther as a caytyff  
Clene ded with-oute lyff.
- A Thousand swerdes aboute him clatered,—  
As Masons hadde on stones bated,— 7624  
But al was nouȝt thei were aboute,  
For hem alle hadde he no doute :  
He deled a-boute him suche strokes,  
That he carf bothe hed and chokes, 7628  
Hond and foot & haterelle;  
Many on ded to grounde felle.  
He sclow for-sothe the kynges two,  
And many a-nother knyȝt also. 7632
- ¶ To sle the Gregeis hadde he neuere pees;  
He cried and seyde to Achilles :  
'Thow sclow long er a kyng of myne,  
Now haue I sclawe two of thyne. 7636  
Come thi-selff to venge hem;  
I ȝeue of the right nouȝt certeyn !'
- ¶ The Troiens thanne that were fled,  
When thei sey how Ector sped, 7640  
How he him-self that stour mayntened,  
With hem-selff ful sore thei tened;  
When he hadde sclayn the kynges bothe,  
With hem-selff thei were wrothe, 7644  
Thei turned a-ȝeyn on thaire enemys,  
And died faste on bothe parties <sup>1</sup>. P [j]
- The Trojans,  
seeing Hector's  
success,
- Hector  
challenges  
Achilles.
- return.

<sup>1</sup> Below the last line, upside down and very badly written, are the words :  
'paphylun was an vter man bothe of leȝing & dissiuing' [? desseiesing].



¶ *Hic Amphimates Rex Interfectus est.*

Eneas slays  
Amphimates.

**A**Veas thanne his sword out-drow, [lf. 113, bk.] 7647  
A kyng of Grece ther-with he selow; 7648  
Amphimates his name was kyd

That Eveas ther to dethe dyd.

¶ The Troiens keuered a-3eyn the feld,  
A3eyn the Gregeis fast thei held. 7652

A great Greek  
duke

Ther was a duk of gret emprise,  
That saw Ector hem alle to-brise  
Alle tho of Grece that he myzt reche;  
Ful ffayn wold he take wreche. 7656

¶ He swore by him that sit in trone  
And made bothe sonne and Mone;  
“He wolde him lette of his doying,  
Off his slawzt and his quellyng.” 7660

attacks Hector.

Wel boldely to him he Ioyned,  
And with his spere faste ffoyned,  
That his mayles barst in-sonder,—  
That thoght Ector moche wonder;— 7664  
He drow his sword and hoved stille  
And fauzt with Ector al his fille.

and presses  
him hard.

¶ Gret myzt the duke schewed thore,  
He layde on Ector strokes sore, 7668  
He lettid him moche of his prowes,  
Off his scleyng and his rebelnes.

Hector is much  
annoyed and  
ashamed.

¶ Ector was with-al anoyed:  
‘Now is my myzt strongly distroyed,’ 7672  
Ector sayde, ‘whan I schal thole  
Off on that is not worth a cole  
Suche vilony and suche repruse.  
I may wel say, I am refuyse 7676  
Off alle the kynges sones of Troye,  
When that I suffre of suche a boye  
Suche vilonye to me be done,—  
Ne se I neuere sonne ne mone! 7680

¶ *Hic venit sagittarius.*

But thow schalt dere thi strokes a-bye, [lf. 114.] 7681

Thi hardines and thi folye!

I schal kembe<sup>1</sup> thi zelowe lokke!

He 3aff the duk suche a knokke, 7684

The Greek  
lord is cloven  
down by  
Hector.

That helm and coyfe In-sunder 3ede;

He cleue him doun vnto his stede,

That he fel doun on that other side.

'Now wil thow 3iff me leue for to ride, 7688

Where that I loue & thow not me lette!

Now hastow that I the be-hette!

**N**ow cometh a-nother kyng Episcropus

The Trojan  
king Episcro-  
pus arrives

With many a knygt a-venterus, 7692

Out of Troie comes he ridande

With men of Armes thre thousande.

with 3,000 men  
and a quaint  
Archer.

¶ With him come A quaynte Archer,

That mad is on suche a maner:

7696

He is halff hors and halff man.

With hem of Troye thedir he ran;

This archer ran to fight al naked.

Herkenes now, how he was maked!

7700

This Archer,  
being all  
naked,

Fro his nauel dounward

is like a horse  
from the navel  
downwards,

He was hors, and man vpwrd;

As a hors hadde he foure fete

That he ran on, whan he schete;

7704

Bak and bely of hors & tayle,

Thus was he maked saunfayle;

¶ His [s]kyn was hard and no-tyng thenne,

His pyntel was of hors-kynne.

7708

And al that was fro the nauel aboue,

and like a  
man from the  
navel upwards.

Al was man—for goddis loue:—

Sides and ribbes, hed and hals,

Bak and brest, & visage als,

7712

Armes, scholdres, chekes, & eres,—

Al was of man that he op weres.

P [1j]

<sup>1</sup> MS. *kemle*.

His voice alone is not human, for he neighs like a horse.	Saue that he hadde of man no voyce,—[lf. 114, bk.] As an hors made he the noyce, As it were an hors—for-sothe—he neyed.— Many a man thorow him ther dyed!— Tethe and gomes and mannes mouth—	7715 7716
Nobody ever saw such a beast any- where!	Now lyues no man by north ne south, That euere saw suche a best In feld ne toun ne in no forest!	7720
All his limbs are covered with horse's hairs.	¶ Al was of man bothe nese & throte, And fynGRES als for his schote; But alle his membris lasse and more Were al be-grownen with hors-hore, Bak and bely, & legge and nase, Brest, Armes, & his visage; As he were a hors, he neyes & ondes <sup>1</sup> . His eyen were lyke to brennande brondes; He fferd, as he scholde men haue brent With spark of fire that fro him glent; His vice was red as any fir. Bowe and arwe was his atir.	7724 7728
Sparks of fire fly out of him,	¶ Han he was comen, he bent his bowe; Alle that euere him sawe Were ferd of him and strongly wondred; The horses snored, as it hadde thondred— So were thei of him agrysed, So brend his eyen and dredful glysed. Ther durst not on loke to him ward, Here hors turned awayward; ¶ Thei wolde haue fled out of the feld, But eche a man his hors held:	7732
and frighten the Greeks, especially their horses,	¶ Thei wolde haue fled out of the feld, But eche a man his hors held: With mochel wo thei hem resteyed, To make hem dwelle thei ofte assayed; Thei held hem stille with bridel & reyne, With mechel wo and mechel peyne.	7736 7740 7744
which are with difficulty kept quiet.		7748

<sup>1</sup> Line 7729 after 7730 in MS.

- T** His Archer schotes & sendes Arwes, [lf. 115.] 7749      The Archer  
     He slees the Gregeis, as men take sparwes      slays many  
     With lym or net or lym3erdes,      Greeks,
- Hors & man that Archer ferdes;      7752  
 And Ector slees al that he hittes.      and so does  
 Ther is no man that on hors sittes      Hector.
- Off hem of Grece, that may restay  
 Ther hors lenger, but fled a-way;      7756  
 Ther is no man that ther abydes,  
 But eche man awayward rydes  
 To here tentis & Paelons.  
 Achilles with his Murmondons<sup>1</sup>      7760      The Greeks  
     Vnto his strengthe a-veyward prikes;      flee to their  
     Ector faste afftir him strikes      tents,  
     With hem of Troie; and that archer,  
     He schet aboute him fer & ner      7764      The Archer  
     With arwes that were wel I-heded<sup>2</sup>;      pursues them,  
     The Gregeis ofte In-sunder hem scheded.      always shoot-  
     ing.
- ¶ A wonder chaunce he did hem thore:  
 When thei of Grece discomfited wore      7768  
 And to ther tentis a-veyward fledde,  
 Her Archer faste Afftir hem spedde;  
 The Archer hadde so smartly ronnen,  
 That he hadde lond of hem wonnen.      7772      The Archer  
     As he thus ran aboute schetande,      goes too far,  
     He saw a3ein him come prikande      and is met by  
     Diomedes vnto his tentis;      Diomedes.
- The archer thenne an Arwe out-hentis,      7776  
 He smot at him—so was he thare—  
 Diomedes was wel ware,      Diomedes  
     To schote at him so was he prest;      doubts  
     He wiste neuere, whedir he myzt best      whether to  
     To his paunloun for to ride,      7780      ride on to his  
     For he most ride that Archer be-side,—      pavilion,
- P [iij]

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Murmondous*.

<sup>2</sup> Line 7765 after 7766 in MS.



¶ *Hic Diomedes occidit sagittarium.*

or to go back,  
and risk  
capture by the  
Trojans.

Or if he turned a-veyward,— [lf. 115, bk.] 7783

His enemys come on him bakward : 7784

For if he come a-monges her hondes,

For al the godis of Gregeis londes

Wold thei not lette the kyng quyk go,

With lyff and lym hem go fro. 7788

¶ He was In gret a-visement,

How he myght passe and be not schent ;

He saw be-fore *him* that foule best,

The Troyens afftir him with many a crest. 7792

The Archer  
tries to slay  
Diomedes ;

¶ The Archer was the kyng so hende,

To sle that kyng wel he wende :

To that kyng he gan to hale,

And drow an Arwe vp to the vale ; 7796

And as he was In his losyng,

Diomedes, that dou3ti kyng,

Hadde his sword al redi drawe,

That many of Troie hadde done of dawe. 7800

¶ He strok his stede & to him rode,

but, before he  
can shoot,  
Diomedes slays  
him with his  
sword.

Ar euere arwe fro him glode :

He smot the best vpon the bak

And 3aff him right an euel knak ; 7804

He smot his bak [right] in-sunder,

That he fel down his hors fete vnder.

When the  
Greeks see the  
Archer is dead,

**N**OW are the Gregeis fayn and bolde,

The Archer lyes vpon the wolde 7808

Selayn and dede, as men telles ;

None is ther that langer dwelles,

they return to  
the battle-  
field.

Thei turned a-3eyn and toke the feld,

Thei droff Troians fro tent to teld. 7812

¶ To Ector rennes Achilles,—

But [of] him 3eues he not two strees,

He kepte him and not for-soke.

A stalworthe spere to him he toke 7816

- And smot Ector with myght and mayn, [lf. 116.] 7817      Hector and Achilles meet and unhorse each other.
- And he smot him for-sothe a-ȝeyn,  
That eyther fel doun, er euere thei wiste,  
That bothe her eres the grounde kiste. 7820
- ¶ But Ector was hurt the sorroure,  
For he come doun fro the fferour  
As he had ben a man [a-]rage.  
He toke Ector at his a-vauntage, 7824  
Wher-by Ector In his ffallynge  
Toke wel more the brussynge,  
And lenger lay his hors beside  
Then Achilles dede that tide. 7828
- ¶ Achilles ros op witterly  
And lepe on hors sicurly,  
He layde his hond on Ector stede  
And went a-way wel gode spede. 7832
- E**ctor was risen and vp-stode,  
He loked aboute as he were wode,  
And swor I-tened<sup>1</sup> and he sporles,  
The blod ran out at his nase-throlles; 7836  
When he fro him his hors saw lede,  
Mouthe & nase began to blede,  
For tene & wo his hew chaunged.  
Ector afftir Achilles sewed, 7840
- ¶ Opon his feet faste he hyes,—  
To his men faste he cryes :  
'Se ȝe not, how myn enemy  
Ledes a-way my hors ȝow by? 7844  
Iff he him lede thus fro ȝow alle,  
Foule reproues ȝow schal be-falle!  
But ȝe him sonner ouertake,  
ȝe bene not alle worthi an hake! 7848
- ¶ Eche man than afftir rides,  
Is none lengur that then a-bydes,      P ii[ij]
- They all pursue Achilles.

<sup>1</sup> MS. & tened.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt Antynorem Regem.*

Eche man afftir rides &amp; rennes. [lf. 116, bk.] 7851

Achilles<sup>1</sup> thenne for tene brennes, 7852

Maugre his tethe the stede he lefft,

One of Hector's  
brothers  
retakes his  
horse,

For Ector brother ffro him it refft;

He myzt no ferther for him go,

Therfore for-sothe he was ful wo. 7856

¶ Lord! so Ector thanne was fayn,

and gives it  
back to him.

Whan he his gode stede hadde azeyn,

He wold not for his weyght of gold,

That Achilles it hadde hold. 7860

Many of Grece bowte his takyng,

Men myzt se thenne speres schakyng:

Hector takes  
bloody  
revenge.

¶ Ector sceles and Ector felles;

His hors takyng dere he selles; 7864

He riues helmes and cleues hedes;

Ther is no Gregeis that him<sup>2</sup> [ne] dredes.

Ther died for him on that sond

Sixti that neuere layde on him hond. 7868

On the other  
side of the  
battle-field  
Antenor fights.**A**Ntenor rode aboute strikande,—

Fro Ector was he fer fyghtande

On that other half of that batayle,

And that was him to wrothe-haile: 7872

For thei of Grece opon him throng

And him be-closed hem among;

His men backward fro him frusched,

And many of hem to grounde crusched. 7876

¶ Antenor did that In him was,

But he myght not fro hem pas,

For thei of Grece were more then he:

The Greeks  
take him  
prisoner, and  
send him to  
their tents.

Thei toke him at that semble 7880

And sent him to her<sup>3</sup> paulyons

With-uten any haulyons,

And held him In her prisoun.

Polydomas of gret renoun 7884

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Ector.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *that thei him.*<sup>3</sup> MS. *his.*

- Therefore was he ful sori,— [lf. 117<sup>1</sup>.] 7885  
 That was his sone, was him bi :  
 His hert forsothe wex al cold,  
 When the tydandes were y-told. 7888  
 ¶ Gret meruayles tho in hem he wrouzt,  
 Off his lyff as he nad rouzt,  
 But he ne hade no space at his lykyng,  
 For it was thenne ney euenyng ; 7892  
 ¶ The day was gon, thei hadde no lyght,  
 For it was wel with-Inne nyght.  
 To dwelle lenger<sup>2</sup> thenne was not gode,  
 The[i] leue ffyghtyng, as hem be-hode, 7896  
 And turned hom with weri bones,—  
 Eche man to his owne wones,—  
 Vn-Armed hem, and wente to reste ;  
 To house come many a weri geste. 7900  
 ¶ Thei layde borde & clothe & ȝede to mete.  
 Polidomas myzt not for-ȝete  
 Off al that nyzt for no thyng  
 His dere fader takyng : 7904  
 Ful litel he drank and les ete,  
 The teres fel to his fete.  
 ¶ Off alle that nyzt myzt he not slepe,  
 Al that nyzt he lay and wepe, 7908  
 Til hit was day, the sonne gan schyne,  
 Euermore dured his pyne.  
 Then he ros vp, as most nede,  
 To arme him, his men to lede, 7912  
 Aȝeyn Gregais to fight to-morn.  
 Wo was him, that he was born,  
 For sorwe and care and mornyng  
 That he toke for his lordis takyng. 7916  
 ¶ The nyght is passed, hit is day,  
 The sonne hath dreuen the sterres away,

Antenor's son  
Polimodas  
tries to rescue  
him,

but is  
prevented by  
night.

The Trojans  
return home  
very weary.

They sup ; but  
Polimodas

weeps the  
whole night.

In the morn-  
ing he arms  
himself to lead  
his men  
against the  
Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> At the head of this page, not very distinctly : *Aynesworth*.

<sup>2</sup> was erased between *lenger* and *thenne*.



	Ther is no sterre opou the sky ;	[lf. 117, bk.]	7919
	The sonne is resen & schynes on hy,		7920
	Fair & bryȝt he schewes his bemes.		
The Trojans and the Greeks rise,	Thei risen vp of here dremes,		
	Off Troie and Grece [the knyȝtes] bothe ;		
	Many of hem schal be wrothe :		7924
but take no notice of their dreams, as they ought to have done.	¶ Hadde thei of here sweuen taken tent,		
	That thei hade wyten, what it hade ment,		
	When hardi thynges thei did mete,		
	Tho that schold her lyf for-lete !		7928
	But ther-of toke thei kepe no-tyng,		
They prepare for a new battle.	But busked hem In the dawyng,		
	And Armed hem In sail & schiþ ;		
	And than thei ȝede and toke a soþ,		7932
	Thei ete a sop, and afftir dranke,		
	For In batayle thei wolde be strang.		
	¶ When thei wente out of here hale,		
	Many drank nother wyn ne ale		7936
	Affter that, ne ete, ne drank,		
	But layen ded & foule stank !		
	Eche man sclow other & felle down,		
Many of the Trojans who marched out were never to come back to town.	Many of hem come neuere to toun		7940
	Hole aȝeyn, as thei ȝede out ;		
	Some lefft his hed, and som his snout,		
	Some to-hewen and foule ferd with ;		
	Some les his lyff, and som his lyth.		7944
The battle begins.	<b>W</b> Han bothe parties to-gedir wore,		
	Thei smetyn to-gedur strokys sore :		
	When thei were comen out of her hales,		
	And thei of Troye out of here sales		7948
	And passed her ȝates & here dikes,		
	Eche man at other strikes ;		
	He drow his swerd, and he his bowe,		
	Mechel sorwe ther was y-sowe :		7952

He anon, his knyff he drawes,	[lf. 118.] 7953	They wound one another with knives and spears.
—And he is ded,—and ouer-thrawes,		
He schakes his spere, he rides owerre,		
And he fel down I-hurt <sup>1</sup> wel sorre,	7956	
He is ded, and he is slayn,		
And he is born thorow the brayn,		
He ses his lyuer and his entrelles ;		
Michel is the wo that hem ayles.	7960	
<b>A</b> ND thus ferde thei fro that thei ros		This direful battle lasts from morning till night.
Til the day a-veyward gos,		
And nyght was comen, and lyght was fayled.		
Ector euere aboute rayled,	7964	Hector—like a falcon— pursues and kills the Greeks.
As <sup>2</sup> faucoun doth opon his pray ;		
The bodyes thikke aboute him lay,		
That ther lay with dethis wounde ;		
Many a knyzt fel to the grounde.	7968	
Ful sorily he hem ransaked		
Fro that morwe that he waked		
Til euen-tide that home he ȝede,		
For he hadde neuere so moche nede	7972	
To help and socour his meygne,		
As he hadde at that Iorne.		
¶ For Gregeis were so styff and stronge,		
That thei his men down sclow & sclonge,	7976	
As thei of hem hadde ȝeue right nouȝt ;		
But euere among thei it dere bouȝt :		
For Ector sclow hem al a-boute,		
Many Gregeis made he loute ;	7980	
¶ Ector hem sclow, as it were mys,		
Thei died faste on bothe parties		On both sides many are slain,
Off hem of Troye & of Gregeis,		
Thei lefft liggyng many karkeis.	7984	
Echon wolde other slo,		
Off Grece died fele, of Troye wel mo.		but more Trojans than Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *and hurt.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And.*

	Glad was he that ther ascaped.	[lf. 118, bk.]	7987
	The better side the Gregeis schaped		7988
	As for that day—as I herde telle.		
	With hem of Troye so it be-felle :		
Had not Hector been among the Trojans, all of them would have been put to flight ;	Ne hadde douȝti Ector ben,		
	Thei hadde not lefft a cyteseyn		7992
	With him In the feld, that thei nad fled ;		
	So were the Troiens sore adred,		
	For thei of Grece were so strongful,		
	That thei vnnethe stode hem a pul <sup>1</sup> .		7996
he alone is victorious against the Greeks.	<b>B</b> Vt Ector mayntened his syde		
	For al here strengthe and here pride,		
	He brekes her hedes, her helmes & scheldes,		
	Ful nobly his men he ledes.		8000
	And thus he heldis with gret labour		
	Aȝeyn Gregeis al day that stour,		
Night ends the battle.	Til nyȝt was comen and day gon,		
	And thei departid euerychon		8004
	On bothe parties more and les,		
	For it was so gret derknes.		
	¶ Thei ȝede euen home to her hous,		
	Thei fond ther many a sori spous,		8008
	That sori were for here husbondis ;		
	Some lay dede on the sondes :		
Both the Trojans and Greeks bewail their dead.	¶ The wyues of Troye made gret mornynȝ ;		
	Amonges the Gregeis was gret roryng,		8012
	Thei blew and cried—as wilde bere brayes—		
	For her frendes that died tho dayes ;		
The Greeks despair of ever returning home.	Thei wende neuere that day abyde,		
	That thei scholde hom with her lyff ride,		8016
	To passe ouer the Grekisshe wawes.		
	Thei hadde In honde wel carful sawes		
	A-mong the grete and the smale,		
	Al nyȝt ther-of thei hadde here tale.		8020

<sup>1</sup> MS. *apul.*

- ¶ That Agamenon was vp rysen, [lf. 119.] 8021  
 That hadde Antenor In his prison;  
 When he saw it was day cler,  
 He sent out his Messanger 8024 Agamemnon  
 To Priamus and to his baronage, sends messen-  
 Trewes to aske and trewes to wage,— gers to  
 Off thre monthes thei him besought, Priamus to ask  
 Til the ded<sup>1</sup> to erthe was brought. 8028 for a truce of  
 three months.
- D**omedes and Vlixes  
 To Priamus were sent in pees,  
 To aske this trewe, and make it stable  
 On bothe parties with-oute fable: 8032  
 That non of hem schuld other dere  
 With non harm In maner of were  
 Lastyng the terme of that trewe,  
 And who-so did, it scholde him rewe; 8036  
 Thei be Iugement const[r]eyned  
 To suffre therfore that men ordeyned.
- ¶ These kynges to here hors take,—  
 Wel richely dyght ffor worschepe sake: 8040  
 Thei dede on robes that hem best payes,  
 Off riche gold were alle the rayes,  
 Off riche scarlet were bothe here champes,  
 Poudred ful of golden lampes, 8044  
 With lilye-leues and flour-delys;  
 The robes were of mochel prys,
- ¶ Thei were parted with riche palle.  
 The knyghtes were fair & cleue with-alle, 8048  
 Here hodes dyght with gold ribanes,—  
 Better weres non among the Danes;—  
 Thei were with gold wel I-fret,  
 The ffloures of gold on hem set, 8052  
 With wilde bestes and fflyande ffloules,  
 Liouns, lipardes, ernes, and owles

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he did*.



	Off riche gold that louely schon ;	[lf. 119, bk.]	8055
They are adorned with most precious stones	In hem stode many a riche ston, Saphur riche, and selidone, Erbe-de-bothe, & Cassidone, And euere among the dyamaund, Sewed wel with gode orfoyle-suand ;		8056    8060
of great value.	¶ The frette of gold was like a belle, So were thei gret & horrible ; Worth michel gode thei were apraysed, Thei were so couched and hye vp-raysed.		8064
The Greek messengers ask for admission at the gates of Troy.	¶ Thei rode to-geder with-oute debate ; Thei are now comen to Troye 3ate, In forme of pes thei aske entre : “ To lete hem In for charite, That thei my3t wende with-out outrage To Priamus on here message.”		8068
	<b>T</b> He 3ates are opened and vndon, The kyng[es] were leten In son, Thei were I-kept with curtesye.		8072
Delon, a Trojan knight,	Ther was a kny3t of genterye, A riche man, that het Delon, A gret courser sat he vpon ; He was In Troye bothe geten & born, He saw the kynges come him be-forn.		8076
	¶ On his hors that he be-strode A3eyn tho kynges he thenne rode, And kept hem faire as kny3t curtays, And led hem In-to the kynges palays ; He led hem bothe In-to the halle :		8080
leads them to Priamus,	The kynges were at the mete alle, ¶ Priamus and his kny3tes of my3t ; Ther-Inne was a louely sight. When Delon broght thes messageres To the kyng and his consaleres,		8084  8088
who is sitting at dinner with his coun- cillors.			

To speke with him, her erand to schewe,— [lf. 120.]		
Off his consayl were ther but fewe.	8090	
¶ Delon broght hem to the bordis,		Delon intro-
Thei gret the kyng with louely wordis,	8092	duces the
Thei told her erand and asked respit :		Greeks.
“That alle myȝt reste, bothe knaue & knyȝt,		They speak
On bothe parties monthes thre		their message.
By siker hostage & gode surte.”	8096	
With louely wordes and faire spekynges		
Kyng Priamus answered the kynges :		Priamus as-
¶ ‘I holde him certes with-oute manhede,		sures them of
That loueth wrong or any falshede ;	8100	his trust-
I dar of trewe make myn avaunt :		worthiness
I schal helde siker that I graunt,		
I schal holde trewes I vndirtake ;		and assents to
I schal hem helde and siker make,	8104	their demand,
That non of myne schal do ȝow skathe,		
Nother late, erly, ne rathe		
Lastyng the trewe ; and ȝe also		
The same a-ȝeyn to me schal ȝe do.	8108	
¶ But ȝe wot wel : It is not skylle,		but says that
That I assente the trewes tille		he must first
With-oute red of my consayle,		consult with
Off my baronage, & myn avayle	8112	his barons.
That ar with me In myn enprise.		
But I for ȝow now schal arise		
And herkyn, what my consayl sais ;		
So longe ȝe schal dwelle In peis.	8116	
Iff thei assent, I graunt for me :		
What thei wol say, ȝe schal sone se.’		
<b>P</b> riamus wol no lengur ete,		Priamus re-
He settis a-way drynke & mete,	8120	tires from the
For curtasie of his two gestis		dinner-table.
He settis a-way borde and trestis.		

	He wolde thei were sone answerd,	[lf. 120, bk.]	8123
	That ther drecchyng hem not dered.		8124
Priamus calls all the Trojan nobles to- gether,	¶ Priamus did to him calle Kynges and dukes and lordes alle; Thei stode aboute him on a rowe, He spak to hem with wordes lowe: 'Wol 3e thus longe trewes fulfille?' Sayde Priamus—'say me 3oure wille: What schal I tille <sup>1</sup> hem now say? Schal I seye: "3e," or: "nay"?' ¶ Avise 3ow now alle In-fere, Now 3e ben to-geder here: What is 3oure wit? how thenke 3ow? Hope 3e hit be for oure prow To graunt this trewe? wol 3e assente? Telle me 3oure best a-visemente!'		8128
and asks if he shall say 'yes' or 'no' to the Greeks' de- mand.			8132
	<b>T</b> He kyng[es] sayde by on name: "To graunt trewe, it was no schame,"— 'Sithen thei it aske at oure request, Hit is worschepe to oure behest; And we may reste vs the whiles, For we ben ful of woundes and biles, That ben ful of quytour & wores; We may the while hele oure sores. We wol the trewe graunte and hauen, Sithen thei comen hit to crauen.'		8140
			8144
			8148
They all assent, ¶	Ther was no lordyng In that halle, That thei ne graunte the trewes alle And wel apayed—saue Ector one; Ther-to spak he wordes none; He saw what thei alle thought, Therfore wolde he say right nought; He saw it was al ther <sup>2</sup> lykyng To be In pes and haue restyng;		8152
except Hector.			8155
		And not for }	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *telle*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *alther*.

¶ Hic Greci pecierunt pacem.

And not-for-thi hit liked him ille, [lf. 121.] 8157

That thei schuld ligge so longe stille,

And for he was not al wel payd,

To hem thus mechel Ector sayd: 8160

¶ 'The Gregeis haue the trewes craue,

For thei wolde her ded men graue :

I dar wel say: hit is not so.

But I wol not the trewes vndo, 8164

Sethen ȝe alle the trewes wol holde :

I wole it be as ȝe haue tolde;

But I dar say that thei thenke falsnesse<sup>1</sup>.

Thei are purvayd of gret queyntenesse. 8168

¶ I wot ful wel, her mete hem fayles,

Thei haue default of here vitayles;

Thei may not fyght, for strengthe hem fayles.

Thei schal the whiles *puruay vitayles*, 8172

Off corn, wyne, and other store.

And be better thanne thei were ore.

And we that while oure good schal waste.

Hit wol vs faile now In haste ; 8176

Thei wol mis-lede <sup>2</sup> vs with a trayn.

What good be-houes vs to sustayn

¶ The folk that is with vs her-In ?

Where schul we the godis wyn,

To mayntene vs and holde oure lyues?

I trowe that roste schal oure knyues,

When we haue no bred for to kerue :

I not wher-of thei schal vs serue, 8184

We may be serued with-ouden brede.

But now 3e haue graunted to take hede

**T**His trewes to holde, I say for me :

I wole right wel thei holden be ;

For I schal neuere azeyn calle

That thyng that ȝe assenten alle.

Q [j]

<sup>1</sup> MS. *salsnesse* distinctly.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *vs lede.*



	I wol 3oure hele and 3oure wel-fare; [lf. 121, bk.]	8191
	3if 3e mys-ferde, it were my care;	8192
	I wole right wel that we vs reste,	
	Then may we be bothe tacte & preste	
	A3eyns the terme the trewe comes out,	
	We may be thenne bothe styff and stout.	8196
I will not oppose all the others.'	I holde me payd of 3oure Iugement,	
	I wol not fro 3ow disasent.'	
The Trojans are very glad of the truce.	¶ Then were the <sup>1</sup> Troiens mury & glad,	
	When thei leue of Ector had,	8200
	That thei scholde reste so longe;	
	Many man for Ioye songe.	
	Hit was gret murthe & Ioye	
So are the Greeks.	To hem of Grece and eke of Troye,	8204
	That trewe is tane and last so longe;	
	That thei myght bothe ride & gonge	
	To take her murthe and her solace,	
	Eche man is glad In that place.	8208
The Grecian messengers return with the good news.	<b>T</b> Hese lordes toke leue of the kyng	
	And wente hom al hying;	
	And to the Gregais hom he brynges	
	Off his trewis gode tydynges,	8212
	That thei of Troie hath graunt the trewes.	
The Greeks sing and dance.	Then myzt men here many glewes,	
	Pipe and Trompe, and many nakeres,	
	Synfan, lute, and Citoleres;	8216
	Ther was so many a daunce.	
They get fresh provisions,	Thei made tho gret puruyaunce	
	Off corn and hay, of wyn and otes,	
	And thei songen wel merie notes;	8220
and heal their wounds.	Thei hele her woundes In gret quiete,	
	With mochel Ioye thei dronke and ete.	
	And thei of Troye were as fayn	
	Off here reste, bothe knyzt & swayn,	8224

<sup>1</sup> MS. *we*.

And hele her woundes at here layser,— [lf. 122.]	8225	The Trojans, too, heal their wounds.
Kyng[es] and knyzt[es] & kayser.		
And al the while the trewes held,		
The[i] speke to-geder In toune & ffeld;	8228	
And that riche kyng Thoas,		Thoas is ex- changed for Antenor.
That with Ector takyn was,		
Scholde go quyte to his Paულoun,		
And Antenor home to Troye toun.	8232	
¶ Ayther of hem the prisons hom sendes		Each side frees its prisoners.
With-oute raunsoun & with-oute amendes,		
For that on that other is gre;		
And so schal thei quyte be.	8236	
<b>T</b> He trewes is graunt & schal be holden :		During the truce
Riche robes were then vnfolden :		all don rich robes,
Many a coffre was vnstoken,		
To drawe out robes that were y-loken ;	8240	
Eche man his coffer vnsperes		
And takes gerdeles of riche barres		girdles,
With bokeles of gold and fair pendaunt,		
Wel anamayled with the mordaunt ;	8244	
¶ Many a broche and many an oche,		brooches,
To stike on hede and on pouche.		
Thei toke out rynges and made hem gay,		rings,
Thei leued In Ioye & mechel play,	8248	
The whiles the trewes last ;		
But al was lefft, when that past.		
Whil it was trewes, was many hode		and gay hoods,
Gayli wered with mochel gode ;	8252	
¶ When thei were gon, thei layde hem doun		but put them off when the truce ends, and take up arms.
And toke the stelen haberioun,		
The ketil-hattes and stelen hure,		
And layd away the gay pelure ;	8256	
Thei toke her spores with kene roweles,		
And leyde a-way the riche jueules <sup>1</sup> .		

Q [ij]

<sup>1</sup> MS. *reneues*.

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad Reges Grecorum in tempore pacis.*During the  
truce,

**H** It was a day lastyng the trewes, [lf. 122, bk.] 8259  
 And eche a lord his clothyng newes; 8260  
 Ector was ffair and semely dyght.

The day was fair, the sonne was bryght,  
 Merye synges the nyghtyngale,  
 The throstil, and the wilde wode-wale; 8264  
 It is gret Ioye to here the larke  
 In toun and feld, fforest and parke.

Hector pro-  
poses to visit  
the Greek  
camp.

¶ Ector sayde: "that he wolde go  
 Achilles to se and other mo; 8268  
 He wolde with him haue daliaunce,  
 To se her hertes and her contenaunce."

He rides out  
of Troy  
with many  
lords.

He rod him out of his Cite,  
 The lordes of Grece for to se; 8272

¶ With him ȝede many a riche lordyng,  
 Many a duke, and many a kyng.  
 He was welcomed with gret honour

Agamemnon  
and the other  
kings welcome  
him.  
Achilles in-  
vites him to  
his tent.

To Agamenoun her Emperhour, 8276  
 The kynges did him worschepe alle;  
 Achilles bed him to his halle,  
 Ful Inwardly he him be-sought:  
 "That he fro him departid noght, 8280

Til thei to-gedir In his tent  
 Hadde dronken vernage and pyment,  
 And that thei myȝt to-gedur carpe;—  
 Hit were him leuere then note of harpe." 8284

Hector accepts  
and goes with  
Achilles;

¶ Ector graunted alle his prayeres,  
 He ȝede with him and alle his feres.  
 When thei were comen and alle doun set,

they drink  
wine and make  
merry.

The wyn was asked and forth y-fet; 8288  
 At here comyng thei made fair wedur  
 And spak of many thynges to-gedur.  
 Achilles euere Ector be-holdes,  
 His legges anon on crosse he foldes, 8292

For he was naked, he was fayn.	[lf. 123.]	8293	
He myȝt not his tong constrayn,			
He most nedes say out his wille,	[lf. 132.] <sup>1</sup>	8295	
He myȝt not holde his tonge stille ;		8296	
And that was mochel his vilony,			
He sayde to Ector al an hy :			Achilles ad- dresses Hector:
¶ 'Sithen I se the, I haue desired			
To se the, Ector, vn-atired ;		8300	
And now hastow me loyful maked,			' I am very glad to see thee unarmed.
Now I se the vn-dight and naked.			
And I hadde sclayn the,			
Then wolde I fayn be ;		8304	
And I haue ofte assayed my myȝt,			I have often tried to slay thee,
When we haue met to-gedur In fight ;			
Ful sorefully hastow me gret,			
When that thow with me has met <sup>2</sup> ,		8308	
Mi blod thow <sup>3</sup> hast ofte y-tamed,	[lf. 132, bk.]	8309	but thou woundedst me often.
I haue of the wel ofte be lamed,			
Many a strok has thow me payed ;			
By thi strokes haue I assayed		8312	I know thou art stalwart and strong.
That thow art stalworth and strong ;			
Thoow I the hate, I do the no wrong,			
¶ I am ȝit hurt of thi strykyng.			
Hit were therfore al my lykyng,		8316	
That I myȝt sele the with my hond :			
I hate the mochel, for my frend <sup>4</sup>			I hate thee much, because thou slewest my friend Pa- troclus, whom I loved much.
That thow sclow the formast day			
In thi wodenes and thi deray.		8320	
Patrodus kyng I loued wele ;			
Many sore mete and mele			
Hastow made me for to ete,			
¶ His dethe may I not ffor-ȝete.		8324	No full year will pass,
But if I leue fully a ȝere,			
His dethe schaltow bye wel dere,			

<sup>1</sup> For the disorder of the MS. from here to line 9124 consult the Introduction, and my paper in the *Engl. Stud.* 29, p. 390 sqq. <sup>2</sup> R iij below this line in the right corner of the page. <sup>3</sup> MS. *that thow*.

<sup>4</sup> e might be o.



before I take  
revenge for his  
death.

With my hond schal I the selo, 8327  
That hath brouȝt me In this wo; 8328  
For me to selo euere thou thenkes,  
And ther-a-boute faste thou swynkes.

Hector an-  
swers:  
'Hast thou  
finished all  
thou hadst to  
say?

**E**ctor sat & held his pes,  
That herkenes alle that he seis, 8332  
Til he hadde saide his gret goles:

It is not  
courteous

'Hastow no more to say to me?  
Hastow sayde what thou wilt?  
Thow puttist vpon me gret gilt 8336  
But me thyne it is no curtesye,  
But vnmanhede & vylonye!

to invite me to  
drink with  
thee in thy  
tent

Thow bad me come to thi paupylons,  
To drynke with the Murmindons; 8340  
Thow prayes my knyȝtes and my burgeis,  
To drynke here with thi Gregeis;

¶ *Hic Ector respondit Achillem*<sup>1</sup>.

and then to  
threaten me.

For vylonye I trowe thou lettes, [lf. 133.] 8343  
That me among thy men thou threttes. 8344

But I don't  
care for thy  
pride;

Sicurly I schal thurste sore,  
Or I drynke with the efft more!

I am not  
afraid.

Thow schalt here me no more chide,  
I ȝeue [riȝt] not of thi pride: 8348  
¶ By him that made al mydelerd!

I know thou  
wouldst be  
glad to have  
slain me;  
but whenever  
thou attack-  
edst me,

I am of the no-thyng aferd,  
I ȝeue not a threden lace  
Off thyn euel wil and thi manace! 8352

Wel I wot and am certayn,  
Thow wolde be glad, hadde thou me sclayn;  
Offt hastow me assayled,  
When thi wille hath not a-vayled. 8356

¶ Ther was neuere theff In no hostage,  
That wayted better his a-vauntage,  
To do his stelthe and his robrye,  
Than thou waytest me In skolkerye; 8360

<sup>1</sup> This rubric is head-line of lf. 133.

But thow hast ben glad al-wey, to ride With broken hede and bloody syde.	8361	thou hadst to ride back with a broken head.
<b>S</b> Ir Achilles, thow art wilful ' —Sayde Ector—' and vnskyful ; No meruayle is—so god me saue !— Thoow I to the gret herte haue. Sicurly I haue no wrong, Afftir thi dethe thoow me long ;	8364	
¶ Thow hates me with-oute desert, And that is knowen and apert. Me & myne thow wolde distroye, And art aboute me to noye In al that euere thow mayt, And waytes me with dissait With alle thi men bothe day & nyȝt, For to sle me, ȝif thow myȝt.	8368	Thou hatest me, and sayest so openly ; thou wishest to destroy me and mine.
It were therfore a-ȝeyns kynde, [lf. 133, bk.] In my herte if thow schold fynde In any wyse to loue the, That to the dethe hates me : And if I may, I schal not sclepe For thi proude wordes, or many wepe ; Iff I may leue two ȝer to the ende, Wel ffewe of ȝow schal hennes wende.	8376 8377 8380 8384	So I can feel no love for thee  Before two years pass,
¶ I hope riȝt wel and me affye, That thorow my strengthe alle ȝe schal dye, Thow and alle the lordes of Grece ; I schal ȝow hewe al to pece.	8388	I shall slay all of you.
¶ And sythen thow [be] of such mode That thow fyndis thyn herte gode, That thow thi-self <sup>1</sup> wil with me fight And ther thow wolde do thi myght,— Do, that vche a kyng and lord Off hem of Grece to this a-cord :	8392	If thou wilt fight with me alone,  get the Greeks to assent to it.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thi selff* distinctly.

	That thou and I to-geder don be	8395
	To-morwe erly, that men may se,	8396
	In feld ffyghtyng with-outen respite,	
	Til thou or I be discomfite.	
If thou be victorious,	¶ And if I falle In thi daungere	
	With any vn-hap or noun-powere,	8400
	That thi god suche grace the sende	
	That I fro the not defende :	
	I schal the swere good sothnesse	
	Opon my goddis more and lesse ;	8404
	And ȝit schal I the borwes ffynde,	
we all shall go away, and leave the land for you and yours.	That fader and Moder and al my kynde	
	Schal go a-way with-oute dwellynge	
	Or with-oute godis sellynge,	8408
	And leue the al with thyne and the,	
	And thei and I schal hennes fle.	
	And ȝit may thou almes the wynne,—	[lf. 134.] 8411
	For we do euel and mychel synne,	8412
	Off mannes blod that we don spille,—	
	Iff that thou wol holde ther-tille.	
But if I van- quish thee,	¶ Iff happe so with me schape	
	That thou may no wyse askape	8416
	Fro me with-oute discomfiture,	
	Make thi Gregeis make me sure	
assure us that the Greeks will leave this land.	By borow and book and sikur band <sup>1</sup> ,	
	That thei schal wende out of this land,	8420
	And vs be her In gode quyete.	
	And but thou do, so thou be-hete,	
	I prayse the lasse than I dede ore ;	
	Iff that oure men schal fyght more.	8424
	But lete it be on vs y-done	
Let our fight- ing be to-mor- row before noon, and don't say "Nay."	To-morwe be tyme, or hit be none !	
	And wyn worschepe who that may !	
	God for-bede that thou say "nay" !'	8428

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sikurband*.

<p><b>A</b>Chilles was gretly aschamed  That Ector thus foule him defamed,  He was a-schamed many-folde</p>	8429	<p>Achilles is  very much  ashamed</p>
<p>That he so litel by him tolde  Among his men ther In his halle,  That he asked him fight amonges hem alle  Be-twene hem two with-uten mo.</p>	8432	
<p>He was Angwysched so for wo,  That of his forhede barst the swote,  That al his face ther-of was wote ;  He ferde as he hadde ben araged,</p>	8436	<p>and enraged,</p>
<p>That Ector him that batayle waged,  And seyde to him as man that yred :</p>	8440	<p>and says to  Hector :  'I agree !</p>
<p>'Thow schalt haue that thow hast desired !  I se riȝt wel thi couetise :</p>		<p>I see well why  thou wilt fight</p>
<p>Thow settes on me In alle wyse,</p>	8444	
<p>¶ <b>Hic Achilles iurauit &amp; optulit cirotecas suas  ad pugnandum cum Ectore <sup>1</sup>.</b></p>		
<p>To fight with me In feld alone ; [lf. 134, bk.]  I ȝeue not of the a bone !</p>	8445	<p>with me alone.</p>
<p>¶ But here my trowthe to the I plyght  To-morwe erly with the to fight,  And therto here I ȝeue the pe gloue,  Be-twene vs two alone to proue</p>	8448	<p>But I accept  thy challenge.   There is my  glove !'</p>
<p>With strengthe or myȝt, whether thow or I  In fight schal haue the victory ;  And therto here my gloue I bede,  In trewe forward to holde this dede.'</p>	8452	
<p>'And I hit take,' gode Ector sayde ;  'For I was neuere so wele apayde,  In-to this world sithen I was brouȝt—  By him that al this world hath wrouȝt !'</p>	8456	<p>'I take it up,'  says Hector,</p>
<p>¶ Ther is no man that spekes with tonge  In al this world, old ne ȝonge,  Lered ne lewed <sup>2</sup>, lord ne lad,  May telle the Ioye that Ector had,</p>	8460	<p>who is full of  joy.</p>

<sup>1</sup> This rubric is head-line of lf. 134, bk.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *lewel*, cf. l. 3578.



	Ne foule with his mury song,	8463
	As Ector hath his gloue to fong.	8464
	But that thyng myzt not be hid :	
The news of the proposed single combat of Achilles and Hector	Among the Gregeis it was kyd, That Achilles hadde take on hande, The next day afftir ffolwande	8468
	¶ To ffight with Ector man for man.	
runs through the Greek camp,	This thing wel swithe a-boute ran Fro kyng to kyng, fro halle to boure :	
	So it was seyde to the Emperoure	8472
	And alle that other kynges be-dene, How ffight was taken hem be-twene,	
and what con- ditions are agreed upon.	¶ And no man myzt here ire a-swage And thei hadde 3euen to-gedur wage :	8476
	And if it schape be-twene hem thore That Ector discomfit wore, Catel, godes, and the land	[lf. 135.] 8479
	Schal be-leue In Gregeis hand ;	8480
	And if it happe with Ector so That Achilles he myzt sclo, That he and his schul dwelle in pees, And alle the Gregeis on a res	8484
	Out of that lond thei schul wende, And ther no lenger schold thei lende.	
When the Greeks hear of this chal- lenge,	<b>T</b> Hes thinges were y-told and brouzt, The Gregeis wondred In here thouzt,	8488
	Hem wondred of Achilles, That he on that wyse graunted pes, To ffight with Ector al alone ;	
they are very angry,	Ther-fore thei maked moche mone,	8492
	Off that couenaund that hem was told ; The kynges seyde : "thei wolde not hold " ;	
and are re- solved not to agree to the terms.	¶ Kynges and dukes and lordes alle	[lf. 126.] <sup>1</sup> 8495
	Seide : "thei wolde a3eyn that calle,	8496

<sup>1</sup> For the disorder of the MS. at this place cf. Introduction.

- Thei wolde for-sake it euery a dele, 8497  
 Thei nold not so put her quarele  
 In a-venture ne In Iopardie."  
 Thei seyde: "it was but folye"; 8500  
 Thei seyde: "it was not so done."  
 Thei made hem redi alle & some,  
 ¶ Alle the lordes that ther ware,  
 To Achilles for to fare; 8504  
 Thei hyed faste, wold thei not blynne,  
 Er thei come to his Inne,  
 Ther thei bothe to-geder stode.  
 These lordes alle to hem ȝode, 8508  
 ¶ Achilles his wordis alle with-sayde,  
 Ther-with were thei euel ypayde  
 Off his profre ne of his a-vaunt;  
 That he hem bad, wold thei not graunt: 8512  
 Thei wolde neyther putte lyff ne lym  
 A-ȝeyn Ector for-sothe In hym;  
 Thei seyde: "it was not equitye,  
 That lyff & lym schuld so put be"— 8516  
 'Off so fele kynges as are now here  
 Be-twene ȝow In such manere.'  
**T**Roians come thedir gret won,  
 The lordes of Grece ben ther echon; 8520  
 Ther standes a-boute hem many hundre  
 To parte the knyȝtes two In-sundre;  
 Thei seyde echon at on assent: [lf. 126, bk.] 8523  
 "Thei wolde not holde that Iugement." 8524  
 ¶ Ector myȝt not the batayle haue,  
 He myȝt no more ther-of craue,  
 For thei of Grece with-sayd it alle,  
 Kyng & knyȝt, bothe fre and thralle. 8528  
 Hit was no bote hem to greue,  
 Off hem of Grece toke he his leue, retires.

The Greek  
lords go to  
Achilles,

and try to  
keep him back  
from the single  
combat.

Trojans come  
with the same  
intent.

Hector, on see-  
ing that the  
single combat  
will not be  
allowed,

Hector and his men ride back to Troy very angry.	¶ Opon his hors vpward he lyghtes	8531
	And wente to Troie with alle his knyghtes,	8532
	An-angered sore and alle his.	
	Thei of Grece toke ther-of no pris,	
	Hem angered sore that he come thore;	
	Achilles schold abyte hit sore.	8536
	Thei wolde his hond were an harowe-tynde,	
	His herte a mylleston for to grynde,	
	His flesche & bon as assches smale,	
	Ther-of wolde thei zeue no tale.	8540
Alas! that Hector did not have this fight,	<b>A</b> Las Ector, what was the schaped,	
	When he fro the so skaped!	
	Fals fortune was not thi ffrend,	
	Whan sche delyuered him fro hir bend;	8544
and that the Greeks said "Nay";	Sche made the Gregais alle say "nay,"	
	For sche hadde cast his endyng-day.	
	Kyng Priamus, where was thi grace?	
	Thi happe was take fro the, alas!—	8548
	When thei of Grece that feyth vndid;	
woe befell all the Trojans in consequence.	Hit hadde the vayled, hadde it be-tid,	
	And <sup>1</sup> Hectuba, thi worthi quene,	
	And thi dougter Pollexene,	8552
	And also to Andromede,	
	Nadde no man no fight for-bede.	
	Alas! that it was so for-bed!	
	Elles schold ȝe ful wele haue sped.	8556
	¶ <i>Hic Ector ibat ad Troianum</i> <sup>2</sup> .	
It would have benefited Troy and all its inhabitants,	A noble Troye, thow fair Cite,	[lf. 127.] 8557
	Hit hadde a-vayled alle thin and the,	
	¶ Thi toures hye and thi faire walles,	
	Thi ladyes alle with golden palles,	8560
	And alle that woned with-Inne the,	
if that single combat had been allowed.	Iff that batayle hadde y-be!	
	Fortune hated the so sore	
	And alle that In thi Cite wore,	8564

<sup>1</sup> MS. *That*.<sup>2</sup> This rubric is head-line of lf. 127.

- That he wolde not lette it be so, 8565  
 But sche wolde the and thine for-do ;  
 And ther-fore letted sche that batayle,  
 And elles not, I say saunce-ffayle. 8568
- E**ctor is comen to Ilyoune,  
 Fro hem of Grece vnto his toune ;  
 In-to that worthy halle he gose,  
 The ladyes alle a-zeyn him rose, 8572  
 Thei kept him alle with gret honour,  
 Lord and lady and vauesour ;  
 Thei loued him alle with herte and mouth,  
 That any good or loue couth. 8576  
 For he on defendet hem alle,  
 That no harm hem did be-falle :  
 ¶ The while that he was lyuande,  
 Thei were sicur of his hande, 8580  
 Thei hadde gret trist In his dede ;  
 The while he leued <sup>1</sup>, thei hadde no drede.  
 When he was ded, than ros here bale ;  
 Alle thei died by oure tale, 8584  
 ¶ Alle were dede and put to prisons  
 And put In gret subieccions,—  
 Saue Eueas and Antenor,  
 Goddis curs haue thei ther-for ! 8588  
 Thei were saued and alle theires,  
 Seruaunt, mayden, wiff, and Ayres.  
 For thei dissayued her lige lord, [lf. 127, bk.] 8591  
 The deucl hem honge vpon a cord ! 8592  
 Haue thei neuere so good pardoun,  
 For thei wrouzt suche a gret tresoun !  
**H**It drawes faste toward the day,  
 The trewes wendes faste a-way ; 8596  
 Ther is no man that lengur lotes  
 Off these gay golden cotes ;

The Trojan ladies honour Hector on his arrival in Ilion,

as they know he is their chief defender.

After his death all died or were made prisoners,

except Eneas and Antenor, whom God curse !

They betrayed their lord ; the devil hang 'em !

The truce nears its end.

<sup>1</sup> First *e* corrected from *o* by the scribe himself.



	Thei garnysched here swerdes, speres, & clubbes,	8599
When the truce ap- proaches its end, they pre- pare again for a battle.	Eche man now his harneis rubbes, That thei be elene and Parisaunt ; Now is besy eche good seruaunt, Ther is no man that now is ydel : Some make redi sadel & bridel, Some her horses thei let scho ; Eche man lokes what is to do.	8600     8604
The women are very sor- rowful,	¶ Now eche man to fyght him 3ares, Now euery wiff ffor hir lord cares A-3eyn that nexte semble, For no man wot how it schal be,— When thei gon out at morwen-tyde, Who schal dye, and who schal abyde ? Alle curses that ilke man, On hem the werre furst by-gan, Fader and Moder and alle his kyn For sorwe and wo that thei ben In.	8608    8612  8616
and curse him who first began the war.	¶ Thre monthes the trewes was tan, Now are thei passed, and no day wan ; And thei of Troye ben 3arked 3are Out of Troye for to fare ; What folk he hath Ector assays, With-Inne the walles he hem arrays ; Thei were arayed, er hit were prime. Dares says : he hadde that tyme	8620   8624
Hector arrays his warriors.	¶ <i>Hic ordinant prelium Magnum.</i> Off kny3tes strong an hundred thousand [lf. 128.] That dou3ti were and wel fightand, With-uten 3emen and sqwyeres, With-uten bribours and arblasteres, With-uten men that were on fote— So god do my soule bote ! <b>E</b> ctor then partied his men : To Troyle he tau3t thousandes ten Off dou3ti kny3tes In his ledyng ;	 8625  8628
He has 100,000 men and more.		8632

- He prayed : ' his god be his spedying, 8634 To Troilus he assigns 10,000, and wishes him good luck.
- And be his help and his gouernayle,
- And spede hem wel in that batayle, 8636
- That him that day be-tyd not mys !'
- ¶ He called to him then Paris, Paris has the archers
- With louely wordes he him be-tauzt
- Alle that coude on bowe-drauzt, 8640
- And alle that bare arwe or bire
- Be-tauzt he hem In here A-tire ;
- Thre thousand knyghtes that mechel were worth and 3,000 other knights.
- Off dougti men called he forth, 8644
- Armed wel opou here stedes,
- To be with hem In al here nedes,
- Fro men of armes hem to rescouere,
- For thei were most with-oute Armure. 8648
- ¶ Then come Dephebus and Eueas, Dephebus leads 3,000,
- Ayther of hem her batayle has :
- Thre thousand knyghtes Dephebus ledis,
- Armed wele In iren wedes ; 8652
- But Eueas brynges with him wel mo ;
- Than be-gan thei for to go. Eneas yet more,
- ¶ Ector has with him ffyftene Hector himself 15,000.
- Thousandes knyghtes gode and clene, 8656
- To him-seluen that were reserued ;
- Euery an ost is dight and serued ;
- With his batayle passed the gates, [lf. 128, bk.] 8659
- Assayle he[m] furst he wole algates. 8660
- A** Worthi kyng of Grece, Phillus,
- Was In the feld redy by this,
- With many a man on horse and fote,—
- To telle the nombre it is no bote ;— 8664
- The fferste <sup>1</sup> batayle that day he ledde,
- Him hadde be better that he ne hadde.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ferthe*.

Then comes Menelaus with 7,000 men,	Menelaus come afftir that With spere & scheld and many a bat, Douȝti knyȝtes thousandes seuene— Here names alle can I not neuene :	8667 8668
	¶ Thei toke the feld and passed the boundes On stedes that were worth many poundes.	8672
Diomedes with 7,000,	Diomedes with as fele Knyȝtes of worschepe and of wele ȝede forth afftir to that stour ; Hem liked wel her gouernour.	8676
Achilles with 7,000,	¶ Now goth to ffyght Diomedes, And afftir him comes sir Achilles With douȝti knyȝtes seuen thousand, With briȝt bryneis fair schynand.	8680
Xanthippus, Ajax Thelam- onius, and Agamemnon.	Many a stalworthe knyȝt thare. After him come Xancipus, And Ayax Thelamanyus, Agamenon with alle his ost, With many a knyȝt ridande a-cost ; The nombre was gret that come with him Off hardy knyȝtes stoute and grym ; Ther was many on that Ector thret, That bouȝt thei sore, when thei met.	8684 8688
	¶ The sonne schynes on euery a tre, Hit is a fair matyne :	8691
Hector awaits the Greeks.	<b>E</b> Ctor is out of Troie reden, The Gregeis longe hath he a-byden, After hem on horse he houe : Who-so-euer come furst, he wolde aproue. Many an ost saw he comyng, Ryðande faste whil thei may fflyng, With baneres brode and gold-be-gon ; The sonne on hem wel faire schon.	[lf. 129.] 8693 8696 8700

{ Ector is }  
[lf. 129.] 8693

*A Description of their Arms. The Trojans first assail Phillus. 257*

- And many an armes was ther reuersed; 8701 The Grecian  
 Iff on bare sable hit was diuersed : banners and  
 ¶ He bar of gold and of goules, 8704 emblems are  
 He bare bestes and he bare foules, described.  
 He bare apes and he bar cheuronne<sup>1</sup>,  
 And he of siluer with a cloue chestone,  
 He bare a bend and he an horne,  
 He bare his corneres gerone, 8708  
 He beres grene and he asure,  
 Engreled with a fair bordure,  
 ¶ He beres an egle and he merelettis<sup>2</sup>,  
 And he a daunce and he pelettis<sup>3</sup>, 8712  
 And he hath rose & he has molettis,  
 And he hermyn and he croselettis.  
 And thus haue thei her armes schiffted,  
 Ther baneres are wel hye lyfted; 8716  
 Euery a lord his baneroure  
 Biddis him go be-fore the stoure.  
**N**ow are the Gregeis and alle of Troye Both armies  
 Arayed In the feld and haldes hem coye; 8720 are arrayed.  
 The formast ost assembled ner  
 A wonder noyse that men may her  
 Off staves & swordes and speres brekyng  
 With-oute wordes or any spekyng. 8724  
 A-ȝeyn Ector and his Troiance  
 Ther were In the feld that tyme of Danes<sup>4</sup>,  
 ¶ **Hic Ector occidit Phillum Regem**<sup>5</sup>.  
 Off men of Grece knyȝtes bold [lf. 129, bk.] 8727  
 Horsed mo then the double-fold. 8728  
 Phillis spredis bank and hirste,  
 With mochel folk come he doun ffirste :  
 ¶ The Troiens first Phillus assayed, The Trojans  
 But with Ector euel he was hayled : first assail  
 8732 Phillus.  
 Ector loked and saw Phillis  
 Come ridande before alle his,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *chueronne*. <sup>2</sup> MS. *more lectis*; but it seems to be the earlier form of 'martlets.' <sup>3</sup> MS. *perelectis*; the stroke through the tail of *p* seems to be a scribal error. <sup>4</sup> Signature in the right corner: **R**.

<sup>5</sup> This rubric is the head-line of lf. 129, bk.



	Armed wel and gloriously ;	8735
	He rod to him dispitosly,	8736
Hector assails and wounds Phillus ;	He smot him thorow his doublet, Ryght as it hadde ben an net ; He hadde non Armes non so gode, That his stroke that tyme with-stode :	8740
Phillus dies.	He bare him thorow bak and bely, Ther-of hadde many a man sely ; Phillis fel to grounde al flat As a ded body, when he hadde that.	8744
The Greeks take ven- geance for his death.	¶ Off Phillis deth was michel cry, Many a sword was hounen an hy, Off Phillis deth thei toke veniaunce : Ther was broken many a launce, Many an hed was thanne y-craked, And many a scheld al to-schaked, Schankes to-schyuered, bones y-broken, On Ector wolde thei fayn be wroken.	8748
His nephew Xanthippus	¶ When Xancipus that noyse herde, He wist wel that som mysferde Off hem of Grece that were fyghtand, With alle his men thedir drawand	8752
	And as he come thedirward, A wounded knyȝ brouȝt him tythand, That Phillus was ded of Ector hand <sup>2</sup> .	8760
	¶ <i>Hic Ector occidit Xancipum Regem.</i>	
	¶ Phillus was that kynges Eme : [lf. 130.]	8761
	He stode as he hadde ben In dreme, He honged his heued as he hadde dremed, As he hadde died for sorwe hit semed ;	8764
rides to the battle-field to avenge his death.	He made for him gret wayment, He rod forth ful of mautalent To that batayle on his stede, To venge his deth, if he myght spede.	8768

<sup>1</sup> A line is wanting here, but no room left ; but see note 2. <sup>2</sup> *Hic caret* ¶ (i.e. *hic caret versus*) is inserted under this line in the margin by another hand ; cf. note 1. Space is left for a line.

- ¶ He felde Troyens at his comyng  
And sclow hem doun old and ȝyng,  
He ferde as man that hadde ben wode,  
So he distroyed the Troyens blode ;  
To seche Ector wold he not blynne,  
Til he him fond, he is vnwynne ;  
He fond Ector among the pres :  
To sle the Gregais wold he not ses,  
As hongre<sup>1</sup> lyoun bestes vories ;  
Ther nis no tre so thikke of chiries,  
As Gregeis ligge aboute him couched,  
All ȝede to grounde that he out touched. 8780
- W**Hen Xancipus of him hadde sight,  
He wende he scholde haue made him lyght :  
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,  
Ector vnwarned doun to bere ;  
But sicurliche he myȝt nouȝt :  
Xancipus that strok a-bouȝt. 8784
- ¶ Ector to him was wrothe y-now,  
To Xancipus a strok he drow  
In his wodenes & In his wratthe,  
That he fel ded doun In that patthe ;  
His hed ȝede doun, & vp his breke,  
The grounde sone gan he seke. 8792  
Thei toke him vp & went homward  
With gret care and sikyng hard<sup>2</sup>.
- ¶ Achilles come thenne ffast ridande [lf. 130, bk.] 8795  
As a deucl with foule semblande, 8796  
With alle the knyȝtes that he ledde  
A-boute Ector he hem spredde :  
Ther was gret noyse and clamour,  
The Gregeis for tene turned colour, 8800  
That he was ded so reufully ;  
Thei sclow thenne Troyens carefully.
- Xanthippus  
slays many  
Trojans,  
  
and looks out  
for Hector.  
  
Hector slays  
Greeks like a  
hungry lion.  
  
When Xan-  
thippus gets  
sight of him,  
he tries to  
attack him,  
  
but is slain by  
Hector.  
  
Achilles with  
all his men  
comes up ;  
  
they slay many  
Trojans.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *honger*.

<sup>2</sup> Signature in the right corner : R.

The Trojans begin to flee.	¶ Troyens be-gan to faile faste,	8803
	Thei myȝt not wel lengur laste,	8804
	So were Gregeis manye and stronge,	
	The Troyens than a-bacward thei thronge.	
Hector alone fights on,	<b>B</b> Vt Ector stode a-mong hem alle:	
	He sclow Gregeis and made hem to falle,	8808
	He droff a-bak bothe ȝonge & olde,	
and makes them keep their place.	And made the Troiens her place to holde.	
	Troiens abode In gret perel,	
	In many stedis to dethe thei fel,	8812
	So thei werei thei be-gan to go.	
Achilles slays many Trojans, and the dukes	Achilles thanne be-gan to sclow	
	The Troiens, faste he hem rebukes,	
	He sclow of Troiens two gode dukes:	8816
Euforbius	¶ That on was duke Euforbius,	
	A noble knyȝt and a vertuus;	
and Lataon.	That other hight duk Lataoun,	
	A gentil lord, a stalworth man.	8820
	Thei were men of gret vertuse,	
	Doughti, strong, and [of] prouese.	
It is a wonder that the Tro- jans are not all killed.	It was wonder thei myȝt a-byde,	
	The Troiens were so fewe that tyde,	8824
	That thei nade ben alle quelled,	
	Hit was gret wonder how thei dwelled.	
But Hector rallies and defends them against the Greeks,	¶ But Ector held euere the felde,	
	He ȝaff of hem alle nouȝt a nelde <sup>1</sup> ;	8828
	The while that he hadde his hele,	[lf. 131.] 8829
	Ther he sclow Gregeys as vn-vele,	
	And Mayntend wel that stour	
	With gret trauayle and labour.	8832
though he is surrounded by many of them.	<b>T</b> He stour was strong, thei blew & blustred,	
	A-boute Ector the Gregeis clustred	
	Ryght as thei drow aboute a swarm,	
	He toke of hem that tyme gret harm:	8836

<sup>1</sup> MS. *nouȝt alle anelde.*

Some dartes at him sclong,	8837	Many Greeks
Some with swordes at him flong,		attack Hector ;
Thei 3ede him a-boute and made hote,		
Many a man on him ther smot ;	8840	
And he 3aff hem a3eyn suche pattis,		he kills many
That thei fel down as dede cattis.		of them,
¶ But not-for-thi so it be-fell,		
That he was hurt at that turpest,	8844	but is him-
But he wiste neuere vnnethe of wham,		self severely
Ne how, ne whenne that it cam ?		wounded in
In his visage was he smetyn—		the face by he
As I fynde of him ywreten,—	8848	knows not
That blod ran out gret plente,		whom.
That hit was meruayle for to se :		
It bled faste as it were wode,		
Vnto the ground ran the blode,	8852	The blood runs
Ouer his eyen the blod so ran,		down his face,
That he my3t knowe wel no man.		
¶ The Troiens then that gan se,		
A-weyward faste gan thei fle ;	8856	so that he
Thei were a-ferd and discomfit,		cannot recog-
When thei saw Ector so dyght.		nize anybody.
Ector was ful lothe to fle,		The Trojans
Iff it my3t any other be ;	8860	flee.
But he was dreven backward streght,		
For he my3t not se to ffyght <sup>1</sup> :		Even Hector
Hadde not his visage ben reuen,	[lf. 131, bk.] 8863	is driven back,
He nad not ben bakward dreuen ;	8864	as his eyes are
He fau3t a-3eyn with mychel pyne,		blinded by the
But whan he lyfft vpward his eyne		blood running
Toward Troye and se ther stande		down his fore-
Opon the walles to hem lokande	8868	head.
¶ Hectuba that gentil quene,		
And his suster Pollexene,		

<sup>1</sup> In the right corner the signature: R.



262 *Hector sees the Queens on the Walls of Troy and returns to Battle.*

When Hector sees the Trojan ladies on the walls of the town,	And his wiff dame Andromede,	8871
	And hende Eleyne so fair In wede,	8872
	And saw Gregeis him bakward dryue :	
	‘Alas!’ he sayde, ‘I am on lyue !	
	I wolde I were with-uten lyff!	
	I se be-fore me stonde my wiff	8876
	And alle these other faire ladyes,	
	And beholden bothe parties	
	And haue be-helded alle oure dedes ;	
he bewails his weakness,	And for my visage a littil bledes,	8880
	¶ Thei se now me on bak be-set,	
	Mi vylony it wol be ret.	
and wonders what they think of him.	What may thei wene but I be faynt,	
	Fals of herte, and a-taynt,	8884
	Or of the dethe that I haue drede,	
	That I thus fle for that I blede ?	
	But be him that made alle thyng,	
	Tre to growe and gras to spryng !	8888
He resolves not to leave the field before taking re- venge.	I schal hem quyte her trauayle,	
	Iff that I be hole and hayle.	
	¶ Out of this feld I schal not wende,	
	Or I be venged with my hende <sup>1</sup>	8892
	Off this schame and vilonye,	
	For therfore schal many dye.’	
	Ther is no man that euere was wroght	
	May say that schame that Ector thocht,	8896
	When he vpon the ladyes loked ;	[lf. 132.] 8897
	It was meruayle so his body coked,	
	He swat for tene, for wratthe he schoke,	
So he returns,	That he that schame be-fore hem toke ;	8900
	Some of hem her deth schal take,	
	Er it be nyzt, for that wounde sake.	
and on seeing Mennon press- ing the Trojans hard,	¶ Ector be-held how kyng Mennon	
	How the Troiens fast vpon,	8904

<sup>1</sup> MS. *honde*.

- As man that were out of his wit ; 8905  
He vowed to god : " it scholde be quyrt  
Alle the harm that he hadde don  
To him and his, er it were non." 8908  
' Thow hast,' he seide, ' my men defouled,  
Me and myne bakward retroyled ;  
¶ Sithen thow dos harm, thow schalt haue some :  
Were the fro me, for now I come !' 8912  
Ector rod to Mennon than  
And brake his hede and his pan,  
That of [his] hede ran blod y-wys,—  
That were euel for Mennon this : 8916  
A man schuld not so sone say " trayse," [lf. 123.]<sup>1</sup> 8917  
As he fel ded & held his payse,  
That neuere so moche that he ones quycched  
Ne his lymes ones clecched. 8920  
¶ Achilles hadde than sorwe y-now,  
When he saw how Ector scelow  
The kyng Mennon, his cosyn dere ;  
A lothely cry men myȝt then here 8924  
That thei of Grece among hem made,  
When thei saw Mennon ded & fade.  
His tethe for tene Achilles gnastrid :  
is very angry,  
' Many a gode,' he sayde, ' hastow maystrid 8928  
And ouercomen with thi prowesse,  
And sclayn fele In thi wodenesse.  
¶ Ther may no-thing me to loye brynge,  
Til I se the at thyn endyng.' 8932  
A stalworth spere off wonder tre—  
That was gretter than other thre—  
Achilles toke to him tho,  
For he thoght Ector to selo : 8936  
¶ He smot Ector with al his mayn,  
and smites  
Hector with  
For he wolde him fayn haue slayn ; all his might.

<sup>1</sup> For disorder of MS. at this place cf. Introduction.

	Thorow his scheld his spere droff <sup>1</sup> ,	8939
	That his hauberk al to-roff,	8940
Achilles wounds Hector,	And depe In-to his fflesch it ran,	
	That the blod fast out span.	
but is not able to unhorse him,	¶ But ȝet he bar not Ector doun	
	For his prise and his renoun,	8944
	ȝet he hadde no spere that tyde	
	That he myght aȝeyn him ride.	
though his spear is broken.	<b>A</b> chilles spere in-sonder barst,	
	But Ector was not doun cast <sup>2</sup> :	8948
	¶ <b>Hic Ector &amp; Achilles pugnaverunt</b> <sup>3</sup> .	
	He held his hors & sat ston-stille,— [lf. 123, bk.]	8949
	Achilles myȝt [him] not kylle,—	
	That strok abode he hertly	
Hector breaks the helmet of Achilles and wounds him,	And smot to him a-ȝeyn smartly :	8952
	¶ Opon his hed he leyde suchē dyntes,	
	That helm and Coyfe brast al In splyntes,	
	The blod brast out at his eris.	
	Hadde he laste longe In his wode geris,	8956
	Achilles hadde ȝeuē vp his dische,	
	Hadde he neuere eten flesche ne fische	
	He myȝt not the strokes susteyne,	
so that he almost sinks down.	But held his hors with mechel payne,	8960
	That he fel not doun at ilke a braid,	
	With euery strok that Ector layd	
	Opon his hede, so sete thai sore,	
	With mechel strengthe his myȝt thai wore.	8964
	¶ On euery a side Achilles schakes	
	With euery a strok that he ther takes,	
	Now be-fore and now be-hynde,	
	As levis waggēs with the wynde.	8968
	<b>E</b> ctor saw Achilles wagge	
	As with the wynd doth the flagge,	
	On euery a side he louted lowe,	
	He was In poynt to ouer-throwe	8972

<sup>1</sup> MS. *to roff*.<sup>2</sup> In the right corner the signature : Q.<sup>3</sup> This rubric is head-line of lf. 123, bk.

With eche a strok that he ther toke,	8973	
Out of his sadel almost he schoke,		
He myȝt not sitte stille In pes.		
Then seyde Ector : ' Achilles ! <sup>1</sup>	8976	Hector speaks to Achilles,
Achilles ! ' Ector seyde he,		
¶ ' Whi coueytes thou to fight with me ?		
When thou sese tyme, on me thou sekess.		
I trowe right wel that thi hed akes ;	8980	
I schal the sco, hadde I layser ;		
Ne scholde of thin ost kyng ne Cayser		
¶ <i>Ad huc bellum</i> <sup>2</sup> .		
By heuen tyde thi lyff scholde saue, [lf. 124.]	8983	
That thou of me thi deth schuld haue.'	8984	
¶ Achilles myȝht him not answeere,		but he cannot answer, as Troilus separ- ates the two heroes.
For thenne come Troyle with many spere,		
With many spere and many a darte,		
And made him and Ector departe :	8988	
Troyle rod euen be-twene hem two,		
For he Achilles thought for-do.		
A wonder stoure ther was by-gonnen,		
Er man myȝt a forlong haue ronnen,	8992	
¶ Ther were ffyue hundred knyȝtes sclayn		Five hundred Greeks are slain,
Off hem of Grece opon the playn ;		
Thei hadde but litel to-geder streuen,		
Er thei of Grece were backward dreuen.	8996	the others are driven back ;
But Menelaus, when he beheld		
How thei of Grece had lorn the feld,		
Opon his stede the kyng him dresses,		
To Troiens euen he him gesses ;	9000	
He lased his helm, his spere he riȝtes,		Menelaus comes to their rescue.
And rides thedir with alle his knyȝtes.		
<b>H</b> E halp hem wel and wan hem erthe,		
He felde the thridde & sclow the ferthe ;	9004	
He and his bare Troiens ouer,		
And hem of Grece made hem couer		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Achilles Achilles*.

<sup>2</sup> This rubric is head-line of lf. 124.



	And tok the feld the Troiens opon.	9007
But King Odemon comes from Troy with many soldiers;	But then come thedir kyng Odemon Out of Troye with mechel ffolk, He spared neyther the appul ne the colk, Vn-til he come to [the] Melle :	9008
	Many a man then myzt thei se	9012
	¶ Set vp the fet and doun the hed, And many lefft among hem ded.	
he meets Mene- laus,	To Menelaus Odomoun rode, And Menelaus him abode <sup>1</sup> ;	9016
	But Odemoun, that doughti kyng, [lf. 124, bk.]	9017
	Toke Menelaus In that swyng	
unhorses and wounds him sorely.	And him bare ouer his hors tayl : He 3aff him there suche a wassail,	9020
	That he lay longe In colde swot ; Odemoun on his face smot And wounded him among alle hyse, That he myzt not wel vp aryse.	9024
	<b>O</b> Demoun ffelle Menelaus, And that be-held dou3ti Troylus : He saw the kyng on grounde lyand,	
When Troylus arrives,	Troyle come faste thedur ridand, He wolde him take wonder ffayn, That he myzt haue lad him to Elayn ; He departid alle the route,	9028
he and Ode- mon try to take Menelaus prisoner,	He and Odemoun were aboute To take the kyng, and so the[i] did. But not[-for-]thi it so be-tid, That thei that tyme so wel not sped, Out of that pres thei him not led :	9032
but are not able to get him out of the press.	¶ For ther was then so mychel pres— For-thi be-gan than to encres,— So fele batayles a-boute him spread, That thei were sone with hem so sted,	9036 9040

<sup>1</sup> In the right corner of this page is the signature: Q iiij.

- Thei myȝt not lede fro hem not ferre 9041  
 For al here myȝt and her powere.
- ¶ For than come Diomedes doun  
 With many a worthi bold baroun 9044  
 And many a knyȝt douȝti In dede :  
 When thei saw Troyle a-weyward lede  
 Menelaus her ost outward,  
 Thei hyed hem faste thedirward. 9048  
 Whan he come ner, he stroke his stede,  
 That he made bothe his sides blede :  
 I trowe ther was neuere wilde ro [lf. 125.] 9051  
 That ran faster then his stede tho. 9052
- ¶ He strok Troilus<sup>1</sup> so wonder sore,  
 That fro his hors fel he doun thore ;  
 And ther-fore was it no pris :  
 He hadde a spere at his deuys, 9056  
 And Troyle that tyme hadde non ;  
 Thoow he hadde broke bak and bon,  
 Me thynke it hadde ben litel wonder,  
 Off Troyle lay his hors fete vnder. 9060  
 He toke his hors and lad a-way,  
 He sente it to the semely may,  
 ¶ Vn-til Cresseide, pat<sup>2</sup> fair womman,  
 That sumtyme was Troyle lemman : 9064  
 A bischopis douȝter that het Calcas,  
 That sumtyme byschop In Troye was,  
 Her mayster-byschop of the lawe ;  
 But he was ferd of that sawe, 9068  
 That ther god saynt Appollo  
 In Delos yle had sayd him to<sup>3</sup> :  
**H**E sayde : " that Troye scholde be distroyed."  
 He was therfore ful sore<sup>4</sup> anoyed, 9072  
 He durst not wende to Troye aȝeyn  
 For fferd he scholde haue ben slayn :

They are prevented from doing so by Diomedes coming up with many knights.

Diomedes unhorses Troylus,

takes his horse, and sends it to Cressida, Troylus's late leman.

Cressida is the daughter of the Trojan bishop Calchas,

who was frightened by Apollo's prophecy, and went over to the Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> *lus* on erasure.    <sup>2</sup> *Vn—pat* on erasure by another hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *so*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *fulsore*.

	He dwelled stille with the Gregeis	9075
	A-mong her ost—as Dares sais,—	9076
	Or elles to lese his lyff he wende.	
	Afttir his doughter theder he sende :	
Calchas bids Diomedes and Ulixes	¶ He prayed the kyng Diomedes	
	In here Message and Vlixes,	9080
	When thei delyuered the kyng Thoas	
	For the ffader of Polydamas,	
ask Priamus to send him Cressida from Troylus.	That thei wolde preye kyng Priamus	
Priamus does so.	To sende hir him ffro sir Troylus :	9084
	¶ Priamus graunted her prayeres [lf. 125, bk.]	9085
	And sent hir hom with-oute dangeres.	
Diomedes is in love with Cressida,	And Diomedes loued here sithen ;	
	In hir loue was he so writhen,	9088
	That he myght not his wille refrayn	
	And suffred for hir sithen payn.	
and so sends her the horse of Troylus.	To hir therfore Troylus stede he send	
	In token of loue and to presend.	9092
	<b>O</b> Pon the grounde ther he lay,	
	His stede was taken & lad away ;	
	Wo was him that it was so !	
	But he ne myzt not do ther-to :	9096
Troylus rises, and slays many Greeks.	But he ros vp and drow his blade	
	And rome aboute him he made,	
	¶ He sclow Gregeis with al his myzt.	
Hector has seen his fall,	Ector 3aff to him wel gode syzt,	9100
	He saw him wel to grounde go,	
	His stede ytaken and lad him fro ;	
	He was ney wod for ire and tene :	
	He wolde meruayle, that had sene	9104
	What wonder that Ector wrought !	
and takes revenge on the Greeks.	Many a man that stede dere boght ;	
	¶ He drow hem down, as men doth dere	
	In wilde wodis to lordis lardere :	9108

- Thei fled away, as thei were wode ; 9109  
 Ther was no man that lenger stode,  
 Off here lyues hadde thei<sup>1</sup> gret doute.  
 Achilles fledde with alle his route, 9112 Achilles and  
 And so did alle these other Gregais, all the Greeks  
 Than folued Ector and his Frigais : flee to their  
 tents ;  
 ¶ But Ector euere afftir dryues, Hector pursues  
 Many of hem he reues the lyues, them and slays  
 He droff hem home riȝt to here hales many of them. 9116  
 And selow hem ther riȝt In her sales ;  
 He smot of bothe hondes & nayles, [lf. 126.] 9119  
 Ne durst no man aske " what him ayles," 9120  
 Ne speke with him In that Ire  
 For al the gode of here Empire !  
 He hadde be ded and vndoyng,  
 Hadde thei sayd any thyng. 9124  
 The Grekes were in point of vndoyng<sup>2</sup> : [lf. 135.]<sup>3</sup> 9125 The Greeks  
 Ne hadde ther comen ther riche kyng, would have  
 That riche kyng her Emperour, been undone,  
 Agamenon, to here socour,— 9128 if Agamemnon  
 Schuld neuere haue passed no Dane, had not come  
 Ne haue ben lengur in þat<sup>4</sup> wane. to their rescue.  
 The peple was gret he with him brouȝt,  
 On hem of Troye ful harde thei souȝt ; 9132 He bringȝ with  
 ¶ Thei were ffresche and al day rested, him many  
 Thei drow here swerdes ; whan thei brested fresh troops ;  
 Here stalworthe speres upon the Troians,  
 Thei droff a-bak<sup>5</sup> the Dordanes 9136 they drive the  
 With strengthe of men vnto her dikes. Trojans back  
 Ector thenne aboute ffrikes, to the walls of  
 Ther were thikkere aboute him men Troy.  
 Then bestis In somer liggis In fen ; 9140  
 He smytes of legges and lendis.  
 Vnnethe ther is any man<sup>6</sup> defendis,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei* no.

<sup>2</sup> This whole line by another hand on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> For disorder of MS. cf. Introduction.

<sup>4</sup> *in þat* inserted over line

by another hand.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *a blak*.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *men*.



	That thei nere slayn and ouercomen [lf. 135, bk.]	9143
	For Gregeis that ouer hem were ronnen.	9144
Polimodas comes to the rescue of the Trojans.	But then come thedur Polydomas, That 3it In Troye al ffresch was, With wonder mychel quantite Off kny3tes, of men of gret surte.	9148
	<b>P</b> olydomas a spere hath lauzt With al the ost him was be-tau3t Out of Troye is he no ryden :	
He asks his men to help Hector well,	His men hath he prayed & bidden To help wel Ector In that stoure, That thei my3t haue for here labour	9152
and win his thanks for it.	Off Ector bothe loue and thonk ; He rides forth by brynke & bonk To assaut with that abuschement. Now are thei alle out of Troye went And comen alle to that semble With stour sembland & gret ferte :	9156 9160
With sword and spear they fight against the Greeks.	Thei bresten here speres and drow her swerdes And beten on hem, as don herdes On weri bestis that drow In the plow ; Ther was amonges hem sorwe ynow.	9164
Diomedes, seeing Polimodas damage the Greeks,	¶ But Diomedes he beholdes Polydomas, how that he boldes <sup>1</sup> Them <sup>2</sup> of Troye with his sokeryng, And deres Gregeis with his fyghtyng And the feld make hem lese :	9168
assails him with a spear.	A stalworth spere to him doth chese Polydomas ouer to bere, That the Gregeis schuld not dere.	9172
But Polimodas ¶	Polydomas was wel perceyued Off his comyng, he him wayued And toke a spere stalworth & strong And met him so In that forlong,	9176

<sup>1</sup> The last four letters by another hand on erasure.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Then*.

¶ *Ad huc magnum bellum.*

- That he ȝede doun & his hors bothe, [lf. 136.] 9177 strikes Diomedes down,  
 Were he ther-of neuere so wrothe.
- ¶ Diomedes ful sore was hurt,  
 But his stede ros, and he vp stert; 9180  
 Polydomas ther-of was fayn,  
 He toke the stede by the rayn, captures his horse, and gives it to Troylus.  
 A-boute his hand the brydel he knyt  
 And ȝaff him Troyle, ther he fauȝt ȝit 9184  
 Opon his feet with his enmys;  
 Ther was no foule so merye on ris, Troylus, glad to be horsed again, attacks the Greeks anew, and slays many of them.
- ¶ Then Troilus was when he hors hadde;  
 Lord In heuene, what he was gladde! 9188  
 He takes that stede and sone on lepes,  
 And sclow the Gregeis doun on hepes.
- B**Vt Achilles loked to Troyle, Achilles  
 And saw how he be-gan to royle, 9192  
 When he hadde hors, a-monges Gregeis:  
 ‘This is no gamen,’ Achilles seis;  
 Achilles rod to him sone, comes up,  
 For he wende wele he hadde done. 9196
- ¶ But Troyle was war of his comyng,  
 He ȝaff riȝt not of his thretyng:  
 A stalworthe spere he to him sesed,  
 And smot his hors and him so fosed, 9200  
 He bar Achilles quyte and clene  
 Out of his sadel vpon the grene;  
 He made Achilles to reste thore,  
 So was he wounded wonder sore, 9204
- ¶ He made his eres the grounde likke.  
 But he ros vp stoutly and quykke,  
 As he no harm hadde y-lacched;  
 Troyle wold with more haue macched, 9208  
 He wolde haue hurt him fayn sarror,  
 But the Gregeis held him then forrор,

To Achilles he myȝt come noght, [lf. 136, bk.] 9211  
 For-sothe to him, as he hadde thoght. 9212

**A**Chilles is vpward copen,  
 Opon his hors he is lopen :  
 Him were leuere than al Lubik,  
 That he myȝt Troyle to dethe strike ; 9216  
 He and his smot at him alle,  
 As men smeten atte balle.

he assails  
 Troylus anew.

Hector comes  
 to his rescue,  
 and

¶ But Ector was ther-of war,  
 How thei be-gan with Troyle to fare ; 9220  
 He hied him thedir wonder swythe,  
 When Troyle saw him, he was blythe :  
 He ȝaff Achilles suche a dasche,  
 That al his helm be-gan to crasche, 9224  
 He smot In-to his serkelet.

fights with  
 Achilles alone :

Now are thei to-geder met  
 Among her men hem two alone,  
 Thei delen dyntis wel gode wone ; 9228  
 Be-twene hem two was gret hate,  
 Thei haue be-gonnen a gret bate :

¶ Eyther on other be-gan to hewe,  
 Here strengthe to kythe, her myȝt to schewe, 9232  
 Dredful dyntis be-twene hem dele ;  
 He is a fole, with hem wol mele !

both on horse-  
 back fight  
 with their  
 swords

Thei are now bothe on hors-backis,  
 Ether of hem on other hackis 9236  
 With swerdes scharpe opon her scheld ;  
 A strong batayle was ther In feld.

and tear  
 each other's  
 'aketouns.'

¶ Here Aketouns roff as hadde ben pokes,  
 Ayther of hem on other strokis, 9240  
 And tar here armes that were newe,  
 A wicked brotthe thei ther brewe ;  
 With swerdes gode that were trenchaunt 9243  
 Fauȝt thei to-gedur by that hil pendaunt. { Ector fyghtes }

<b>E</b>	Ctor fightes with Achilles, He hewys his mayles res by res, He hewys hem alle In taterwagges, His hauberk heng alle In ragges ; And he 3eues him a-3eyn good pay, The grettest strokes that he may.	[lf. 137.] 9245	Hector fights fiercely with Achilles,
¶	But Ector 3aff Achilles one And claff his flesch on-to the bone, Hit barst his helme & his coyfe eke, And it made him the grounde seke : The stroke was gret—as I 3ow tolde,— Achilles my3t not his sadel holde, Opon his hors my3t he not sitte, When sir Ector hadde him so hitte.	9252     9256	wounds him sorely,   and unhorses him.
¶	He lefft his hors and fel to grounde And swoned sore In that stounde ; Top ouer tayl he gan loute. The Gregeis gadered him aboute, His Murmidones were alle agast He hadde be slayn, for he was cast ; Thei stode aboute him alle fyghtande, For Ector scholde not come him hande, Til he were rysen & vpward conered : Many a man aboute him houered, His body al for to fende, That Ector schold not come him hende.	9260     9264   9268	Achilles swoons.  The Greeks and Myrmi- dons defend him ;
¶	Then my3t men se strokes ride, Gregeis feld on eche a syde That thedir come In his defence, For thei made ther thanne resistance A-3eyns Ector & his Troians : He sclow that tyme a thousand Danes That then defended sir Achilles, Many on swalt In his owne gres.	9272     9276	many of them are slain by Hector and the Trojans.

S [j]



- ¶ Ector wolde Achilles take, [lf. 137, bk.] 9279  
 And the Gregeis defence did make : 9280  
 Thei wolde rather dye right ther,  
 Then Achilles I-take wer.
- Achilles fights  
 on foot until he  
 grows weary ;  
 he is sorrowful  
 that he cannot  
 defend himself  
 any longer.
- ¶ Achilles stode on fote & fauȝt,  
 Til he was almost out of mauȝt : 9284  
 ¶ He was careful and wel drery,  
 For that he was so wery,  
 He myȝt not wel his scheld vp bere,  
 He myȝt not him fro Ector were, 9288  
 He myȝt not wel his breth blowe,  
 He was In poynt to ouer-throwe ;  
 His vertu hadde he clene lore,  
 But Ector wolde not lette ther-fore. 9292
- Thelamon,  
 Agamemnon,  
 and Menescene  
 come to his  
 rescue,
- ¶ But than come thedir Thelamon,  
 With alle his men Agamenon,  
 And the douȝti Menescens :  
 That halp him wel a-ȝeyn Troyens, 9296  
 With mychel wo and gret trauayle  
 Halp thei him In that batayle.
- and bring him  
 a new horse.
- ¶ Thei brouȝt him hors, and brouȝt him vp,  
 He hadde lauȝt many a pop, 9300  
 For ther was many a strok ȝeuen ;—  
 But it was welney euen.
- But night ends  
 the battle, else  
 Achilles would  
 have died in  
 the field.
- E**Ctor was sori that it was nyȝt,  
 Er thei of Grece were discomfit : 9304  
 For hadde thei had the lyght of day,  
 Achilles hadde not went a-way  
 To [be] taken then vnto his teld,  
 But hadde died In that feld. 9308  
 Thei departid on bothe side—  
 For it was nyȝt and derk that tyde,—
- The Trojans  
 return to  
 Troy ; the  
 Greeks to  
 their tents.
- ¶ Ector to Troye ouer the downes,  
 And Gregeis to here Panylones. 9312

- The clothis were layd, and thei doun lyght: [lf. 138.] 9313  
 To soper were thei alle dyght,  
 Thei sette hem doun and ete & drank;  
 Many hadde his clothis al blank 9316  
 Off blod that thei hadde bled.  
 Thei ete and drank & ȝede to bed,  
 And rested hem, til the sonne vp ros:  
 To Arme him there eche man gos, 9320  
 ¶ The stour a-ȝeyn wolde thei be-gynne,  
 For good on erthe wol thei not blynne;  
 Her hors are brouȝt, and thei vp lepe,  
 Thei ren to-gedre on an hepe, 9324  
 As thei hadde don that day be-fore;  
 Ther died be-twene hem many a score.  
**B**Othe parties In the feld were prest,  
 In pees wol thei neuere rest; 9328  
 Eche man rides vnto his macche,  
 Many a man here deth there lacche.  
 Whan thei to-gedre were met with speres,  
 Many on other ouer beres; 9332  
 Thei drow here swerdes of good metal;  
 Er it be nyȝt, manye dye schal.  
 Echon on <sup>1</sup> other ffaste doth bete,  
 Ryght as threscheres doth on whete; 9336  
 On smytes his felawe thorow the pap,  
 And he ȝeues him a sori wap.  
 ¶ Thei selow or euen a thousand knyghtes,  
 Men saw neuere suche other fyghtes— 9340  
 Sithen In erthe god made man,—  
 That of so litel thing be-gan!  
 Ne so fele lordes with-uten fayle  
 Were neuere slayn at on batayle, 9344  
 Ne men of Armes and also naked,  
 As were at Troye—sithen man was maked! **S ij**

They take  
supper and go  
to bed.

Next morning  
they arm  
themselves  
anew.

They begin to  
fight again;

many are slain  
on both sides.

1,000 knights  
are slain.  
Never did a  
fight arise  
from so little  
cause!

Never were so  
many lords  
slain in a  
battle!

<sup>1</sup> MS. *or*.

¶ *Hic pugnans .xxx. dies absque respectu.*

They are  
wounded  
many ways.

Some were smyten of by the knes, [lf. 138, bk.] 9347  
Some thorow-out bothe thies, 9348

Some lay dede, & som cast doun,  
And some lay wounded and brostoun;  
Some In his body bar a tronchoun,  
As it were put In with a ponchoun.

9352

They fight as  
long as they  
can breathe.

The while thei myghten endure,  
Thei threw doun men—I telle þow sure,—  
Thei smyten hors and helmes barst,  
The while the brethe wold hem last.

9356

**M**ichel sorwe hem was a-mong;  
Sicurly hit were to long

The poet is not  
able to tell all  
their deeds;

Me to telle, and þow to here,  
How thei ffaucht echon In-fere,  
I may not al the dedis devyse;

9360

no book would  
be big enough  
to hold them.

Ther wolde no boke it al suffice  
Alle here dedis for to holde,  
Iff thai schulde alle be y-tolde,  
And I schulde alle here dedis say,  
How thei faucht to-geder euery day.

9364

The bible ne no Missale,  
The legende ne no Iornale,  
The Grael ne the Trepere,

9368

Schold not holde here dedis plenere.

They fight 30  
days without  
respice.

¶ For .xxx.<sup>ti</sup> dayes with-uten pes

Thei faucht to-gedur with-uten ses,  
Al was sprad bothe dicke and bank  
With dede bodies that lay & stank.

9372

In other tales  
men fight ten  
days,

Men redes In gestes of douȝti men,  
How thei fouȝten to-geder dayes ten,—  
Euery day with-uten rest,—

9376

To se whiche of hem were best;  
Men tellen of Ywayn and Wade  
In gestes that of hem ben made,

9380

How thei fauȝt a day or two,	[lf. 139.]	9381	
And afftir that more than so :			
Thei ffaȝt ffourtene nyght,			or a fortnight;
And that was kampiouns right.		9384	
¶ But I say : Ector and his feris,			but Hector
Achilles als & his comperis,			and Achilles
Thei fauȝt to-geder dayes thre,			and their men
And wold thei not in pes be ;		9388	
Thei fauȝt to-gedir fourtene nyght,			
And that was the Troiens right ;			
With-uten rest thei fauȝt al-weyes,			
Til thei hadden fouȝten .xxx. <sup>ti</sup> dayes—		9392	fight 30 days,
Euery day til it was nyȝt,			every day till
That neuere be-lan whil thei hadde lyȝht.			night separ-
¶ Now wol I of this thing telle,			ates them.
I may not alle here dedis melle ;		9396	
For mochel wo be-twene hem wex :			
Off Ector brethere were selayn sex			Six of Hector's
With-In the dayes that thei so fauȝt,			brothers are
And Ector also a sore wounde lauȝt		9400	slain,
In his visage on of that day,			and Hector
Wherby Ector In his bed lay			himself
In Ylion a ful gret stounde,			is sorely
Er he were hol of that wounde.		9404	wounded in
<b>T</b> Hretti dayes when he hadde foughten			the face.
With-uten reste bothe euen & oughten,			
Priamus sente to the Gregeis			Priamus then
Kynges two that were curtails,		9408	demandes a
And other lordes mo wente hem with,			truce for six
Trewe to aske a six monyth.			months, which
And thei it graunte al at her wille,			is granted by
Thei were fayn to holde hem stille		9412	the, Greeks.
And rest In pes al that terme ;			
The trewes is graunt and holden ferme,			



¶ *Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem per vj. Menses.*

And therto haue thei trowthes plyght: [lf. 139, bk.] 9415

No one is to  
harm a foe.

"That nother of hem be dayes ne nyght 9416

Lastynge the trewes schal other wayte

With vilonye ne other desayte;

If he does, he'll  
be hanged.

And if any man be gylti founden,

Hand and fote schal he be bounden,

9420

On galowe-tre to honge hye

For his ffalshede and his folye."

¶ The trewes be graunt a ful half 3ere

Be-twene kynges, dukes, &amp; bachelere,

9424

Alle that on bothe sides wore :

Now every-  
body heals his  
wounds.

Now euery man helis his sore,

Alle taken medycine that myster hade,

To reste that while alle were glade.

9428

And Ector is to Ilion brouzt,

A riche bed ffor him was wrouzt,

Hector lies on  
a bed in a  
great hall in  
Ilion,

He was leyd In that paleis,

That was of riche werk Sarsaneis ;

9432

¶ His bed was made In that riche halle

And y-couered with many riche palle :

To him come fycisiens,

The beste of alle Troyens,

9436

And soughte his woundes on eche halue,

And leyde ther-to plastres &amp; salue,

And 3aff him herbes &amp; gode raysyns,

And heled him vp with gode medysyns.

9440

**I**N Ilyon Ector was layd

In that riche halle—as I sayd ;—

and all the  
lords and  
ladies come to  
comfort him.

For alle these lordes &amp; the ladyes,

That were of worschepe and of pris,

9444

Scholde him comforte In his penaunce

And with the speche do him legaunce

And of his Angwis and his sekenesse,

To come to him bothe more &amp; lesse.

9448

Hit was an halle of gret noblay, <b>Aula</b> <sup>1</sup> . [lf. 140.]	9449	The hall of Ilion has very high towers.
The halle ther-as Ector lay ;		
The toures were of out-done hight,		
I-made with wonder art and slight.	9452	
If thow wolt that halle discryue,		
Sicurly 3e wolde not leue		
The wonder werk of the Pyleres ;		
Men wolde holde hem grete lyeres,	9456	Men would not believe me, if I should try to describe them fully.
Man wolde wene that men did lye,		
And holde it alle for fairie.		
¶ But man wolde wene In his thoght,		
That suche werk myght neuere be wroght ;	9460	
For now is non so glorious,		
Ne non In this world so vertuous,		
As Ilion was the while it stode,		
I-set ful of stones and perles gode ;	9464	
Rofe and wal and euery a gable,		Roof and walls and all other parts
Dore and wyndowe, trestles and table,		
Courbel, beme, and euery a ston,		
With riche gold was vmbygon.	9468	are covered with gold
¶ Alle the walles of that wones		
Were thikke y-set with precious stones ;		and set with precious stones ;
A thousand rubies on a rowe		
Were set a-bouen on the wowe.	9472	
Ther stode a-long & eke a-crois		
Many a riche erbe-debois ;		
The matistre and a riche saphur,		
And other stones many & sur ;	9476	
Ther stode many a charboele-ston,		
That as bryzt aboute hem schon		they shine at midnight as bright as a summer day.
In that halle aboute mydnyght,		
As doth the somerday lyght.	9480	
That halle was brode & long,		
Off semely werk sicur & strong,	<b>S iiij</b>	

<sup>1</sup> In red paint.

¶ *Qualiter palacium Regis Troiani factum est.*

Twelve alabaster columns support this hall;

Two hundred fet was it be-met. [lf. 140, bk.] 9483

On stones twelue was hit al set 9484

Off Alabaster that wele were wrou3t,  
It was gret meruayle how thei were bou3t  
Vnto that werk to rayse that ground,  
It was meruayle where men thei found. 9488

¶ He was worthi be called a clerk,  
That of twelue stones made suche a werk.  
The halle flore was paued al  
Thorowout with clene cristal; 9492

in every corner stands an image, as natural as if it were alive.

In euery a hirne was set a post  
Off worthi werk with mychel cost;  
On euery a post stode an ymage  
As he hadde ben In fauntel-age;  
Alle were wrou3t of gold ffyn,  
Hede, body, visage, and eyn. 9496

¶ Ther was no man<sup>1</sup> In al that land  
That he ne wende thei hadde ben lyuand: 9500  
So vereili thei loked and smyled,  
Many a man ther-with was giled;  
Off here makyng and of here lokes  
Many meruayles In his bokis. 9504

As Dares says, the walls were 2,500 feet high,

**D**Ares wrot—I telle it 3ow,—  
That I wol not speke of now:

“The walles of that halle strey3t 9507  
Were two thousand fet of hey3t, ¶ *Altitudo*  
And 3it ther-to ffyue hundrid als,”— *Murorum*<sup>2</sup>.  
As Dares seis that neuere was fals.

and the towers reached the sky.

¶ Dares seis: “the toures were so hy,  
That thei wente to the sky, 9512  
So ney were thei the firmament  
A-boue the cloudes verament,  
A man that stode with-oute doute  
On hem, my3t se al the lond aboute, 9516

<sup>1</sup> MS. *noman*.

<sup>2</sup> In one line, sign blue, words red; but on the left side in MS.

- And other londes a-cost also [lf. 141.] 9517  
 On euery a side, that marches ther-to.”
- ¶ Then were thei hye verament,  
 Thei hadde nede of a good fundement; 9520 Every founda-  
 Euery a ston of Marbil was tion-stone is of  
 As smethe as any glas, marble.  
 Euery a ston was smethe schauen.  
 The walles were with bestes grauen, 9524 The walls are  
 Ther was no best In wildernes, engraved with  
 Forest, ne feld, more ne les, all sorts of  
 That thei ne were ther wele entayled, beasts.  
 Wilde ne tame non ther fayled. 9528
- B**Efore the dore was set a tre,  
 That fair and semely was to se:  
 The tre was al of riche gold  
 Fro the grounde vnto the mold, 9532  
 And alle the bowes of that erberye  
 Were siluer & gold with-outen lye;  
 For euere was on of siluer bryzt,  
 A-nother of gold that was so lyzt. 9536 with silver  
 and golden  
 boughs and all  
 kinds of fruits.
- ¶ Ther was neuere fruyt that euere grewe  
 That thei ne hongen ther In here hewe,  
 But al was <sup>2</sup> siluer and gold with-Inne.  
 This werk was mad with quaynte gynne. 9540  
 In that halle ende was mad his dese,  
 Richeli made it was alweyes:  
 ¶ Ther was a bord of gret richesse,  
 In al this world such another ther nesse <sup>3</sup>. 9544  
 In that other ende of that riche halle,  
 Wel fair vpright aȝeyn the walle,  
 He let make a riche auter,  
 But ther-on was neuere seid no sauter. 9548  
 And afftir that he sette In that ende  
 His god Iouys, he held his frende;

<sup>1</sup> Sign in blue, words in red (in two lines thus).  
*that was.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *wesse.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *But al*



	For whan he wolde his help craued, [lf. 141, bk.]	9551
	He wende he myȝt him haue saued.	9552
This image of Jupiter is of pure gold.	¶ A ffair ymage that kyng did make Off ffyn gold ffor his goddis sake ; On that auter did he sette hit, Off pure gold was hit I-bet ;	9556
It was set up with great festivity.	Hit was .xv. cubitis long. He sette hit there with mochel song, With ffythel, harpe, and mynstrasie, With mychel merthe and melodye.	9560
	¶ He spende on him gret tresoure, Certes he loste al his laboure. He made to him a redy way Off twenti grecis of marbil gray,	9564
Twenty steps of gray marble lead up to the statue.	That he & other myȝt come him to, When that thei wolde him worschepe do. And thus was maked that riche halle, As I haue told to ȝow alle.	9568
Hector is attended on by Mennon, Hec- tuba, Eleyne, Pollexena, and Andromede.	<b>E</b> ctor liggis In Ilioun ; At his hed sat kyng Menoun And Hectuba, his Moder, the quene, So did Eleyne and Pollexene ;	9572
	That louely lyff dame Andromede To Ector takes sche gode hede : Wel tenderly the knyȝt sche ȝemed, That fair lady that wel be-semed.	9576
Many kings come to com- fort him.	¶ Kynges fele a-boute come And comfort him alle & some Off his hurtyng & malady, For his sorwe were thei drery.	9580
Priamusburies his six sons,	Kyng Priamus let bery With careful herte and no-thing mury His sixe sones that died tho dayes, Euerychon be-sydes other he layes.	9584

¶ *Hic Ector sanatus est.*

He bad that echon schuld haue [lf. 142.] 9585

By him-self a riche graue :

each one in a  
special grave.

Here graues were sone y-made

Bothe with schouele & with spade ; 9588

And leyd hem ther-In bothe body & bones,

And heled a-bouen with riche stones.

And so was *grauen* eche a brother,

A litel echon fro other. 9592

¶ Thei of Grece her riche kynges

The Greeks,  
too, bury their  
dead.

Graued also, here lordynges ;

And tho that were of lasse renoun

Thei gadered to hepes with-oute the toun 9596

And brende her bodyes alle by-dene,

And made the feld of hem ful clene,

That no stynk of hem schulde rise,

Hem to dere on no wyse. 9600

**E**ctor heles and coueres faste,

Hector soon  
recovers,

His Angwys almost a-way is paste,

He may bothe go & stande,

In that halle is he walkande ; 9604

And alle these other ben ner-honde heled.

Delful dyntis were ther deled,

When thei were heled and comen samen ;

Ther by-gynne a grisly gamen : 9608

Many on schal to the dethe wende,

Er thei efft-sones make an ende.

¶ For Ector was fful sore a-greued

That his visage was so cleued ; 9612

He het his men for euene or od,

and orders his  
men to prepare  
for a fresh  
battle.

That ther hors be faste y-schod,

And her harneis redi dight,

Her aketoun strong, her brynys bryght ; 9616

‘ That hors ne harneis ȝow not faile

A-ȝeyn the tyme of oure batayle.’

284 *The Truce ends. The Trojans and Greeks prepare to renew the War.*

When winter ends,	<b>W</b> Inter is went—as I wene— [lf. 142, bk.] 9619
	The leues growen In greues grene, 9620
	The floures sprede & spedly sprynge,
	The thrustil sittes & mury synge,
the truce is ended too.	The soʒne is hote, the terme goth out.
	The Troiens are bothe stiff & stout, 9624
The Trojans and Greeks prepare for a fresh battle, and array their troops.	And so ar Danes and eke Gregeis : Alle ʒare thei ben In here harneis For to fare & that stoure mayntene, But thei schal passe with moche tene. 9628
	¶ The trewes is passed and alle termened, And alle ben redy & haue dyned, Many an helme is set on hede That long er nyght schal ligge dede ; 9632
The ladies are in sorrow for their husbands.	The ladyes for her lordes caren, For thei wot neuere how thei schal faren ; Thei made gret mornyng a-mong, Thei tare hir heer, hir handis wrong. 9636
	¶ The lordes hem busked & toke here caples, Men brynge hem speres of gode maples, And scheldes stronge thei brynge als, To honge semely a-boute her hals. 9640
On Hector's advice,	¶ Ector bad thei schulde ride, Thei wol not lenger here abyde :
the Trojans ride out of the town.	Thei riden forth out of the toun With scheld and spere & gonfanoun. 9644
The Greeks gather before the walls.	And thei of Grece were gadered alle With-oute the dicke be-fore the walle, In-myddis the feld ther standis her stale. And thei of Troye riden doun a dale, 9648
	Til thei mete to-geder bothe ; Two hundred thousand schal be wrothe Er thei do parte fro her frende, That schal be sclayn, er thei thennes wende. 9652

Adhuc bellum<sup>1</sup>.

<b>N</b>	Ow are thei bothe In the feld arayed, [lf. 143.]	When both parties are arrayed,
	Baneres brode ther ben displayed ; 9654	
	On nother side was non so bold	
	That thei ne be-gynne sone to cold, 9656	
	Whan thei schal mete thore :	
	The beste of hem a-bached wore,	
	Saue Ector on that neuere was ferd ;	Hector opens the battle,
	He 3eues of hem not a 3erd, 9660	
	Off alle her fare, of thai were mo,	
	For he blan neuere to wende and selo	
¶	Alle he myght mete with & ouer-take ;	
	He be-gynnes a-boute him to make 9664	
	Wayes to driue In bothe cart & wayn.	
	Many Gregeis other gan frayn :	
	“ How thei myzt selo him ther he rode ? ”	
	But ther was non that him a-bode : 9668	
	He 3ede doun or lost his lyff.	
	He selow a thousand In that stryff,	and slays 1,000 Greeks.
	When bothe parties to-gedur were ;	
	Many a man died there. 9672	
¶	Ther was gret del to se hem mete,	
	So fele fel doun vndir hors fete,	
	That neuere myzt afftirward arise,	
	Thei made a schrewed marchaundise : 9676	
	Eche slo other, as thei were wode,	A fierce battle.
	Thei made no ruthe of mannes blode ;	
	Some is cloven In-to the shere,	
	Some has lorn bothe cheke & ere, 9680	The various wounds are described.
	Some hath lorn lyuer & gut,	
	Was many man ded doun put,	
	Many hath lorn eye & browe ;	
	Euerychon wolde his frend rescowe, 9684	
	Than comes he & he also	
	And girdes his bak euen a-two.	

<sup>1</sup> In the top right corner, in a very fine hand.



Thus they  
fight till night  
ends the  
battle.

And thus ferd thei fro that thei met, [lf. 143, bk.] 9687

Til the sonne was doun set<sup>1</sup>; 9688

Thei blan neuere to smyte ne slo,

Many a bak thei made al blo.

Hector rides  
thrice through  
the Greek host,  
and kills  
many.

**E**Ctor fyghtes with his enemys,  
Thorow here ost he rod thris, 9692

Fro man to man a-boute he skyppis,

Thei fel afftir him as hit were shepis:

For siker, sithe erthe by-gan,

Never better  
knight did  
such dedes.

Was not made a better man, 9696

That so stronge dedes In Armes did;

Alas that euere him mys-be-tid!

¶ Off man was neuere so moche reuthe,

For he was good & loued trewthe; 9700

Ther was no man that did suche dedis

Off alle the kny3tes that men of redis,

Nobody can  
resist him  
save Achilles.

Ther was neuere man his strok my3t stande,

That toke a ful stroke of his hande,— 9704

Saue Achilles that strong kny3t,

For he was man of moche my3t.—

Ther was no side of al that ost

That he ne rode thorow ffor alle her bost. 9708

¶ He sclow to grounde al that he toke,

The beste of hem for drede quoke,

All Greeks are  
afraid of Hec-  
tor; all know  
his sword.

Thei were alle aferd of that on kny3t,

For he was man of moche my3t. 9712

The Gregeis alle his sword knewe,

Many a man to grounde he hewe;

And tho he bar doun or ouer,

Ful ffewe a-3eyn ne myght couer,— 9716

Vn-til that lyff so sore he smot.

The sonne schon bry3t, the day was hot.

¶ Hit greued hem sore of Grece,

Thei sat toteryng as it were gece— 9720

<sup>1</sup> MS. *pet.*

- What for the strokes & the hete! [lf. 144.] 9721  
 The Gregeis wel sore he gan bete,  
 He made of hem gret martirdam :  
 I trowe, sithen god made Adam, 9724 Since Adam's  
 Dud neuere man so gret meruayles, daysnever man  
 In fightes fele and gret batayles did so many  
 He sclow so many grete of renoun, and great  
 Armed with helme and hauberioun, wonders in  
 As Ector did his owne hand, 9728 battle as  
 The while he was In erthe lyvand. Hector did.
- ¶ Gret voyce was tho hem among,  
 Swerdis ther on helmes rong, 9732  
 Many an helme was ther clatered,  
 And many hede al to-batered <sup>1</sup>.  
 Ector makes of hem grete hepes, He slays many  
 Fro man to man a-boute he lepis; 9736 Greeks.  
 As thik as leue on the tre  
 He sles hem doun by two or thre.  
 Thorow the feld hit is wel sene  
 In euery stede ther he hath bene, 9740 One may well  
 For it is layd with dede bodies see where he  
 Thikkere than trees ar set In ris. fought: there  
 are heaps of  
 dead bodies.
- ¶ He makes a-boute him roume & way.  
 Achilles wot not what to say, 9744 Achilles meets  
 Offte hath he that day him met, him often,  
 But he myzt neuere his proues bet,  
 Ne he durst not for ferd of gyle  
 Dele with him that ilke whyle, 9748 but dares not  
 And if he scholde not haue grace, assail him.  
 To parte with him out of that place.
- T**He Gregeis saw this fare was nouzt  
 A-3eyn the dedis that Ector wrouzt, 9752 The Greeks  
 Thei myzt not y-wis lenger endure, despair.  
 Thei swalt almost In her Armure;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto batered*.

¶ *Hic Greci fugerunt.*

The Greeks flee ;	Thei fled euerychon, and that was best,—	[lf. 144, bk.]
	The sonne was drawn to his rest,	9756
	And that was fair to here be-houe,—	
	For thei hadde elles enel proue.	
	The Gregeis fled with michel hast ;	
	Wo was hem that was the last,—	9760
Hector follows and slays them.	Ector sclow hem In that chace.	
	Men myȝt ffolwe hem by the trace	
	Off dede bodyes he lefft ligande,	
	The Gregeis he sclow fleande.	9764
He drives Achilles back to his camp	¶ Achilles was not then the laste,	
	That he were then he hyed faste ;	
	And Ector faste afftir him prikes,	
	He drof him home vn-to his dikes	9768
and then returnsto Troy	And turned a-ȝeyn—for it was nyȝt,—	
	He fauȝt lenger than he hadde syȝt :	
with his prisoners.	He rod to Troye with his prisonnes	
	And lefft hem In her pauyllonnes.	9772
Priamus re- ceives him	<b>E</b> ctor is to Troy riden,	
	Priamus him hath abiden.	
	Off his mete and his sopere,	
	Thei are now set to-geder In-fere,	9776
	Thei are wel serued with many metis,	
	With murthe & play thei sitte In setis :	
with much joy, and so do the other Trojans.	His fader him makes mochel Ioye,	
He blesses Hector, and so do all the other lords and ladies.	And so did alle that were In Troye.	9780
	¶ The fader blessed ofte his sone ;	
	He hadde ther many a benysone	
	Off lordis faire & fre ladyse,	
	Of knyȝtes kene and men of pryse.	9784
	For ther died mo at that semble,	
	That Ector sclow at that Iorne	
	With his hand—as thei seyde alle—	9787
	Then alle that euere fre and thralle.	

So fele

So fele men died then In o day	[lf. 145.]	9789	
Off no mannes hond—I dar wel say—			
In hard batayle that Armed were,			
As Ector sclow with his hand there;—		9792	
He was wel serued, honourd & kepe.			
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to slepe			After supper
And rest hem, til the sonne vp rose:			they go to bed,
Eche man then to arme him gose,		9796	and early next
¶ Thei toke her horses & here a-tyre			morning pre-
With swerdes gode aboute here swire,			pare for a new
And ryden forth vpon a res.			battle.
ȝit wol thai not be In pes,		9800	
Ten thousand schal her lyff for-sake,			
Er thei thenke reste to take.			
<b>N</b> OW haue thei taken the feld bothe,			The battle
Ful Irrous & Inly wrothe.		9804	begins.
Thei are now <sup>1</sup> to-geder met,			
Her speres ar broken, and arwes schet,			
Thei drowe her swordes of here scauberkes,			
Ther cleue scheldes & hauberkes,		9808	
The riche armure thei al to-kerue;			
Ther schal a thousand er euen sterue:			
Echon other al to-drawes,			
Thei cutte In-two bothe lyuer & mawes,		9812	The several
¶ Hand & hede, lunge & mylte;			wounds are
Many a gode man was ther spilte.			described.
Whil thei hadde day & myȝt out se,			
Wolde thei neuere In pes be.		9816	
Thei fauȝt thus clene dayes twelue,			They fight full
Til thei hadde nede here dede men delue,			12 days.
And thei of Grece mouth not ordayn			
To fyght for-sothe no more sustayn;		9820	
So were thei ouercomen & taken			
And with Ector holden waken <sup>2</sup> ,			
	T [j]		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *not*.  
down.

<sup>2</sup> At the foot of the page are some scribblings upside



290 *The Greeks demand, and are granted, a Truce for thirty Days.*

The Greeks are wearied out by fighting and the great heat.	That thei most rest or elles dye.	[lf. 145, bk.]	9823
	It was past afftir the Maye,		9824
	The weder was hot, the sonne schon,		
	The Gregeis made ther-fore gret mone :		
	For thorow ffight and the hete		
	Many on lefft that day the swete.		9828
After 12 days' fight,	<b>T</b> Welff dayes fau3t thei to-geder		
	With-uten rest In that hote weder ;		
	Be-twene hem died many a lord,		
	Whil thei were at that discord ;		9832
	Many a lord on ayther syde		
	Were ded In tho twelue dayes tyde.		
	The Gregeis my3t fyght no more,		
they ask for a 30 days' truce	Thei asked trewes with sikyng sore,		9836
	¶ Off xxx <sup>ti</sup> dayes thei faire be-sou3t,		
to bury their dead.	Til the dede were In the erthe brou3t,		
	And til that hete were al down ;		
	For elles hadde thei ben ded echoun :		9840
	So gret was thanne the hete In feld,		
	Thei my3t not lyue In tent & teld		
	That wounded were or hurtyng hadde.		
Oh, Priamus, how mad you were to grant the truce so lightly! All the Greeks would have been killed if you had finished that battle.	A, Priamus! that thow was madde,		9844
	When thow the trewes so ly3tly graunted!		
	For haddes thow thenne that batayle haunted,		
	Thei schulde haue died with gret vilte,		
	With swerd-at that gret mortalite!		9848
	¶ But ffortune was thi foo mortel		
	And schop thi wo perpetual ;		
	And for sche wolde thi blysse were down,		
	Sche made the graunte the trewes soun.		9852
	For sicur I wot with-uten drede :		
	The formast day the trewes out 3ede,		
	That thei to-geder In feld were met,		
	Her blis & Ioye for euere was let.		9856

¶ *Hic Priamus concedit pacem xxx. dies.*

**P**riamus hath graunted the trewe: [lf. 146.] 9857

The Gregeis maken murthe & glewe,

Thei were neuere of trewe so blythe;

Thei thanked her god fele sithe, 9860

For thei saued hem by her pauste

Fro that gret mortalite;

Thei maken to him gret offeryng

With many broche & many ryng, 9864

And thanked hem of here dede,

For thei wende eftt better spede.

¶ Thei were ful fayn thei were at rest,

For thei ther-of hadde mychel brest, 9868

Thei heled her woundes lesse & more,

That woundes haue or any sore.

So were thei hole or thritti day,

For thenne was the grette hete away, 9872

And thei were styff & stout

To renne & ride al a-bout,

And do al thyng that mister was,

Thei dredde not the Troyens a gras. 9876

¶ Thritti dayes are now ful-filled,

Alas! noble Troye, thow schalt be spilled,

Thrawen doun & ligge al wast,

For thow schalt lese thi lord In hast! 9880

This is the day of thin vnwyn,

Alle may wepe that the ben In,

Kyng and quene that to the longe;

Wele may thow wepe & leue thi songe! 9884

Alle Troiens may say: weylaway!

That euere come this Ilke day!

¶ Alas thi chambres & thi boures,

Thi faire haft and thi toures, 9888

Thi semely zates & thi faire walles,

And alle thi craftly corven balles!

T ij

Priamus grants the truce. The Greeks are very glad, thank their gods,

and heal their wounds.

After the 30 days, they are strong enough for a new battle.

Alas, noble Troy!

this is the day of thy misfortune!

¶ *Lamentacio super Troianos.*

- Fair Ilion,  
thou must  
fall!
- ¶ Fair Ilyon that stondes so hye, [lf. 146, bk.] 9891  
So lowe as thow schalt sone lye! 9892  
Suche a Cite was neuere non wrouzt,  
Al schal sone *turne* to nouzt;  
But thow may say as gode Iob sayde,  
When he with sorwe was be-layde: 9896  
He cursed the day that he was borne  
For wo that was leyd him be-forne,  
He bad it turne to derknes  
And euere be as thesternes. 9900
- and the day  
on which  
battle began  
again after  
this truce.
- ¶ And so may thow that day banne,  
That the batayle furst be-ganne,  
Afftir the trewes was y-past:  
Alas, that ne hit hadde lenger last 9904  
For Troye that was wel mayntened!  
Hadde he that day him abstened,  
He scholde haue ben conquerour  
Off his enemys with gret honour! 9908
- Priamus, on  
this day thou  
shalt lose thy  
honour and  
all,
- P**riamus, this is the day  
That thow schalt lese thi noblay,  
Thi mayntenaunce and thi defence,  
Thyn honour & thi reuerence! 9912  
This day thow leses thi seynorie,  
For gode Ector this day schal dye,  
That the defended and thi kynrede,  
Thi landes & thi manhede. 9916
- for Hector  
shall die!
- ¶ Now artow lord of thi landis,  
Many a duk byfore the standis,  
The hodes offe<sup>1</sup> & bare the heued,—  
Sone schal it fro the be reued! 9920  
That now bene thyne be trouthe y-plyzt,  
Schal lete of the wel sone ful lyzt!  
The auzt euere to curse that day,  
That fals god now the helpe ne may; 9924
- Thou oughtest  
to curse this  
day, when thy  
false gods did  
not help thee.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *offte*.

At this nede may he not helpe	[lf. 147.]	9925	
No more then may a dogge whelpe <sup>1</sup> .			
Mochel sorwe was the toward,			Much sorrow
When thei of Troye ride out-ward ;		9928	was to come
And so was also thi faire wyff,			on thee,
Wherfore scho afttir lase hir lyff ;			Priamus,
And Pollexene with-outen gilt			when thy
Afttirward therfore was spilt.		9932	Trojans now
¶ A, dou3ti Troyle, at euery a dede,			rode out, and
Vn-to that day that thow take hede!			on Hectuba,
What harme that day to the be-felle!			too, and on
Thow may telle of thi tenselle,		9936	Pollexena,
And say, if thow be ri3t be halwed,			who lost their
Alas, that euere that day be-dawed—			lives.
For to lese that the was leue & dere!			Alas, Troylus!
For if he hadde lyued thre 3ere,		9940	
Thow haddest ben kyng of many a land			He would have
Thorow strengthe of thi brother hand ;			become king
For whan he died, 3e died alle;			of many lands,
Suche hap was to 3ow be-falle.		9944	if Hector had
¶ llas, lady dame Andromede,			not died.
This is the day that thow may drede,			
This is the day of thi gret wo,			For Andro-
For thow schal now thi lord for-go!		9948	mede this is
Thow schal lese the worthiest kny3t			the worst of
That euere was wedded to any wy3t ;			days,
For hadde he lyued, thow hadde be quene			
Off many a land—& that was sene,—		9952	for she will
Thow haddest ben quene of Troye & dame.			lose that
But now schal it turne al to schame,			worthiest
For thow scha[1]t falle In suche maystry,			knight, her
That the schal lede In vylony,		9956	husband.
In sclaunder and In foule schendyng,			
Al thi lyff to thyn endyng.			

T iij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *wlelpe*.



294 *The Poet ends his Lamentations on the Misfortune of Troy.*

Alas, ye knights,	Knyztes kene that ben of Troye,	[lf. 147, bk.]	9959
	Now make murthe and mochel Ioye;		9960
now ye are bold for Hector's sake;	¶ Alle Are 3e bold for Ector sake, Gret is the murthe that 3e may make, 3e drede no leuyng creature, So ar 3e sicur of him & sure.		9964
but ye will soon	But 3it schal 3e, or sonne go down, Alle that are In feld & toun		
curse the day of your birth!	Sey "alas!" for sorwe & care, "That day that euere 3oure moder 3ow bare!"		9968
Oh, citizens of Troy,	<b>A</b> , Curteis Citeseyns, Trewē & triste gode Troiens, Herde I neuere of no burgeis That were so hende & so curteis.		9972
you were so liberal, and gentle, and courteours;	Alas! me rewes 3oure destene,— That were of 3oure 3ifftes so fre, Off noble blod & genterye, Off gret manhede & curtesye,—		9976
but all this	¶ That 3oure noblay & 3oure largesse, 3oure curtesye & 3oure richesse Schal turne to nouzt, and 3e also! Fals fortune wol 3ow for-do,		9980
will turn to nought!	For deth has sche y-schaped, Sche wil no wyse that he be skaped. And he be ded & fro 3ow gon, 3e ben dede euerychon!		9984
All of you will die, when Hector is gone!	3oure brochis brode & al 3oure byes That now ligges In 3oure tyes, ¶ 3oure tresoure & 3oure florayns Wol sche dele to knyztis & swayns		9988
All your trea- sures will be given to the Greeks!	Off hem of Grece that are 3oure foos. This is the day that all goos, 3oure gret noblay & 3oure seygnorye Schal urne to dele & waymentrye.		9992

¶ **Hic Andromeda vxor Ectoris sompniauit de morte ipsius.**

**T**hat louely lyff dame Andromede [lf. 148.] 9993

The laste nyzt the trewes out-3ede,—

That thei schulde ffight afftir the day,—

By her lord In hir bed sche lay :

9996

A dredful dreme that lady dremed,

That In hir sclepe sche cried & scremed.

On the last  
night of the  
truce Andro-  
mede dreams

¶ The while sche was In hir sclepe,

Ector 3aff to hir good kepe,

10000

Sche was sore & sche was dredful,

To wakyn hir it was nedful ;

He waked hir & seide : 'swetyng,

Thow art ful ferd In thi sclepyng.

10004

Whi fares thow thus ? what ayles the ?

Whi art thow ferd ? what may this be ?'

'Alas !' seyde sche, 'my gentil lord !

But thow wil do be myn acord,

10008

Sicurly thow ne art but dede,—

But thow wil do afftir my rede,—

And I am lorn for euere also,

And thi louely children two !

10012

For I am sicur be my dreme,

That I am lorn, and thi barne-teme ;

And thow art ded with-uten fayle,

If thow this day go to batayle.

10016

that Hector  
will be slain  
in the next  
battle.

¶ For I wot be my drem to-nyzt :

If thow to-morne gos to fyzt,

With-oute the deth may thow not passe ;

Then may I say for the " alas !

10020

That I was borne !" for care & sorwe.

Be-leue at hom, my lord, to-morwe

And come not there,—I the be-seche !—

To my prayeres thow be my leche,

10024

Be at home, til al be done !

For goddis loue here my bone !'

She prays him  
not to leave  
her that day.

- Hector blames Andromede : ' **F**I a debles<sup>1</sup>!' seyde the knyzt, [lf. 148, bk.] 10027  
 'Thow art drecched with som euel wyzt; 10028
- He bids her not to believe in dreams; Hit is foly and vnsemyng  
 A man to leue on<sup>2</sup> fals dremyng :  
 Offt are men thorow hem be-swiked,  
 And so was thow, whan thow scryked. 10032  
 A man that liggis In slepe & dremes,  
 It is not as hit thenne semes  
 Off alle that euere he slepande thought;  
 When he is wakyng, it is nought. 10036
- for 'It is silly to take any heed of them.' He is a fole that In hem leues  
 Or any faith vnto hem 3eues.  
 ¶ Leue thi wordes & thy wepyng  
 And holde thi pes, hit was slepyng ! 10040  
 A thousand dremes men may dreme,  
 And 3iff he 3eue to hem gode 3eme,  
 He schal not fynde what on be-menes,  
 For no-thing falles as it schewes.' 10044
- Hector is very angry with his wife's silliness, and bids her stop weeping. ¶ The nyzt is went, the day dawes :  
 Ector is wroth with his wyues sawes,  
 His wyues wordes Ector dispises ;  
 He toke his clothes and vpward rises, 10048  
 He is wel wroth toward his wiff,  
 He biddis here vpon hir lyff  
 "Hir wepyng leue, hir wordes holde,  
 That sche no more be so bolde 10052  
 To crye ne wepe ne tales telle  
 Off thynges that is not worth a schelle."
- But Andromede is full of sorrow and tears her hair. ¶ Gret is the sorwe that sche makes,  
 Sche wrynges hir hondes, hir hede schakes, 10056  
 As wyght that was with wo y-wounden  
 And In bales was sche bounden ;  
 Sche drow hir heer & scratte hir face,  
 Sche weped & cried and seyde "alace ! 10060

<sup>1</sup> MS. *b*, distinctly, not *v*; cf. l. 10746.<sup>2</sup> MS. *or*.

That euere schuld sche abide the day!" [lf. 149.] 10061

Sche wente as sche were wod a-way.

¶ To Hectuba, his moder, sche ran,—

As sche hadde ben a wod womman,—

10064

And to hir suster Pollexene;

Andromede  
runs to Hec-  
tuba and  
Pollexena,

Thei wende that sche wod hadde bene,

Thei asked "whi that sche so ferde?"

who ask her  
what ails her.

'For tydandes that I haue herde

10068

And sene also slepyng to-nyzt,'

Saide Andromede, that bridde bryzt,

'A dreame for-sothe that not lyes,

Andromede  
relates her  
dream,

That thus mechel signifies :

10072

That, If my lord this day out gange,

On lyue lyues he not lange ;

If he this day to batayle go,

His enemys schal or euen him slo.

10076

A-zeyn comes he on lyue no more,

If he go out—be goddis ore !

and addresses  
Hectuba :

¶ But thow that bare him of thi sidis

And has for-don the Gregeis pridis—

10080

Off Chivalrie he is the flour,

And thi defence & thi socour,

That saues the & thi housbonde,

Thi tounes, thi toures, & thi londe,

10084

Thi sones & alle thi doughtres als,—

Let him neuere dye of no wyk-hals!

Make him at hom this day to be,

That he come not at that semble!

10088

For be he ded & fro vs went,—

That we were borne schal vs repent !'

**H**ectuba for ferd & drede

Was ner wod, when Andromede

10092

These tydandes whan sche hir tolde,

For sche wiste neuere, how him to holde,



¶ **Hic Andromeda narrauit Regi & Regine.**

That he come not at that assaut; [lf. 149, bk.] 10095

Sche hadde for him ful mychel aut, 10096

Gret sorwe then made the quene;

And so hadde als dame Pollexene.

Pollexenasays: ¶  
'Let us to the  
king, and bid  
him keep  
Hector at  
home'

'Go we,' sche sayde, 'to the kyng

And telle we him of this thythyng! 10100

For ther is non that so wel may

Make him to be at home to-day.'

The three  
ladies go to  
Priamus.

These ladyes thenne fair and fre

To Priamus ȝede then alle thre 10104

And grete the kyng—as thei wel couthe—

With louely wordes of thaire mouthe :

Andromede  
relates her  
dream to her  
father-in-law,

'**H**Erkene, sir,' seyde Andromede,

'Mi louely lord, my dreme thow rede! 10108

As I to-nyȝt by my lord lay,

A litel be-fore the spryng of the day

A wonder drem gan I mete,

That doth me thus to me to wete,— 10112

I se qwat it sygnifie<sup>1</sup>,—

and implores  
him to keep  
Hector at  
home.

And do ther-to som remedie,

To make my lord that he go noght

To that stede that he hath thoght. 10116

¶ For sikur! if that he go,

He is lorne, and we also!

Thow schalt [him] neuere with eyen se

Come a-ȝeyn on lyue to the, 10120

For my drem—that is hidous—

Openly be-menes thus :

That if he to-day to batayle ride,

He schal be ded by euen-tyde.' 10124

Priamus, on  
hearing this  
dream, begins  
to weep.

¶ When Priamus that drem hadde herd,

As he schulde dye, for-sothe he ferd;

The water brast out at his eyen,

Him thoght he myȝt for sorwe dyen, 10128

<sup>1</sup> *th* erased after the last word of this line.

- Him thoght his herte gan to breke; [lf. 150.] 10129 Priamus is full  
 He stode longe, or he myght speke, of sorrow;  
 For sorwe & care that he hadde hent,  
 When he wiste what the dreme ment. 10132  
 'Whether I schal,' he sayde, 'alas!  
 Lese my Ioye & my solas,  
 Mi defence & my socour,  
 And lede my liff In dishonour, 10136  
 In wo, & drede, & paynes strong,  
 And alle that euere vn-to me long,  
 ¶ Scholde I now lese my gode sone?  
 I schal him helpe, if I cone, 10140  
 That he this day go not to fyght  
 On hors ne fote,—by god al-myght!—  
 That he die neuere for vnhap.  
 For if he may this on day sckap, 10144  
 Wele wot I that he schal schende  
 Alle his fos & saue his frende.  
 ¶ For may he passe his destane,  
 Conquerour then schal he be 10148  
 Off his fo-men, thei schal hem 3elde  
 To him & his and fle the felde.'  
**T**He sonne be-gynnes on hye to schyne,  
 Troiens ar alle set to dyne, 10152  
 Thei ben serued with many a coupe;  
 Euel schal thei or euen droupe,  
 For thei schal se or euen ded  
 The beste body that euere ete bred. 10156  
 ¶ Ector ordeynes his batayles alle,  
 He biddis hem Troyle to him calle;  
 And he come to him faste ridande,  
 With helme on hed & spere In hande, 10160  
 Armed wel In iren wede.  
 Ector bad that he scholde lede

he says: 'Shall  
 I now lose my  
 solace and my  
 joy, my good  
 son?

No, I shall try  
 to keep him  
 from the fight  
 to-day;

for, if he  
 escapes to-day,  
 he will van-  
 quish all his  
 foes by-and-by.'

When the sun  
 rises,

Hector arrays  
 his battalions.

¶ *Hic incipit Bellum in quo Ector Interfectus fuit.*

The leaders of  
the nine Tro-  
jan battalions  
are: (1) Troylus,  
(2) Paris,

The formast warde, the furste eschele, [lf. 150, bk.] 10163

And come a-ȝeyn with Ioye and hele. 10164

¶ He called to him Paris, his brother,  
And bad that he scholde lede that other.

(3) Eneas, Afftir that he called Eneas,—

And he come a ful gode pas,— 10168

He seis : ‘Eneas, I the bidde

That thou lede the batayle thridde ;

(4) Polimodas, And thou the ferthe, Polydomas,

To helpe him when he nede has.’ 10172

¶ The ffifthe batayle Ector be-tauȝt—  
With alle the men that he ther auȝt—

(5) Sarpedon, To Sarpedoun, that douȝti kyng,

And other mo In his ledyng. 10176

(6) Episcropus. ¶ The sixte ledde kyng Episcropus,

[The (7) is left  
outaltogether.]

A noble kyng and curtayus,

With many a douȝti bacheler.

Ector bad hem come him ner 10180

A douȝti kyng with visage grym.

The eyght batayle be-tauȝt he him :

(8) Forcius, He hete Forcius—I vndirstande,—

He bad him lede the ward eyghtande. 10184

¶ The ix. batayle—as I wene—

(9) Philomene. Be-tauȝt Ector to Philomene<sup>1</sup>.

A douȝti kyng of gret pouste,

Hardi of hert and gret bounte, 10188

And other kynges that comen wore

In help of Troye, that were thore.

Priamus gives  
them leave  
to go.

**P**Ryamus the kyng [hem] seygned,

When Ector hadde hem thus ordeyned ; 10192

He ȝaff echon to that batayle

Leue to wende, her fos to assayle ;

For thei of Grece were comen be than

With-oute her diches, eueryche man, 10196

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Pollexene*.

- And redi dight, & hem abode; [lf. 151.] 10197  
 And thei of Troye vnto hem rode.  
 But he bad Ector al on hye,  
 Heryng alle<sup>1</sup> that were him nye: 10200 Priamus bids  
 "That he ne scholde that day armes bere Hector stay  
 No entermete him of that were, inside Troy.  
 But be at hom with him that day—  
 On his blessing, & say not nay." 10204  
 ¶ Lord! so he wex wod wroth Hector chides  
 Toward his wyff, purful & loth! his wife,  
 When his ffader Priamus  
 Be-fore hem Alle hadde bidden him thus: 10208  
 Ful vilensly his wyff he chidde  
 For that schame that sche him didde;  
 But he wold not do his biddying,  
 He bade his men vnto him bryng 10212 and orders  
 His hauberion and his target, his armour to  
 His Aketoun and his basenet. be brought  
 ¶ His men did as he hem bad. to him.  
 When Andromede saw hir lord had 10216  
 His Armure In hand to Arme him with,  
 Sche cried out on kyn & kyth,  
 That sche was brouȝt In-to this world.  
 When Hectuba this word herd, 10220 Hectuba,  
 ¶ Sche ran thedir as sche were wod  
 Be-ffore Ector ther he stod;  
 Vpon hir knes tho fel the quene,  
 And his suster Pollexene, 10224 Pollexena,  
 And Andromede kneled also  
 And broght with hir hir childur two:  
 That on of hem was ȝit so ȝong<sup>2</sup>  
 That he ne coude speke with tong, 10228  
 He coude ete no bred of whete,  
 He soukede then his moder tete.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alle*, probably meant for *Alle*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *ȝoug*.



¶ *Hic rogauerunt Ectorem quod non ibat ad prelium illo die.*

¶ The Moder spak to hir child [lf. 151, bk.] 10231

With herte fre &amp; wordes my[l]d : 10232

Hectuba prays  
Hector not to  
withsay her  
wish,

'Sone,' sche seyde, 'loke the be-forn !

I am thi Moder that the hath born ;

Fourty wekes ȝede I with the

With paynes stronge, rewe now on me 10236

For alle that wo &amp; al that pyne

I suffred for the and brether thyne.

With-say not here my beheste,

My comaundement, ne my requeste ! 10240

but to think  
of her and his  
wife.

Vn-Arme the at my prayere,

As thou louest me &amp; thi wyff here !'

Pollexena and  
Eleyne pray  
him, too, but  
all in vain.  
Andromede,  
on seeing this,**P**ollexene & quene Elayne  
Prayed him also,—al was In vayne. 10244

When Andromede saw al that,

How his Moder ther on knes sat,

Vpon hir knes sore wepande,

And quene Eleyne loude cryande, 10248

His sustres alle with sore chere,

And [he] wolde hem not here :—

¶ Sche toke the child In her lap

with her child  
in her arms,

That was soukyng at her pap, 10252

By-fore his feet fel sche doun

swoons away.

For sorwe &amp; care In a ded sowne.

When she  
recovers,

When sche was rysen &amp; sat on knes :

'This is thi sone that thou here ses,' 10256

Seyde Andromede, '&amp; I thi wiff.

she begs Hec-  
tor, for her and  
her children's  
sake, to stay.

For him that made bothe deth and lyff !

Beleue at hom this day with me

And go not out to this semble ! 10260

¶ And if thin [mod] be now so hard

That thou of me haue no reward,

Rewe opon this ȝonge thyng,

Thi sones bothe that I here bryng ! 10264

- That I ne dye neuere ne thei euel ded, [lf. 152.] 10265 Andromede  
Ne go so pore to begge oure bred bids Hector to  
In straunge land & In exile, save her and  
Saue me & hem fro deth vile ! 10268 her children  
And lete vs now thin Armes of take from a shame-  
For thi louely childer sake ! ful death or  
And leue her-Inne this day alone exile.  
That thow this day bere Armes none ! ' 10272
- ¶ The ladies hadde gret pyne, The ladies  
The water ran out of here eyzene, weep much ;  
That it wet that louely lere ;  
3it wolde he not hir prayeres here. 10276  
His wiff wepes with reuful chere,  
The teres fallen on hir lere,  
Off hir eyen hit rennes out,  
Thei wete hir chekes al a-bout, 10280  
Sche ffalles offte In ded sownyng :  
But he 3aff of hem no thyng,  
¶ But Armed him & toke his stede,  
And lep vp sone & fro hem 3ede ;  
Toward the feld he hyed him faste 10284  
Fro the ladies, that he were paste.  
When Andromede saw hir lord go,  
Lord god ! what hir was wo ! 10288  
Sche skrat hir face—as sche were wod—  
Til it was ronnen al on blod,  
Sche rente hir clothes & hir heer tare ;  
Mechel sorwe made sche thare, 10292  
Sche was almost of hir wit.  
The lady thanne hir clothes vp knyt,  
¶ Sche ran to kyng Priamus,  
As sche that was ful angwisus <sup>1</sup>. 10296  
So was sche blod and al for-scrat,  
That kyng ne none that by him sat

and rushes to  
Priamus.

She has so  
torn her face

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ful of angwisus*.

- that they don't know her at first.      Wiste In erthe what sche was.      [lf. 152, bk.] 10299  
 When thei hir knew, thei seyde : 'alas!'— 10300  
 'What ayles the, my derlyng?'  
 To hir seyde Priamus, the kyng.  
 Before she can speak, she swoons.      Er sche myȝt speke, sche swoned ther,  
 Alle hadde reuthe aboute hir wer ; 10304  
 ¶ Thei were alle so sore meruayled,  
 What that louely lady ayled.  
 Then falling on her knees      When sche was rysen, sche sat on knes,  
 Hir heer was rent & torne In pes ; 10308  
 she says, crying :      Sche cried loude and seide alweyes,  
 "Sche myght for no thyng be In pes."  
 'Why did you let Hector go to the battle?'      **S**che seyde : 'sir kyng, whi sittes thow here?  
 Wol thow now lese thi sone dere ? 10312  
 Thow scholde haue ȝeuen to him entent !  
 For riȝt to batayle he is went ;  
 Now is he gon & fforward reden ;  
 His stede Armed he is be-striden, 10316  
 Vn-to the batayle for to gange ;  
 If thow fro him dwelle out lange,  
 That he fro the thedir may wende,  
 Thow art for-done, & alle thi frende ; 10320  
 ¶ Thow schalt him neuere se more on lyue,  
 But thow ouertake him swythe.  
 For be it so that he come thore,  
 On lyue ne sese thow him no more !' 10324  
 Priamus then takes his horse, and gallops after Hector.      The kyng anon with-oute abode  
 To his hors that he on rode,  
 And lepe vp sone with-uten taryng  
 And rod afftir him with herte sikyng : 10328  
 ¶ He priked his hors on the pament,  
 That afftir his feet the fir out glent ;  
 For no thyng wolde the kyng abide, 10331  
 Or he sey him where he gan ride.

He rode

¶ **Adhuc Magnum bellum.**

He rode and toke him by the rayne,	[lf. 153.]	10333	Priamus takes Hector's horse by the rein,
And pulled his stede wrothely a-3ayne,			
And seyde: 'Ector, thow art to blame!			
I comaunde the In my goddis name,—		10336	and commands him
In him that is so ful of myȝt			
And maked bothe day & nyȝt,—			
That thow no further go fro me,			
But turne a-ȝeyn to thi Cite!		10340	to ride back with him.
As thow art treuly my sone,			
In my blessing & benysone!			
<b>E</b> ctor offte his fader with-sayd,			Hector opposes his father, but
But he his stede to him brayd,		10344	is brought by him to the
And brouȝt him thanne a-ȝeyns his wille,			city against his will.
With his praieres, the Cite tille.			
In the paleys Ector doun lyȝht,			
But he wolde not him vndyȝht		10348	Hector does not doff his
¶ Off his armure & his a-tire;			armour,
He lefft at home with moche ire,			but stays at
That he was not at that sauȝt.			home full of
The Gregeis with the Troyens fauȝt		10352	anger.
With hardi herte and gret reddure:			
Ther was be-twene hem a grisly stoure,			Fight between the Greeks and
Many a knyȝt on grounde ther lay,			the Trojans,
And many an hors ther wente a-way,—		10356	
Her guttes trayled on the grounde,—			
That neuere afftir her maystres founde.			
¶ Troylus woundes Gregeis and sles,			Troylus meets
And he by-holdes wel Diomedes,		10360	Diomedes,
He hadde to him wel gret envy:			
He thought to do with him Maystry,—			
That him were leuere then gret catel,—			
That he myȝht sele him In that batel;		10364	
He hated him for his lemman,			whom he hates
Cresseida <sup>1</sup> , that fair womman.			for Cressida's sake.

V [j]

<sup>1</sup> *Cress*, possibly by same hand, on erasure.



- He toke a spere stalworth and strong, [lf. 153, bk.] 10367  
 To bere doun Troyle a-mong the throng; 10368
- Diomedes and  
 Troylus But Troyle saw him come ridande  
 And toke a stalworth spere In hande,  
 And rode to him with myzt and mayn,  
 [And Diomedes him azeyn,]<sup>1</sup> 10372
- unhorse each  
 other; That thei fel bothe opou the grene:  
 And toke here stedis as knyztys kene,  
 ¶ And bothe her swordis out thei drow  
 And ffaugt to-geder long y-now, 10376  
 Til thei were stoned hede and brayn.  
 That on that other wolde haue sclayn,  
 Ne hadde than comen Menelaus  
 With al his ost opou Troylus; 10380  
 For he come thenne with gret meyne  
 And made these knyztys departye.  
 And elles I trowe with-outhe les  
 Troyle hadde sclayn Diomedes! 10384
- Menelaus is  
 accompanied  
 by many  
 knights and  
 barons. **M**enelaus is comen doun  
 With many knyzt and bold baroun:  
 When his men with here Ioyned,  
 Many a man was ther assoyned 10388  
 Off ther lyff ther at her mote,  
 That neuere afftirward come to bote.
- He meets  
 Meseres, ¶ When Menelaus was In that presse,  
 He saw a kyng—het Messeres,— 10392  
 He smot that kyng vpon the scheld,  
 That he fel doun opou the feld.  
 When the Gregeis saw him falle,  
 Thei gadered a-boute him alle: 10396
- and unhorses  
 him.  
 The Greeks  
 gather round  
 Meseres, ¶ Messeres wolde defende his cors,  
 But sicurly he hadde no fors;  
 Thei made a serkel al a-boute,  
 That he myzt not go with-oute. 10400  
 Thei toke that kyng a-mong hem a-none
- and take him  
 prisoner.

<sup>1</sup> No gap in MS.

And with him gan a-wey gone,	[lf. 154.]	10402	
To lede him to here paupylouns			
And put him with ther other prisouns.		10404	
But Troyle by-gan theder to loke			Troilus, on
And say, how thay of Grece him toke:			seeing Meseres
He vowed to god, "he scholde be wo,			led away by
Or thei that kyng with hem lete go."		10408	the Greeks,
¶ He rode thedir with-oute dwellyng			comes to his
And be-lan neuere of men fellyng,			rescue,
Til he hadde take him fro her hondis			
And delyuered him out of his bondis.		10412	and frees him.
The Gregeis saw that thei mow3t nou3t			
Lede him a-way, as thei hadde thou3t:			
Thei thoght his hede of for to strike			The Greeks
And leue him liggand vpon the dike,		10416	would have
¶ But come Troyle, the dou3ti kny3t,			killed him,
And many of hem selow In here fy3t			if Troilus had
And made that kyng a-way to scape			not come to
For al that ost & alle that frape;		10420	his help.
Then <sup>1</sup> were Troyens bold and Ioyus.			
But than come doun Thelamanyus			Thelamonius,
With thre thousand of dou3ti kny3tes,			with 3,000
To helpe Gregeis with al her my3tes;		10424	knight,
On that side come he doun ridande,			comes to help
Ther Polidomas was ffyghtande.			the Greeks.
¶ Thelamanyus with a spere			
To Polidomas rode with were		10428	He attacks
And bar him doun, er he was war,			Polidomas,
And with that Iustus he smot him sar			and unhorses
And threw him doun ouer his hors ers,			him.
That long afftirward he was the wers.		10432	
He was In poynt tho him to 3elde,			
But then come Troyle to that felde			But Troilus
And Thelamon my3tily assayled			comes to his

V i[j]

<sup>1</sup> MS. *But then.*

Troylus  
rescues and  
rehorses  
Polidomas.

Paris arrays  
his archers.

They go to the  
battle-field  
and begin  
shooting the  
Greeks.

Achilles, with  
all his men,  
comes against  
them

and slays  
many of them.

The Greeks  
beat the Tro-  
jans so much,

that they  
cannot with-  
stand any  
longer, and are  
put to flight.

Achilles  
pursues them  
with his  
Myrmidons.

And so hertly on him trauayled, [lf. 154, bk.] 10436  
That on hors brouzt he Polidomas  
Swyfliche as he rather was.

**P**aris hath his men araied,  
His baner is before disp[1]ayed, 10440  
He gaderes his men aboute him nowe

And biddis that thei schal him folowe :  
To that assaut wil he now wende,  
His men echon her bowes thei bende, 10444

And sette In takel long and brode ;  
To that assaut thei with him rode  
And schotte Gregeis & did him skathe.

But Achilles was al to rathe,— 10448

Armed wel & redi dight,—  
To come then with many a knyzt :  
With al his ost come he doun tho,  
The Troiens faste be-gan to slo. 10452

¶ He hem sles & doun hem kest,  
Scheldes ryued, & helmes berst ;  
His men were euere more him ner  
And halp him wel at his mestier : 10456

Thei leyd on Troiens strokes large,  
And so thei gan hem ouer-charge  
With stalworth strokes of her hand,  
That thei myzt no lenger stand. 10460

¶ The Troiens thanne be-gan to fle,  
Faste ridande to here Cite,  
As faste as thei myght prike ;  
Thei spared nother doun ne dike, 10464  
Til thei come at here cite gates.

Achilles folwed hem algates  
Ouer dales & ouer dounes  
With his Gregeis & Murmidounes ; 10468  
He sclow of hem that tyme gret won,

Thei fled a-way fro him echon. [lf. 155.] 10470

<sup>1</sup> **Hic Achilles occidit Margariton filius [sic!] Regis Troiani.**

**T**He kynges sone Margariton. 10471 **Margariton,**  
Saw he come hem vpon, 10472 **a son of**  
And sclow his men—as lyoun bestis **on seeing**  
That is for-hungred In wilde forestis ;— **Achilles**  
He myȝt him no lenger suffer In no wyse **chasing and**  
For al the gode that was In prise : 10476 **slaying the**  
He turned his stede vn-to him son, **Trojans,**  
To fyght with him was he bon,  
He smot vnto him strokes thore

As breme as any bore. 10480 **attacks him.**

¶ He made Achilles leue his chace, **Achilles fights**  
That he no lenger mordur mace ; **with Margari-**  
Off his chasyng he him restayed : **ton,**

Many a strok ther was payed, 10484

He lent him fele and him qwyȝt ;

But Margaritoun was so hit,

Er he partid fro his handes,

That he fel ded vpon the sandis. 10488 **and kills him.**

The Troiens made an hidous cri,

When he was ded so sodanly.

The douȝti Thelamanyus **Thelamonius**

To hem of Troye was envious, 10492

He chased the Troiens & thret

And many of hem to grounde bet.

¶ But Paris harde his men defendis, **chases the**

Many an arwe he hem sendis ;

**Trojans,**

But for auȝt that he myȝt do,

**and beats**  
**many of them**  
**down.**

And al his ost with also,

10496 **Even Paris**  
**cannot keep**  
**them back :**

Thei were put vnto flyȝt,

Wenkyst foule, & discomfyȝt.

10500 **they are**  
**vanquished**  
**and put to**  
**flight.**

Thei token the toun with mychel spede—

¶ **Troiani**

To saue her lyues for thei hadde nede,—

**fugerunt** <sup>2</sup>.

V iij

<sup>1</sup> This line in red paint at this very place.

<sup>2</sup> In one line in MS. ; the sign in blue, the words in red paint.



310 *When Hector sees Margariton dead, he rushes to the Battle-field.*

The Trojans bring the body of Margariton to Ilion,	And brouȝt with hem that ded body, [lf. 155, bk.] 10503 And ȝede ther-with by strete & sty, 10504 Til thei come at Ilion And leyde ther doun Margariton Vpon the grounde al bledande :
and bewail his death. When Hector sees his brother slain,	Many on for him was wepande. 10508 <b>E</b> ctor saw his brother slayn,— And for him wepes knyȝt & swayn,— His colour chaunged, his herte ros,
he grows very angry,	For tene Ector he wode gos : 10512 He rolled his eyen as best ramage, As he hadde fallen In a rage ;
and gets his horse.	He lased his helme & toke his stede, 'Tel me,' he sayde, 'who dede that dede ?' 10516
	¶ What is he that my brother sclow ? I schal him venge, if I mow !' Thei seide : 'it was sir Achilles That sclow him with-oute les, 10520 And put vs to discomfiture, For we myȝt him not endure ; A-ȝeyn him may we make no defence With-oute ȝoure help & ȝoure presence.' 10524
Hector rushes to the battle- field,	¶ Ector thanne with wrothful herte Vpon his hors lepe vp smerte, He strok his stede so with his spores That he lepe ouer lond & forwes ; 10528 He spared no ston ne cause, Til he mette with his meyne.
without taking notice of his fleeing men entering the town.	¶ Right at the ȝatis met he his men, Fleande be twelue & ten ; 10532 To hem wold he speke wordis non, But to his enemys ȝede he alon : His fomen were sone of him dred, And thei wex bold that furst were fled, 10536

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad prelium.*

For whan thei hadde of him a syght,	[lf. 156.]	10537	On seeing Hector, the flying Trojans return.
Thei were not ferd of kyng ne knyzt.			
<b>E</b> ctor is of Troie y-went,			
He brak his fader comaundement,		10540	Hector breaks his father's commands.
He thoght not on his benysoun			
That dou3ti knyzt of gret renoun :			
He schal lese his lyff or euen <sup>1</sup> -tyde,			He will lose his life this day.
A3eyn to Troie schal he not ride.		10544	
With his lyff hit rewes me sore,			
That he that day come thore !			
¶ Allas ! that day he hadde no grace			Alas ! that he could not flee his destiny !
To be at home, as him radde wace ;		10548	
But sicurly he myght not fle			
On no manere his destane :			
His ffader wist not of his wendying,			
He 3ede ther-fore to his endying.		10552	
He sclow Gregeis and kest hem down			Hector slays many Greeks, and drives them out of the town.
And droff hem alle out of the toun ;			
¶ The rayn fel neuere so thike on rise			
As Ector sclow his enemys ;		10556	
Was non so stiff hem among			
That he ne sclow hem or down selong,			
That he myzt take or ouer-reche.			
Off Margaritoun toke he wreche,		10560	Thus he takes revenge for Margariton's death.
He venged him with dynt of sword,			
He sclow that day many a lord.			
Alle that feld was vmbesprade			
Off dede kny3tes that lay & bledde :		10564	
For sicurly he was so wroth,			
That wham he hit to dethe he goth ;			
¶ Among Gregeis he rayked, treled,			None may withstand his blows.
With his swerd that wel was steled,		10568	
Was non so strong that him sittis			
The strong strokes that he hem hittis,			

V iiij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *euel*.

- He sclow alle tho & felde<sup>1</sup> riȝt [lf. 156, bk.] 10571  
 With dynt of sword that he reche myȝt. 10572
- Achilles keeps ¶ Achilles then, that lordly sire,  
 back from Hector. Wolde not abide him In his Ire,  
 But euere [held] fro him alone,  
 Euere til Ector were gone. 10576
- None may withstand Hector's strokes. Hadde he a-biden him In his wratthe,  
 He scholde haue had an euel batthe,  
 He scholde haue bathed In his blode.  
 Was none so strong that him with-stode, 10580  
 That he ne lay ded vpon the sondes  
 With stalworth strokes of his hondes.  
 If a man hadde with him ben  
 A-mong Troiens, and hadde sen 10584  
 Alle the meruayles that he wrouȝt,  
 He wolde euere haue In his thouȝt  
 Off his endyng and his myschaunce,  
 And of his foule encombraunce 10588  
 As he hadde of his lyue.  
 He sclow of hem hundres fyue  
 And ten ther-to<sup>2</sup>, er he wolde sese ;  
 He droff a-ȝeyn-ward alle the prese, 10592  
 He droff hem alle a-ȝeyn backward  
 For drede of dethe her tentis toward.
- Hector fights terribly. **E**ctor fightes vpon that hethe,  
 Many a man doth he to dethe : 10596  
 Was non so bold that durst him mete,  
 That he ne fel down In the strete ;  
 He deled a-boute him euel knockis,  
 Her armure ferde as it were frockis. 10600  
 Al that euere stode In his way  
 He felde hem down as clottis of clay,  
 He smot a man som-tyme on-two,  
 And som-tyme man & hors also ; 10604

<sup>1</sup> MS. *fett do.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *ȝer to.*

- He sclow and wounded 3ong and olde, [lf. 157.] 10605  
 A3eyn his strok my3t no stel holde.
- ¶ Hit was a wonder for to se,  
 What men he sclow at that Iorne ; 10608  
 To se the syght hit was delful,  
 How euery plud of blod stode ful <sup>1</sup>  
 Off men that he ther slees & felles,  
 The blod ran doun as water of welles. 10612
- ¶ He barst her mayles and al to-tatred,  
 The scheldis of hem he al to-clatered.  
 Thei knewe wel sone that it was he,  
 And fro his strokes gan [t]he[i] fle ; 10616  
 He sclow of hem many a score.  
 His men that were y-fled <sup>2</sup> be-fore,  
 He turned a-3eyn In that assaut,  
 And bitterly with hem he faut. 10620
- A** Dou3ti duke, Euripolus,  
 An[d] an other, Hastidius,  
 He saw how Ector scheldes roff  
 And al that ost a-3eyn-ward droff : 10624  
 He ffauzt his on a-3eyn alle,  
 He sclow her men and made hem falle,  
 The blod of men a-boute him flowed.  
 Vnto her goddis thei bothe a-vowed 10628  
 “ For al his fare he scholde be <sup>3</sup> met,  
 And of his dedis he scholde be let.”
- ¶ When these dukes hadde bothe y-sworn,  
 With alle her men thei wente be-forn 10632  
 And layd upon him strokes faste,  
 And al a-boute him thei be-caste.  
 But I wot neuere, what it a-vayled ?  
 For whan he was with hem assayled, 10636  
 He sclow hem bothe In-myddes the ost  
 For al here Iangelynge and her bost ;

It is wonderful  
 to see how  
 many are killed  
 by Hector.

His men, who  
 were fleeing  
 before, return  
 to the battle.

Euripolus and  
 Hastidius, on  
 seeing Hector  
 fighting so  
 fiercely,

swear to  
 hinder  
 him from  
 fighting on.

They attack  
 him with all  
 their men,

but are both  
 slain.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *stodeful*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *yfeld*.

<sup>3</sup> *b* altered from *h*.



	And many an-other moder sone	[lf. 157, bk.]	10639
	He brak of bothe the scheltrone :		10640
The troops of Hastidius and Euripolus are put to flight.	Thei fled a-way as thei myzt go,— For thei saw he <sup>1</sup> wolde hem <sup>2</sup> slo,— Thei durst therfore no lenger dwelle, But fled fro him—the sothe to telle.		10644
	¶ The stoure was gret and perilous, The noyse was gret & hidous :		
The Trojans return and attack the Greeks.	Troiens were than a-zeyn turned, That furst for drede her fomen scorned ; Opon her foos ȝede thei hedelynge And wounded sore bothe knyȝtes & kynge.		10648
The Greeks take Polidomas prisoner, and try to carry him off,	But thei of Grece Polidomas toke And faste a-weyward with him schoke, ¶ Thei wende haue had him prisoner, But thei be-fel foule encomber <sup>3</sup> Off his takyng & his ledyng :		10652
	Thei myzt him not to her tentis bryng, As thei wende to haue y-done, For Ector come to hem sone.		10656
but Hector assails them,	¶ Whan he was war of his takyng, He come to him faste schakyng ; Among that hepe strok he his stede Polidomas that then wolde lede, And dalt ther strokes on eche a side To his fomen that were vnride.		10660
	He bar here feet ouer thaire hede, Many of hem did he to dede ; He sclow that tyme two hundred & mo With his hond for-sothe tho.		10664
slays many,			10668
and puts the rest to flight.	<b>P</b> olidomas that thenne led, Thei lete him go, and fro him fled. He made a-mong hem suche debate, That thei were ferd of him & mate ;		10672

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he saw thei.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *him.*<sup>3</sup> MS. *encombranser.*The scribe first wrote *encombranse*, and then forgot to strike out the *rans*, when he altered it to *encomber*; cf. l. 1617.

Thei lete go quyte Polidomas,	[lf. 158.]	10673	The Greeks are angry at Hector's rescu- ing Polidomas.
And seide euerychon that while ' alas ! '			
Hem Angered sore, whan he was tan.			
For he was two hundred mennes ban		10676	Hector slays 200 Greeks ;
Or it was passed myd-ouer-none ;			
Hadde him last lyff, he hadde for-done			
The Gregeis alle with-oute lye,			he would have slain all of them, if he had not to die this same day,
But he most nede that day dye ;		10680	
For destane ches his chaunce so,			
That he most nede that day go to,			
That day forsothe, or it were euen—			
As Andromede saw In here sweuen.		10684	as Andromede dreamt.
¶ Herkenes ! as 3e schal here,			Hearken, how he died !
How he died & In what manere :			
For ther byfore long y-gon			
He fau3t with Gregeis many on,		10688	
He fau3t somtyme with ten thousand,			
3it my3t thei not his strokes with-stand ;			No Greek can withstand his strokes ;
Was non so strong on Gregeis side,			
That durst him In his yre a-byde.		10692	
Achilles met neuere with him 3it,			even Achilles is several times wounded by him.
That he ne 3af him an euel fit ;			
For al his my3t & his prowes			
He partied neuere fro him harmles,		10696	
That he ne was wounded & euel dyght			
For all that he was so hardy a knyght.			
<b>E</b> Ctor hath quyt Polidomas			Hector brings Polidomas back to his men, and scolds them.
And brou3t him out of al that cas,		10700	
He rightes his helm & wele amendes,			
And to his meyne he him sendes,			
And askes of hem : " whether that thei slepe,			
Whi thei the lord no better kepe ? "		10704	
¶ He turned him then to hem of Grece			
And hewes her bodies al to pece ;			

	Thei falle afftir him as doth the leues [lf. 158, bk.]	10707
	In wynter-tyme that growes on greues;	10708
	He layde hem doun alle be-dene	
	And made the way of hem ful clene.	
	Ther myzt non stande that he smot;	
	The Gregeis made a sore lot	10712
	And seyde: "but god did bote,	
	Thei were euerychon vndir his fote."	
The Greeks say, if God will not help them, they will all be undone	¶ Ther was o Grece an Ameral,	
The Greek duke Leochynes, on seeing Hector kill so many Greeks,	That saw how Ector wrougt bale	10716
	A-mong Gregeis, how he hem 3eled,	
	And with his swerd he hem steked :	
	He felde hem doun as hadde ben tres.	
	The duk men cleped Leochynes;	10720
	Him thoght for sorwe his herte bledis,	
	Ful faste to Ector he him spedis	
attacks him,	And stroke him with al his myzt,	
	For he him fond In suche a plyzt	10724
	That he wende for-sothe certayn	
	That he scholde him haue sclayn.	
	¶ But hit was noght as he supposed,	
	Thow he were duk & knyzt a-losed,	10728
	Thow he were duk & knyzt a-pert	
	And fond him thenne at discouert :	
and hurts him in the head.	He sclow him not, but hurt him so	
	That helm & coyfe cleue In-two,	10732
	And carf of him bothe heer & hide,	
	And 3aff Ector a wounde vnride.	
Hector does not care for the wound,	¶ But Ector stille on his hors sat,	
	That he fel not to grounde with that ;	10736
	But whan he felte that he was smetyn,—	
	As men fynde of him y-wreten,—	
but he grows very angry.	He was so wroth, & wex ner wode,	
	That he of him hadde so rauzt blode :	10740

¶ *Hic Ector occidit leochiden.*

- ¶ Then he smot him vpon the hede, [lf. 159.] 10741 Hector smites  
That he ete neuere afftir brede ; Leochynes to  
He smot him vpon his croune, death,  
That to his hors he cleue him doune ; 10744  
He cleue him euen in-two amyddes—  
'Go on deblis<sup>1</sup>!' he him biddes,  
'Ho made the,' he sayde, 'so bold  
To smyte me thus, and not me told?' 10748 and scorns  
¶ The duk hade of him suche houselle, him.  
On bothe the sides his hors he felle ;  
As he hadde ben a clouen hogge,  
The duke hanged as a frogge. 10752  
For wratthe & tene that Ector was hirt, Hector makes  
Many ffro her lyues sterst ; heaps of dead  
He made suche hepes of dede bodies bodies.  
Off dou3ti kny3tes that were of pris, 10756  
That non durst him than a-byde  
Ne In his way not ones ryde.  
**A** Chilles houes euere atrayn Achilles  
And saw what lordes he hadde sclayn, treacherously  
Lordes and kny3tes In his wodnesse, 10760  
Mo then he coude nombre or gesse.  
Achilles than In his herte thoght :  
"But if Ector were to dethe broght 10764  
Hastily with som qweyntyse, considers how  
Or scleght, by som skynnes wyse, to slay Hector  
The Gregeis scholde neuere day y-se by some  
That thei of Troye schuld Maystered be ; 10768 sleight or con-  
For no strengthe my3t a-vayle, trivance,  
For nou3t that he coude assayle."  
He ceste therfore In his wit,  
How thei my3t of him be qwit 10772  
With som quayntyse that he my3t do,  
That he were the deth sone brou3t to.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. note to l. 10027, p. 296.



318 *The Greek Duke Polynetes, a Wooer of Achilles' Sister, meets Hector.*

Whilst Achilles is considering the best way to slay Hector,	Many a sleight & many a compas [lf. 159, bk.] 10775 Achilles In his hert cast, 10776 How he myȝt Ector ful-fille His strong compas & alle his wille. Whil Achilles him be-thoght How Ector scholde to dethe be brouȝt, 10780
Hector sees the Greek duke Polynetes slaying many Trojans :	¶ Ector saw a duk ridande Among that prese with sword In hande, He felde Troiens In many stedes, And on her bodies rides & tredes. 10784 The duk was cleped Polynetes, He come thedir for Achilles At him his sustur for to craue, For he wolde hir to his wiff haue ; 10788
he was a wooer of Achilles' sister,	¶ He was a man of moche hauyng, Ther was non richer knyȝt ne kyng A-mong hem alle In that route Then was that duk with-oute doute ; 10792 Fro the ferthest side of Inde Come he thedir, so was he kynde To Achilles for his suster sake, For he wolde hir haue to his make. 10796
and richer than any other knight or king ;	¶ As he rode thus a-boute r[a]ykande, With hem of Troye thus laykande, He met Ector right In his way ; That Angred him sone—I dar wel say : 10800 Ector saw how that he sclow His men of Troye wel y-now, He felde hem down & hurt hem ofte : He spake to him nother loude ne soffte, 10804
he came from remotest India.	¶ He layd at him with gret dispite, He asked not ones what he hite, But lete a strok to him fle Opon his hed a-bouen his eye ; 10808
When Hector meets him,	
he strikes him over the eye	

¶ **Hic Ector occidit Polyneten.**

- He cleue his helm & scheld eke, [lf. 160.] 10809 and cleaves  
 He cleue him doun In-to the breke. him down.
- The Gregeis than be-gan to daren,  
 When thei the duk say so faren ; 10812 The Greeks  
 Ther were none armes that him with-stode,— are much  
 Were thei maked neuere so gode,— afraid.
- A-3eyn the strok that he smot,  
 That thei [ne brast] a-none fot hot. 10816
- ¶ Thei seyde: "he was the deucl of helle,  
 And thei were foles ther lengur to dwelle,  
 A-3eyn him fight lengur to holde ;  
 Ne were thei knyztcs neuere so bolde"— 10820 They curse  
 ' He cleues oure men as him-self lykes, their destiny,  
 He kylles oure men & to dethe strikes.'
- Thei seyde: "the deucl of helle pit!  
 Out of here land myght thei not flit, 10824 which brought  
 A-3eyn Ector batayle to rayse, them away  
 So wele as thei were alle at ayse from their cosy  
 At home vche-on<sup>1</sup> In thaire contre ; home to fight  
 The deucl hem made to passe the se, 10828 against this  
 To ligge ther ded vpon the sondes Hector.
- I-sclawe<sup>2</sup> with the Troyens handes."
- T**hat<sup>3</sup> duk was clouen In two parties,  
 On eyther halff his hors he lyes ; 10832
- Hit was ruthe se how he honged,  
 A-boute the sadel the hors him flonged,  
 Til he him ouer his sadel cast  
 Vndir hors feet at the last. 10836
- ¶ To se that duke was it lothely ;  
 Achilles lokcd then wrothely Achilles  
 Vpon Ector with-ouren les,  
 For he hadde sclayn Polynetes. 10840
- He swere "he scholde venge that knyzt,  
 If his god wolde, with al his myzt."  
 swears to  
 avenge the  
 death of  
 Polynetes.

<sup>1</sup> on over line, but by the same hand.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *I. sclawe.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *W<sup>hat</sup>.*

320 *Achilles dresses his Wound, and returns to the Battle-field.*

Achilles assails Hector.	¶ Achilles than to Ector rennes,—	[lf. 160, bk.]	10843
	As lyoun doth out of her dennes,		10844
	When thei are hungred, afftir bestes		
	That thei se walke In wilde forestes :—		
	He wende haue smeten Ector sore ;		
	But he was hurt, or he come thore,		10848
	For Ector was war of him wel,		
	He wiste his purpos euery del,		
	He wiste wel al that he ment.		
Hector wounds him with a dart in the side.	A darte to him Ector sent,		10852
	And at Achilles he it threw,		
	That he hit wele, he knew ;		
	Thorow his scheld a dart he droff,		
	That scheld and hauberk al to-roff ;		10856
	Thorow his Aketoun & his hide		
	He smot him eueli thorow his side.		
	¶ Achilles saw that he was hurt,		
	Off his purpos was he lurt ;		10860
	He saw he hadde euere the werre,		
	He held his hors & wolde no ferre,		
Achilles goes to his tent,	But rod him to his Paულoun,		
	And kest of helme and aketoun,		10864
	And bond his hed & wel stopped ;		
	His herte for Anger ffaste hopped,		
	That he toke of him suche dispit.		
dresses his wound,	He byndes his woundes & wel dit <sup>1</sup> ,		10868
	And kest vpon him newe a-tire,		
and returns to the battle.	And rides a-ȝeyn In mochel Ire		
	And thenkes that he schal Ector selo,		
	Thoow he ther to dethe go.		10872
	<b>A</b> Chilles now his stede be-strides,		
	To fight a-ȝeyn faste he rides ;		
	His rounde is wel & wisly boundoun,		10875
	He <sup>2</sup> take a spere was kyndely groundoun.		
		<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">The spere</div>	

<sup>1</sup> Cf. note to ll. 2303-4.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *To*.













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